THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

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Alice Duer Miller—Samuel G. Blythe—John A. Moroso—Charles Brackett
Kenneth L. Roberts—Elsie Singmaster—Isaac F. Marcosson—Hal G. Evarts

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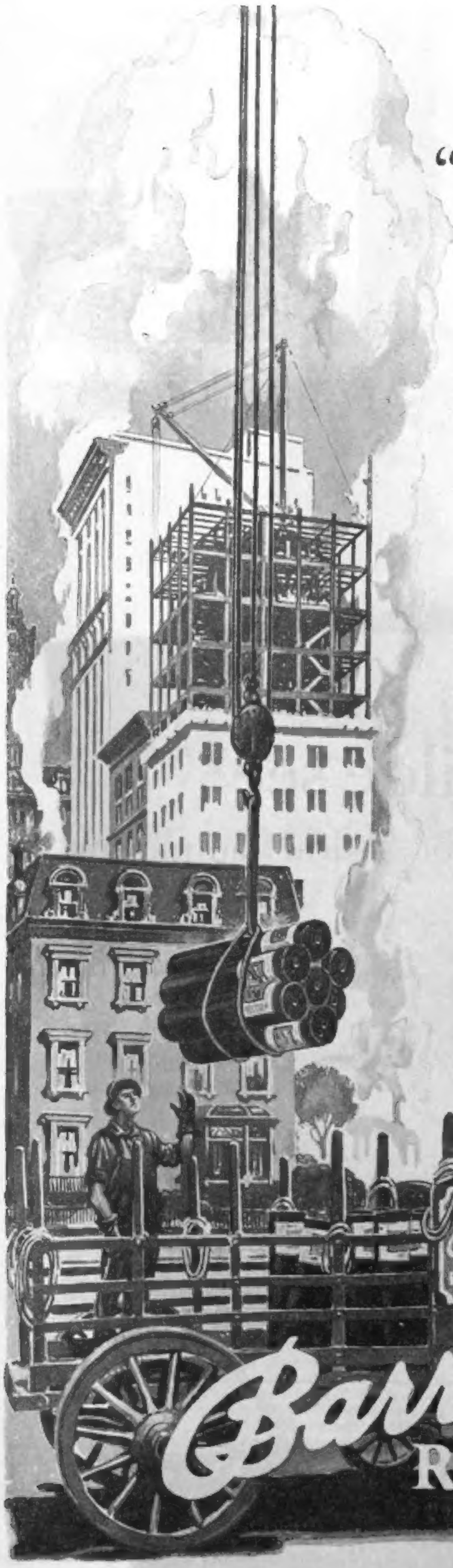

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THOSE night-gowns she draws from the week-end bag, those under-garments, and handkerchiefs—*white?* Or *not quite?*

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"Not quite white" clothes are a compromise with one's standards of perfection, and a wholly unnecessary compromise.

You should select the soap

The laundress is to blame? Wait—what *soap* is she provided with? Even the best of laundresses will produce "not quite white" results with many seemingly good soaps.

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Then you will know why P and G is by far the largest selling laundry and household soap in America.

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Not merely a white laundry soap,

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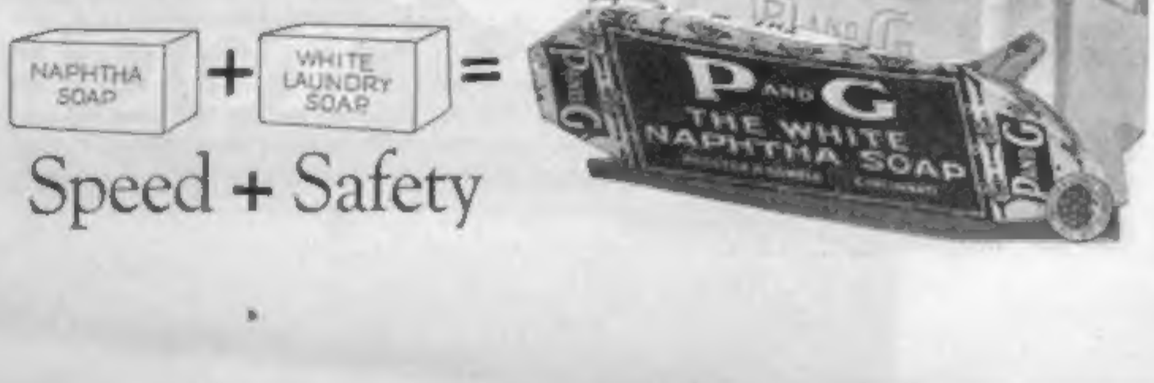

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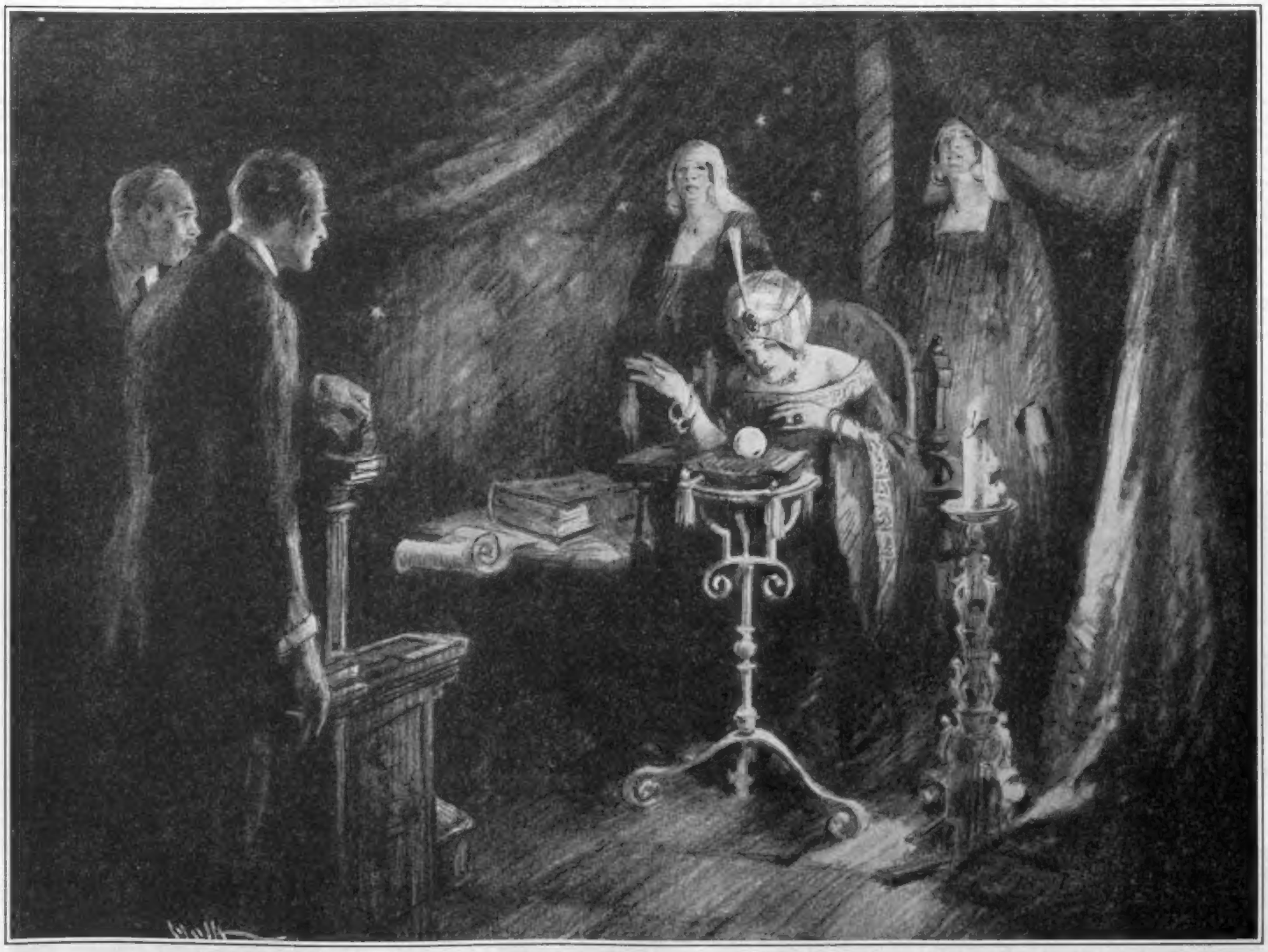
INSTRUMENTS OF DARKNESS



"Before This Night is Out—I See You Lord of This Castle and Heir to All That it Contains"

The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence. —*Macbeth.*

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

THE garden party was at its height when a blue-black storm cloud with silver edges began to roll up slowly from the northwest over Long Island Sound. No one seemed to notice it. A band was playing on the lawn, and people were dancing in the open space about the long narrow marble swimming pool. On the lower terrace long tables were set out with lemonade and ice cream, and all about through the gardens there were decorated booths where pop corn, homemade preserves and flowers were being sold. Flags were everywhere fluttering from tall poles, to which festoons of colored globes, as yet unlit, were fastened. Trained nurses, and ladies of the hospital committee—the fête was for the benefit of the local hospital—were conspicuous with bright red sashes across their shoulders. They were moving among the crowds, helping everyone to enjoy the occasion, but to enjoy it in that special manner that necessitates the spending of money.

Azra, the clairvoyant, was the only person who noted the approach of the storm. She had been doing an excellent business in prophecy. Magic was more popular that afternoon than sweets or flowers—perhaps because the magic was of the best quality, whereas the flowers were beginning to droop, and the sugar to melt in the still, intense heat.

Azra came of a long and distinguished line of magicians. Her father had been that celebrated Astrologer-Wizard of Waco, who had foretold the Franco-Prussian War, the Great Panic, and the eruption of Krakatua. Her mother, though less conspicuous, had, as a medium, brought comfort to thousands in the '80's. Azra, an adept in many branches of magic, had concentrated upon crystal gazing. She was a woman of commanding appearance—no longer young—tall and large featured. She had been arrested more than once—not for the usual charges made against members of her profession, but on the suspicion of being a man masquerading as a woman; though in the Orient her straight black garment and purple turban would not have been thought necessarily feminine.

She saw the approach of the storm with alarm, for she had ordered herself a new tent for the occasion—very fine—of dark purple plush spangled with gold and silver stars.

A drop of water would spoil it; and so when she saw that the storm would inevitably reach them in a few minutes, she ordered her two attendants—tall women like herself, in black draperies—to remove the tent from the circle of the dark cedars and to carry it inside the castle. She herself followed them, bearing the crystal ball aloft in both hands.

Now when Mr. Duncan had lent his garden and grounds to the hospital for their annual fête, he had expressly stipulated that no one—no one at all—should set foot inside the castle itself. The committee had pledged their word; little enough, they said, in return for all Mr. Duncan's kindness; and indeed it was an open secret that the great man intended to leave the hospital a part of his great fortune. But though Duncan had faith in the honest intention of the managers, he took the precaution of posting servants at all the entrances of the castle to turn away inquisitive wanderers. He was an old man and did not like his privacy invaded.

Therefore it was to be expected that Azra, mounting to the paved terrace that immediately surrounded the castle, would have been refused admittance; but, as luck—or perhaps magic—decreed, just as she reached the terrace, the approach of the storm was made evident to everyone. The first blast of wind swept the gardens, blowing away the music of the band, upsetting chairs, tearing flags; and the servants, being good-natured people, ran out to help, although the fête was not their affair at all. Azra was left free to enter the great hall unmolested.

This frowning medieval castle of dark red brick had stood for forty years on the southern edge of Long Island Sound not very far from New York. Duncan had built it just after his first spectacular success—the discovery of silver in the Mountains of the Moon. Seen from the Sound—and no Sound boat ever passed without its passengers rushing to the south rail to get a look at this celebrated building—its great size, its castellated towers and turrets, its battlements and inside courts and outside stairways made it look more like an old walled town than a modern dwelling. Seen from near by, the sharpness of its angles and the freshness of its bricks destroyed the illusion of its antiquity; but even from near by it was impressive on account of its mere bulk.

The great hall in which Azra was setting up her tent was a good reproduction of an Italian Gothic interior. It took up three stories, and would have been as dark and gloomy as a fortress, for its row of small windows was near the ceiling, but it was brightly illuminated by electric lamps.

Azra looked curiously about her. On one side a stone staircase ran up against the wall to a gallery across one end. In front of her was the main door of the castle—a heavy oak door barred with iron and studded with nails. But a corner of the hall was invaded by the cylindrical wall of one of the towers, and in this curved surface was a narrow pointed doorway—a doorway which struck Azra as interesting, for she had observed the tower room from outside, and she had reason to think that there was Mr. Duncan's private office.

In Azra's opinion there was nothing that brought so much prestige in her profession as the avowed esteem of a great financier. There was no better answer to those who mock at magic than to say that some hard-headed successful business man is a respectful client. And who in all the country was so successful and so respected a financier as Mr. Duncan?

While her attendants were busy with the tent Azra moved softly toward that little doorway. The storm had now broken. Outside standard roses and tall cedars were bending before the gale, awnings were blowing away, tables overturning, strings of lights tinkling dangerously, and the guests hurrying to shelter under the whitewashed brick arches on which the castle was built. It had not occurred to anyone, except Azra, to break the pledge given to Duncan. She had the great hall to herself.

Inside there was silence, except for the steady hiss of the rain, the gurgling of the gutters, and the frequent rolling of thunder. Suddenly there was a bright flash, a loud clap, the electric light gave a faint pulsation and went out, leaving the hall in complete darkness. Azra at once took a step that brought her to the door. She opened it, and heard at once the sound of voices.

"Well, sir," a man's voice was saying, as if he were resuming a narrative after some comment had been made on the extinction of the lights, "the market hung for a few minutes the way it will after an assault like that. The stock was beaten down another half point before Bethson—and upon my word, sir, that young nephew of yours had his wits about him—saw that this was a serious attack on your holdings. Then he dashed in, and without consultation, supported the stock at his own risk. That showed courage, Mr. Duncan; it saved you."

"I shall not forget it," answered a calm low voice, the voice of an old man.

"Worse was coming. Mark this, sir, these fellows—Cawdor and his group—now realized that they must get control of the market before Bethson had time to get into communication with you. They began to dump great blocks of their stock, driving it down a point at each sale."

"Didn't this terrify my brokers—Bethson & Banks?"

The younger man laughed. "As much as the local police terrify a New York bootlegger. They were magnificent. Banks in the office, and Bethson on the board—they risked their financial existence—and saved you. My heaven, sir, when I think of Cawdor, a man you made—a man no one had ever heard of until you made him chairman of the Luna board—double-crossing you like this ——"

The speaker's emotion prevented his thinking of an end for his sentence, and Azra heard the older voice answer with a faint sigh: "I shall never again attempt to judge a man's character from his face. There was a man in whom I always had the most unbounded confidence."

"Well, he's done for himself," said the other. "It must have cost him a pretty penny. And, of course, you'll put him off the Luna board."

"Yes, I hope I'm not revengeful," answered Duncan, "but I shall make an example of Cawdor. That's why I asked you to bring my will with you, Duffield. I named

(Continued on Page 106)

"If You Let This Moment Slip, it Means Either That You Really Don't Care That You've Spoilt My Life—or Else That You're Just Afraid"

DEUCES WILD—By Samuel G. Blythe

TIME was, and it was a long, long time, when the folks who do the voting in this country, and in some other countries, were content with or at least apathetic over their common valuation and use as two-spots in the political decks shuffled and dealt by the bosses. They always were deuces. They remained as deuces. That seemed to be all there was in it for them.

Then came some feverish person, craving action, who introduced the new wrinkle in our great national game of poker of letting the deuces in the deck run wild and take any rank from dominating ace to next-lowliest trey, or assume any suit designation that the necessities of the holders demanded, thereby messing up the pastime of straight and precedented poker in a most unholy manner, and putting an outside element into it that, though it added to the excitement, also crimped formal science in a most perplexing manner. Deuces wild became quite the rage with the unthinking and the unscientific. And expert old-style poker suffered measurably.

Now the game of politics and the game of poker resemble each other closely in most of their manifestations, and if the old-style regular game of poker was messed about when deuces began to run wild in its playing, fancy the result when the voting deuces, taking notice of the effect of deuces wild in the one game, began to run wild on their own account in the other. The political deuces are now not only wild; they are ferocious. This innovation in the card game perplexes the old-style poker players, but it paralyzes the old-style political players. They do not know the election value of any hand they deal. The deuces dominate the decks.

The Best Prophets Puzzled

IT IS interesting to note that this situation is not unique to the United States. Before the war the English took their politics with the same solemn and ritualistic earnestness with which they take their tea, and the voting rank and file were deuces always and forever, and made no pretense of having any other value. They understood their rank and kept to it, falling submissively and obediently from the Liberal, Tory or Labor decks their masters used in dealing, and holding to their suit designations rigidly and loyally.

And now? Now the English deuces are running wild also. The two-spots are two-spots no longer, but are whatever they choose to call themselves. The New Statesman is an English political and literary review that keeps closer to the ground currents of public thought and action than any of the other English periodicals of similar nature, or any English newspaper. The editor of the New Statesman discusses this situation in his leading editorial of the issue of September first, and says, in part:

> English politics are in a curious state just now. The majority of people—unless they are very fervent partisans—seem disinclined to tie party labels on themselves, except in a most provisional fashion. The man in the street hardly knows whether, if he has to vote tomorrow, he will vote Liberal or Labour or Tory; and if he were called upon to describe to a foreigner the difference between the three great parties he would find it hard to express himself in terms of immediate programmes. A Tory, of course, is a Tory, and a Liberal is a Liberal, and a Labour man is a Trades Unionist; but if the foreigner were to ask for a precise definition of the different policies which these parties represent at the present moment it certainly would be difficult to give him a satisfactory reply. . . . There seem, for the moment, to be no really clear issues. This lack of party issues is the outstanding fact in the present political situation. It makes it difficult for the public to take politics seriously at all.

He then goes on to cite instances of this public independence, indifference, fluidity and party inconsequence among the hitherto loyally partisan two-spots of English politics, and closes with the admission: "For our part—and the question is often addressed to us—we frankly confess we do not know at all what is going to happen in English politics during the next two or three years."

Whereupon, it may be said, this English political writer has nothing on his brethren on this side of the water. Not a thing. Indeed, if all the vast array of political and economic prophets, publicists, interpreters and diviners would form in two lines, one resting on No. 10 Downing Street, London, and the other resting on No. 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington, and acknowledge that they don't know either what is going to happen in politics during the next two or three years, or in so near-by a time as next year, the whole boiling would be closer to the truth than they have been since the war. Any person who assumes to tell that because of this or that in the present, or such and so in the past, or which or what in the future a certain thing will happen next month, or next year, in politics is getting about as far along the lines of affording specific information as the man was who sought to deter the operations of Nature by making faces at a tornado.

When the complaint is made that the public isn't taking politics seriously it means, in professional political estimation, that the public isn't taking politics wrapped up in the usual bundles, labeled with the old-style labels, and tied with the organization string; but that does not get at the root of the matter. The public isn't taking that obsolete brand of politics at all, seriously or in any other way. The public is off such politics. You wouldn't say that a man who got three doses of poison oak hand running by going along a path fringed with that viperous stuff wasn't taking poison oak seriously if he decided to walk another way. On the contrary.

Negative Statement Not Difficult

OUR immediate concern with the British political situation is merely that it shows a wide distribution of the same general political emotions and reflexes among the deuces of both countries. We have our own troubles. And though to attempt first-chop, positive statement concerning the outcome of those troubles would be the most futile of all the vain and unavailing works of man, reasonably accurate negative statement is not difficult, because although the deuces themselves have no very clear idea as to what they will do until the time comes to do it they are set in their minds as to what they will not do.

A demonstration may come before the national conventions that will cast a light on the future, but as it looks now the preliminaries will be regular and ordained. The ultimate casting of the remains of the Republican Party and

(Continued on Page 139)

THIS FREEDOM

TURKEY IN TRANSITION

By Isaac F. Marcosson

BEFORE the World War, if you asked a Turk the question "Where are the Turks masters in their own house?" the invariable reply was "In Hades." This was because the capitulations gave the foreigner so many privileges that he could defy the native. Today when you put this same query you get the response "In Turkey."

It means that again in their long and sinister history the Turks have what might be called a national hearthstone. The only fire that warms it is a fierce nationalism gone mad, which, as the Moslems have already discovered—and they are not alone in this costly realization—is a somewhat unsatisfactory fuel. It wins victories on the battlefields and helps to project politicians into prominence, but it neither feeds nor clothes. What is equally important, it does not always set up an economic machine. Right here you have the most serious problem that confronts the young republic of Turkey.

It seems almost a typographical error to apply the word "republic" to Turkey. To the average man everywhere the very name of the country whose ancient capital broods over the Bosporus is synonymous with that of a wicked sultanate whose middle name was graft and whose favorite outdoor sport was massacre. Automatically it conjures up the picture of Abdul-Hamid, and with it visions of pashas, harems, veils, all shot through with mystery and intrigue, and with mosques and minarets gleaming over the idle and voluptuous scene.

There was more truth than imagination in this popular impression, and it bears directly on Turkey's present dilemma. In the Turkey that was everybody worked but the Turk. To paraphrase our effective slang expression, he said, "Let the Greek, the Armenian, the Jew, the Syrian or the Arab do it," while he bagged the gain. He picked the brain—and also the pocket—of the alien. His was the glittering and luxurious business of empire. Now he has driven out most of the producers, for those hapless minorities were really the commercial majorities. The one-time imperial domain has shriveled to a single homogeneous state. The Turk sits amid his hard-won nationalism and the whole world is wondering what he will do with it.

Halide Edib Hanum, the Foremost Woman of Turkey

In some respects no other country anywhere presents the unique spectacle that is embodied in the revived Turkey. It is a striking study in contrasts and contradictions. From being the Sick Man of Europe, it has passed to the point where it is not only a live international issue but must be reckoned with in any appraisal of that long-deferred new world which was expected to rise out of the débris of the war of wars. There are many people—and this list even includes its well-wishers—who believe that for some time at least Turkey will economically fit the definition given by the schoolboy who, when asked to translate the familiar French motto, *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, said "Liberty, equality, infirmity!" The Turk has all three up to the hilt.

Allied Blunders Capitalized

YET the economic weakness of the Turk, as he stands at the threshold of a real epoch in his career, may ultimately prove to be his strength. He needs the sinews of peace just as two years ago he required the sinews of war. The borrower can seldom dictate, and future loans to Turkey may therefore assume a diplomatic significance greater even than when the menace of Russia hovered incessantly over the Sultan's domain.

Why is this Turkey in transition, or rather the formula for its recovery, so significant? In the answer you have one of the reasons why Europe has been in confusion since the Armistice, and, to be concrete, why such a vital problem as German reparations remained unsolved until the French took the bit in their teeth, occupied the Ruhr and forced a showdown. As a matter of fact, there is a curious parallel between the Germans and the Turks. Since they were bedfellows in the war, they both naturally suffered in the debacle. What has happened since the Armistice not only makes an interesting tale but constitutes a sad commentary on the utter lack of coöperation in Europe.

Both nations utilized the discord of the victors to their distinct advantage. In the case of Germany it consisted in dividing England and France on the amount and the enforcement of the indemnity. The Turks took advantage of one of the many supreme Allied blunders. From defeat, disillusion and almost complete disintegration, they became a military power and dictated terms to the victors who had humbled them in battle. At Lausanne, as elsewhere, the Allies were out of tune. England suspected France, France in turn had her doubts of Italy, while everybody looked askance at Greece. The Turks rode roughshod through the gaps in the Allied front and got more than they ever dreamed would be theirs. It was simply a case of capitalizing the other side's suspicions and disagreements. Of all the reversals in a world of almost chronic dislocation, Turkey is the prize exhibit.

In passing, let us briefly get the picture. It will enable us to comprehend more clearly a Turkey in evolution. When the Turks signed the Armistice of Mudros in 1918 they were prostrate, bankrupt and the doormat of the Allies. Constantinople was in the hands of the British. The French, Greeks and Italians had lined up huge spheres of influence. War-wearied and disheartened, the Turks were ready to accept anything and to give everything. They were as down and out as a nation could be.

Then came the turn of the tide which not only changed the map of Europe but altered a good many political fortunes. In the latter respect Near Eastern history was merely repeating itself. From the days of Gladstone and Disraeli down to the present period, that uneasy area has been, like war, the graveyard of reputations. Peace is never able to anchor long in the quicksands of the Balkans.

Partly at the instigation of Lloyd George, and also under the hypnotic aura of what looked for the moment to be the glory of a greater Greece, the Greeks were permitted to occupy Smyrna and the rich Anatolian hinterland in 1919. If the secret history of this enterprise is ever written it will be disclosed that while Lloyd George aided and abetted the ill-fated enterprise to his sorrow—it cost him his job as Premier—the Greeks wanted to beat the Italians to the prize.

Be that as it may, no sooner were the Greeks in Smyrna than they began to emulate the immemorial practice of the Turks in the amiable process of eliminating the undesirable native. This is why the massacre business in Turkey, as between Greeks and Turks, is a fifty-fifty proposition. By their presence and their performance the Greeks ignited the spark of Turkish nationalism, which swept all before it and enabled the Turks to become a sort of consolidated modern Phœnix literally risen from the ashes.

Producers Expelled

IN THE preceding article, which dealt with Kemal Pasha, I told the story of the aftermath of that Smyrna occupation. It has meant the awakening of Turkey, the overthrow of the Greeks and the rebirth of the nation under the ruthless will and stimulating leadership of the remarkable man who became, for all practical purposes, the dictator of the country. He set up a system of government which is self-determination in the *n*th degree. In fact, it is such a drastic process of self-determination that it may possibly react on him and become an illuminating example of self-extermination. This, however, is a later chapter.

The Turks carried the mascot of victory to Lausanne, where the Treaty of Sèvres, the original document of alleged amity offered by the Allies to the Moslems, and full brother in economic unsoundness to the Treaty of Versailles, was scrapped. As an indication of how the Turks registered their will at Lausanne, it may be worth while to recall that the Sèvres Treaty set up a scheme of local autonomy for Turkish Turkestan; established a free and independent state of Armenia; gave Italy the islands of the Ægean and rich zones of influence around Adalia and Konieh; bestowed Thrace and Smyrna on Greece and recognized the mandates for Palestine and the independence of the Hedjas.

The Treaty of Lausanne wiped out all this except the detachment of the mandated states of Syria, Mesopotamia and Palestine. Eastern Thrace is restored to Turkey, thus making her a European nation on a footing of equality. Constantinople is once more Turkish and all the foreign troops are withdrawn. Turkey therefore now consists of a considerable strip of Eastern Thrace, Constantinople, and the whole of Anatolia, an area equal to the combined extent of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, South Dakota, North Dakota and Montana, and with a population not in excess of 9,000,000. It is, however, strictly a Turkish dominion, 100 per cent homogeneous, and on the strength of what I am now to set forth it is possible for the new rulers to proclaim the gospel of "Turkey for the Turks" from the fastnesses of the capital at Angora.

Not only is the Armenian Free State dumped into the discard, but the Armenians are required to leave Turkey. Moreover, one of the most amazing human movements in history is brought about by the section of the treaty relating to the exchange of populations. It provides that the Turkish population in Greece must migrate back to Anatolia, while the Greeks in Turkey must return to a Greece already burdened with refugees. Every Christian instinct revolted against this performance on humanitarian grounds alone, but it has a bigger meaning, which the Turks must inevitably learn to their cost.

When you consider that the Armenians and the Greeks, together with the Jews, who for the moment are left alone, have carried on nearly 90 per cent of the commerce of Turkey, you can begin to understand what I meant by a nationalism that is gone mad. To illustrate, the best tobacco in Turkey is grown around Samsun. Practically all of it has been raised by Greeks, who must now bear it to Macedonia or Greece proper. Thousands were not only born in Turkey but Turkish is the only language they know. In the loss of these 2,000,000 thrifty producers you have the crux of the Turkish economic situation.

Equally important for the Turkish business future are the new regulations affecting foreigners. Gone are the old

capitulations which enabled the alien to be tried in consular courts, to have his own post offices, and to be immune from personal taxation. Henceforth he must live under Turkish law. The only recourse that he has from it is through appeal to certain legal advisers who will be citizens of neutral states in the World War. One of the original incentives for foreign investment in Turkey was the protection afforded capital under the capitulations. This is now removed, and it is hardly likely that the dollar, the pound or the franc will go adventuring where it cannot seek shelter under its flag or get some degree of immunity from Turkish ignorance, superstition and prejudice.

A still further evidence of this mania for self-determination is the imposition of a high protective tariff, which will be regulated according to the rise or fall in value of the Turkish pound, and which is bound to be a serious hindrance to the commercial expansion of a country still primitive for the most part, and enfeebled after twelve years of almost continuous warfare.

At almost every stage of the game at Lausanne the Turks had their way, even in the matter of payment of interest on the Ottoman debt. Most of the bondholders are French, so the Turks announced that they would pay interest in French paper money, which at that time was at one-third of its par value. The French insisted upon being paid in pounds sterling and the other powers backed them up. The conference almost broke up because of Turkish insistence upon the payment in depreciated values. In the end no settlement was made, and the matter is still in the air. I cite this episode to show that at Lausanne the invariable combination of bluff and procrastination carried Turkish diplomacy to victory. It has been so since the days of Solyman the Magnificent.

Although the Turks lack business sense, they are the master manipulators of other people's money. The reparation feature of the Lausanne Treaty is an illuminating example. Instead of paying reparations, they are the only ones who received them. The Allies are required to pay the cost of occupation and the Turkish war debt to Germany and Austria is canceled. Thus, while all the Allies are loaded up with war debts, Turkey is only required to pay her comparatively trifling internal war loans.

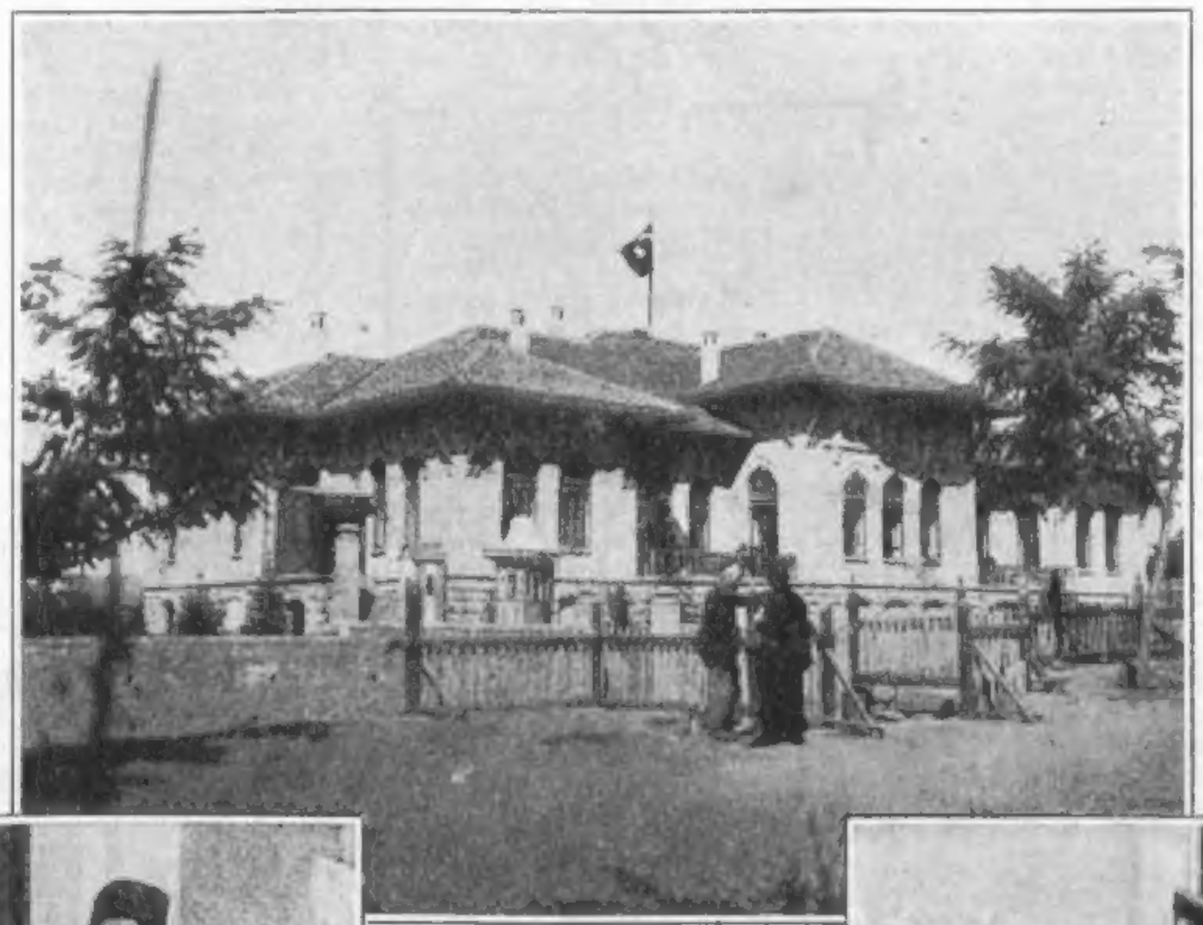
Opening of the Dardanelles

ON ONE vital point alone did the Allied will prevail at Lausanne, and even here the value to civilization was more sentimental than practical. I refer to the freedom of the Dardanelles. Since that historic day in the fifteenth century when Mohammed II battered down the gates of Constantinople and the Moslem rule began on the Bosporus, those storied straits—the Hellespont of Hero and Leander—have been perhaps the most guarded waterway in the world, and likewise the most desired. Russia, in particular, has always coveted it, because the Dardanelles was a link between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. It was to open these straits for the British fleet that England spilled her blood and treasure in vain on the rocky beaches of Gallipoli in the early days of the World War.

The Dardanelles is now open to the warships and the merchantmen of all nations, and the contiguous territory is demilitarized. The advantage for which empires have struggled is somewhat lessened, because the aëroplane and the submarine were unknown when the straits possessed their historic strategic advantage. The Turks know how to play at the game of war in the air and under the sea.

Wherever you turn in the consideration of the new Turkey you find some vital point of international significance. Angora today is much more than the capital of a reconstituted nation whose victories in diplomacy match her triumphs on the battlefield. In reality, it is the mainspring of a revolutionary nationalism that bodes no good for Britain. Here again you have the persistent evidence of how the beaten Turks put it over on their conquerors.

To get this phase we will have to go back again for a moment to those months following the Armistice of 1918.



The Grand National Assembly Building at Angora

At the Left—Refet Pasha
At the Right—Ismet Pasha
Below—Rauf Bey

At that time it looked as if the whole Middle Eastern world would be absorbed in the British system. Britain's ancient rival for the stewardship of Turkey, Russia, had vanished from the scene, because communism and international commerce are not exactly compatible.

John Bull apparently had the whole rich field to himself. He had his troops in the Russian zone of Persia, in Transcaspia, in Transcaucasia, and his power was potent in Iran—which is the proper name for Southern Mesopotamia—Palestine and Arabia. He was in possession of Constantinople, and the Sultan and the Grand Vizier ate out of his hand. That much-discussed new world of Islam was on the point of becoming a British dependency, not in theory but in fact.

Along came that stupendous blunder of Lloyd George, which put the Greeks into Smyrna and fanned the flame of Turkish nationalism; you have already learned the consequences. The point to be emphasized is simply this: In achieving militant nationalism for themselves the Turks have pointed the precedent for the whole Islamic domain, which stretches from Bengal to Constantinople and from the African lakes clear to the Caucasus. In other words, Egypt, India, Afghanistan, to say nothing of lesser Moslem fry, are looking to Angora as the inspiration for the realization of their ideal of self-determination.

Church and State

THEY have seen what the Turks have done to the Westerners and they will move heaven and earth to do likewise. Britain is slowly but surely losing ground throughout this Middle Eastern area. She is cordially distrusted by the Turks, who have not forgotten the deportation of their ablest patriots to Malta.

The birth of Turkish nationalism and the kindred inflammation of the nationalistic spirit elsewhere in the Moslem world must not be construed as meaning new life for the Pan-Islamic idea. It has passed, temporarily at least, from the councils and the aspirations of the East. Nor have the new masters of Turkey shed any tears over this temporary eclipse of the plan which was to redeem the East from the vandalism of the West. They are liberal and modern and they know full well that Pan-Islamism is inimical to any kind of radicalism. Based entirely upon religious cohesion, it frowns upon the many drastic innovations that Kemal Pasha has introduced.

For one thing he made the Grand National Assembly, which is the official name for the parliament of Angora, the supreme and sovereign power of the land. Formerly this was vested in the Sultan by virtue—or the lack of it, as was the case in Turkey—of the divine right of kings. Kemal ended the old arrangement by which the Sultan was also the Caliph. In the separation of church and state he aimed at the very root of Mohammedan power in Turkey. There is still a Caliph at Constantinople, who is deferentially referred to as his majesty, but he is merely the pope of the Moslem world, and so far as politics is concerned he might be a rank outsider. His temporal power is abrogated.

In the turbulent outburst of Turkish nationalism the traditions of Islam are becoming more and more insecure. Not only is the Caliph a decorative figurehead but the so-called Sheik ul Islam, his spiritual chief of staff, as it were, who of late years was a member of the cabinet, and who was called upon from time to time to issue futwas, or authoritative interpretations of Islamic law in regard to current events, no longer bears that name. No futwas have been issued for some time and the Kemalists appear to take little account of the religious law. It means that the bonds that united Turkey to the whole world of Islam are being steadily weakened.

Another evidence that Pan-Islamism is sidetracked in Turkey lies in the unveiling of the women. On this point

(Continued on Page 164)

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

By CHARLES BRACKETT

"I'd Said, 'Now Do You Want to Work in a Place Where There is a Good Deal of Entertaining?' And She'd Said She Did"

THE most outrageous thing, Arnold"—Dorothy Blair found herself in mid-recital after she'd definitely decided that it would be better not to mention the matter—"I'd told her exactly what her duties would be. I'd said, 'Now do you want to work in a place where tea is served every afternoon and where there is a good deal of entertaining?' And she'd said she did. I certainly didn't deceive her, and if she'd inquired she'd found that I treat my domestics nicely. I counted on her, and didn't look further during the very ten days when most people are getting their winter servants.

"At the end of that time, since I didn't hear a word, I took a taxi and went to the suburb where she was working and told the chauffeur to go to the house and ask for Nellie Thompson. Somebody came to the door who said Nellie Thompson hadn't worked there for a week. She didn't know where she'd gone. The driver said I might like to ask some questions and the woman shut the door in his face. When he reported I got out and rang and rang. No one answered. Of course the woman who had was Nellie Thompson herself. She admitted it when I telephoned, which I did as soon as I found the name of the people who owned the house. She just said she didn't want to work for me. When I said 'Couldn't you have told me that when I stopped to ask?' she answered, 'I didn't have time to entertain anybody.' Have you ever heard of anything more maddening?"

Arnold Clark took it just as she'd been afraid he might.

"What a helpless little thing you are!"

The tenderness infuriated Dorothy Blair almost as much as the thought of Nellie Thompson. Of course she'd been helpless. It was a helpless situation. Of whom could one demand justice as between cook and prospective employer? It wasn't as though she hadn't done everything an efficient human being could have done. What she wanted was the pity due a protagonist beaten by a malicious fate, not the amused sympathy given a child who would play with the naughty pepper.

"I'm not in the least helpless," she said, "and I'm not half so little as I used to be. I'm five feet three. I grew two inches after I was married."

He roared with laughter. He had a nice laugh, which quite shook the little drawing-room.

"I don't wonder," he declared. "You were fifteen, weren't you?"

"The official figure is sixteen," Dorothy answered. "As Lonny is now sixteen himself, that allows a kindly person to add me up thirty-three, which is quite accurate enough. And now that Lonny is in school, and Betty is in school, and their father is—oh, so respectably!—dead, do you know what I am going to do?"

"I hope I do."

"I am going systematically to make up the things I've missed.

"Do you remember the coming-out party I used to plan, which was to liberate me? Well, this is my début tea. You're the only guest. Isn't it nice?"

"Rather."

She knew from his tone that if she wanted to defer what he was going to say to her she must do it abruptly. She did want to. She liked to save frosting until the last.

"I must put these in water," she said, and she rang a lovely rose-glass bell.

He had brought her flowers—brought them rather than have them sent, as anyone else would have done. It was so amusingly boyish of him. He liked to hear her exclamations—her "Oh, they're too divine, Arnold!"

"The green Bristol vase," she said to Mary, "and that Waterford comport in the dining room. I will arrange them myself."

"No one else," she told Arnold, "is to touch them."

She loved to arrange flowers, and did it beautifully. It was such a simple matter if one cared to take the time, simply a question of placing them one by one, bending them just right.

The sulphur-colored roses in the smooth green vase were like something by Debussy as she massed them; the gardenish flowers—pink snapdragons and freesias and purple pansies—might have been a detail from Fragonard.

"Do you remember," she asked, "when you used to bring me one American Beauty rose, because they were my favorites?"

"Why did you stop liking them?"

"I suppose because Lon used to smother me in such heaps. His overwhelming, meaningless crates obliterated your nice ones. I don't know that I ever thought them beautiful, but they were the most expensive flowers I knew, and I thought it very elegant to get them. One does at sixteen."

"The restraint of my offerings wasn't aesthetic, I assure you."

"One had an idea you were incredibly poor. Was it true? I used to feel thrillingly that perhaps those roses of yours meant bread you couldn't eat."

"Car fare to the office perhaps."

"How stupid my family were about you! Don't you suppose they could have raised a mortgage on such a promising fiancé, to float them along for the very few years you needed?"

"They wouldn't have been so few in that case. Your family's attitude was very tonic. A nose thoroughly convinced of its ineligibility isn't nearly so apt to lift from the grindstone."

She shook her head.

"Happiness wouldn't have held you back. You had the germ in you. People like you and Mr. Stuart McKenzie would be conspicuously successful in the kingdom of heaven."

"Thanks for the juxtaposition," he said.

She'd forgotten the newspaper campaign McKenzie had once started against him.

"At least my family have paid for their interference." She diverted his attention. "Poor mamma! She has a nervous breakdown whenever she hears that you've made another million. It's kept her quite an invalid these last years."

"We must have been rather nice kids."

"I remember the walk we took the day before I was married. There were elm seeds pitting the sidewalk. For years I couldn't see elm seeds without a lump in my throat."

"Lord, but I thought I was tremendously in love with you!"

She didn't like that.

"It was absurd," she said, but she was hurt.

"Yes, because I've only realized this past month how really in love with you one can be."

"Arnold!"

It was quite as nice as she'd expected.

"I'm glad you warned me about smothering you in flowers, because I had all I could do to keep from bringing everything in the shop. You are going to marry me, aren't you?"

"No."

It rather surprised her too.

"Why not?"

"I simply loathe the institution of marriage. I've spent sixteen years involved in one which required every ounce of energy and ingenuity I could give to keep it from going shamefully on the rocks. That is quite enough, thank you."

"But what did you mean by 'making up the things you'd missed'?"

"Matrimony wasn't one of those, nor romance. You provided that. My dear Arnold, don't you know that a blighted love affair is the kind every woman really wants? Our relationship has been one of the perfect things in my life. I've shed buckets of tears over it, and I have no intention of spoiling it."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"The things I longed to do and had to put out of my mind while I nursed the babies through chicken pox or measles, or took Lon to some cure—the really thrilling things. I'm going to express myself, as the *cliché* goes."

"Not a career, Dolly!"

"Why should you laugh?"

"I never knew that you were ambitious. What's it to be? Grand opera?"

"I don't flatter myself that I'm an artist. I'm going into some kind of business."

"What for?"

"Because I want to, and because I'm tired of being treated like a case of arrested development."

"Who treats you like one?"

"You do, and all men, and all professional women, and all political women, and even the women whose husbands

give them a certain amount every year to lose in an interior-decorating shop or a millinery establishment. In fact the great majority of the population does "

"You marry me and I'll give you a department store."

"That's not my ambition. I want to do what those fools pretend to do. I want my own taste of success."

"And if you get it, will you consider marriage?"

"Don't begin to plan how you can give me an expensive imitation. That sort of substitute will not be accepted."

"This will occupy the rest of your life?"

"Until I get it, at least. It shouldn't take so awfully long. I have a tiny bit of capital to begin with."

"Don't risk anything you or the children really need, for God's sake."

"You do think I'm a fool, don't you? Listen, Arnold Clark, for sixteen years, without any particular taste for domesticity, I've run a house and brought up two children on a very moderate income. I've done it smoothly and without apparent effort, but I assure you that I've worked as hard as the average man with an office."

"Of course you have met with an occasional Nellie Thompson."

"I knew it was a mistake to tell you that. What would you have done under the circumstances?"

"I have just one rule for dealing with the servant problem. I pay them more than anyone else in the city."

"That's, of course, the stupid way, and the immoral one. My dear Arnold, I have now in my kitchen a woman who, when I've trained her, will, I dare say, be quite as good as your rather hotelly chef; and whom I shall pay probably one half as much."

"If she made the cake I haven't a word to say."

"I wish I could tell you that she did, but truth and my vanity must be considered. She's just arriving. I made the cake. I've presided during the interregnum."

"It only convinces me more thoroughly that what you're fitted to be is an expert wife. It's the job you've learned. Why not follow it up?"

"You sound just like all those awful women when they want to patronize one. The job of being a wife! The goose that lays the golden eggs telling the rest of the geese to stick to the lovely nourishing kind. Well, I won't marry you."

She rang the bell again.

"Are you having me shown out? Or was there to be a conclusion to that sentence, giving me hope in case you bag your triumph before the years have garnered me in?"

"Perhaps Cupid can win Business Genius from her laurels, but I doubt it. I rang because I'm going to excuse myself to interview this woman if she's arrived. If you go I shall be offended. We should have a few peaceful moments. As I remember, we've quarreled steadily for the last half hour. . . . Mary, has the new cook put in an appearance?"

Mary, the epitome of propriety, tried not to be more melodramatic than the occasion warranted.

"Yes, Mrs. Blair, she did come, and she made herself a cup of tea; but she said she didn't like the quality of it, and that the surroundings weren't what she was used to, and she left directly. I told her you'd wish to speak to her, but she wouldn't wait."

"Thank you, Mary. Arnold Clark, if you smile one shadow of a smile I'll never speak to you again. My idea of the wisest course would be for you to go very, very quickly."

Mr. Clark bowed gravely over her hand.

"I suppose I couldn't offer you one of my lamentable hotelly dinners?"

"Fran Hutchins is coming here."

"If I can be of any assistance to you in your career ——"

"You would be the last person to whom I should turn. Come and see me soon."

"My definition of 'soon' would be tomorrow."

"Mine would be Thursday."

Fran Hutchins, though no intellectual giantess, was a real comfort.

She appreciated Dorothy's mock terrapin and miraculous coffee, and she hadn't a smile for any scar inflicted by the servant problem.

"The jewel in my kitchen," she related, "waited with deliberate malice until my largest house party of the summer was arriving. I sat at dinner the night before and she came in and said, 'I want to speak to you, madam.' I felt just as though I were going to be spanked, and asked what it was. 'I can't stay in a place like this,' she said, 'for what you're paying me. I've never had to serve the other help after the family dinner, and I'll take the early train in the morning.'"

"What did you do?"

"Do? I had six people descending on me the next day I said, 'Well, Dora, you're such a splendid cook that I guess I'll have to give you a raise.' And I did, and I'm paying it still. Bud thinks I'm a fool; but it's all very well for other people to defy their domestics—you, for instance. You can cook; but I can't, not a single thing. I just stand by the range and whimper, and Bud starves."

"If there were only something one could threaten them with!"

"Well, there's not. I heard the parlor maid refer to me as Fran to the cook the other day, and I simply didn't dare discharge her She's popular, and if the rest didn't leave they'd discipline me. I simply can't stand to be disciplined below stairs."

"Well, so long as I have my beloved Mary I can face fate. I don't like doing it, however."

"It's so much simpler in a tiny house like this," Fran expatiated. "My dear, I think you've done wonders with it. It's too cunning."

Cunning! Her perfect little house! She resented the tone of patronage from Fran Hutchins, who lived in a great leather and wicker men's club of a place. She wished she was vulgar enough to say, "I like it. In fact this afternoon I refused to replace it with Arnold Clark's establishment."

How Fran would have stared!

To escape the dangerous thought, she said she was playing with the idea of going into business.

"Oh, let me too!" Fran begged. "I'm just mad to A ducky little bookshop with red curtains. And we could serve tea every afternoon, don't you think?"

All the awful ineffectualities of all the silly women she knew rose in Dorothy's imagination.

"Well, that isn't exactly what I was thinking of."

"Or a tea shop with a few antiques for sale. They're such fun to pick up, and it would leave our mornings free."

Dorothy shook her head.

"I want to do something useful—press pants or clean rugs or run a laundry—in a large way "

"Oh, you're the most original thing!"

(Continued on Page 72)

"Tell Me, You Weren't Really Talking to Old Stuart McKenzie?" "I'm Afraid I Was, Arnold"

OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES

By Kenneth L. Roberts

Finse, Norway, in the Grip of a Blizzard. Above—The Harbor at Hammerfest

THERE is a belief, widely current among gentlemen who have at one time or another been thoroughly saturated with alcohol, that all the troubles of the United States of America at the present time are due to the fact that the citizens of this great and glorious country are not permitted to dally with beer and light wines whenever they are so inclined. Some rather severe dents have been placed in the morals of the American people, according to these gentlemen, to say nothing of the chips and splinters that have been knocked from their sacred honor, because they cannot turn to light wines and beer for refreshment and purification.

Hypocrisy, if these troubled souls may be believed, has sprung into existence with alarming luxuriance, due to the impossibility of obtaining those fluids in unrestricted quantities. Crime waves, owing entirely to the dearth of light wines and beer, wave more violently than the Star-Spangled Banner or the Atlantic Ocean, hitherto the most persistent and successful wavers of modern times. The younger set, unable to get light wines and beer, indulge in loose dances, loose talk and a general looseness comparable only to the nuts and body work on a 1904-model automobile.

Unproved Claims

THE honest workman, deprived of this sterling lubricant, views Bolshevism with a tolerant eye and coldly demands another three dollars a week. Mothers and children, robbed of the tonic effect of seeing daddy come home with a beer edge every Saturday night, lead a dull and uninteresting home life, enlivened only by the unromantic act of putting five dollars into the bank every Monday morning, all of which results in a tiresome home and ultimate divorce.

The gentlemen who hold these views do not go so far as actually to say that the legalizing of the use of light wines and beer by the citizens of America would raise the price of wheat for the farmer and cut down the price of bread for the consumer; that it would lower freight rates and increase railroad dividends; that it would eliminate moth, rust, blight, poverty, influenza epidemics, high rents, the corn borer, plant lice, northeast storms, distemper in dogs, the foot-and-mouth disease, seventeen-dollar coal, long-distance dancing contests, colic, road hogs, messy automobile picnickers, and other unpleasant and offensive natural phenomena; but they imply that if light wines and beer were to come in by the front door, all these other tiresome things would jump out of the window.

Above all, they claim that if the eager public were to be permitted to form in line at the right and pass without crowding before an inexhaustible stock of light wines and beer, helping themselves with unrestricted unrestraint as they passed the triple curses of bootlegging, bad liquor and lawbreaking that now afflict the country would vanish away like a tender young jellyfish on a hot beach.

Having made this claim and announced it to a waiting world with flushed faces and ringing voices, they go back to the bottom left-hand drawers of their desks and drink to light wines and beer in a pure old Scotch whisky made about three weeks ago out of grain alcohol, water, creosote and beet juice.

One of the noteworthy features about the earnest gentlemen who rise to the support of light wines and beer is that they seldom drink light wines and beer themselves. Their stomach linings are too well embalmed in alcohol to receive any worthwhile sensation from such insipid matters.

Now all the claims that are made by the light-wine-and-beer fanatics may be true and they may not be true. In fact, there is very little chance that any conclusive proof of their accuracy will ever be unearthed in America, owing to the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which states bluntly and with no opportunities for misinterpretation that "the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited."

It will be about as difficult to alter the Constitution and legalize the sale of light wines and beer as it would be to stop a prairie fire with Reliance Hose Wagon No. 1 of Kennebunkport, Maine. Moreover, although a jury might be influenced to such an extent that it would declare 5 per cent beer to be nonintoxicating, no jury on earth would dare to call a light wine nonintoxicating; for three bottles of almost any light wine in existence, when deposited in the same person in rapid succession, are enough to make him burst into song, insult a waiter, or pour out his heart with complete unreserve to any casual stranger as to the methods that he expects to adopt in order to evade full payment of his income tax.

Practically all light wines contain from 8 to 10 and 12 per cent alcohol; and the person whose judgment permitted him to say that a beverage loaded with 8 per cent of alcohol is nonintoxicating would also say that Henry Ford was the author of Shakspere's plays.

So long, therefore, as the Constitution continues to say that intoxicating liquors shall not be sold, just so long will the light-wine-and-beer enthusiasts have to look elsewhere for proof concerning the benefits that accrue to a nation when it abjures strong liquor and wets its whistle with nothing more potent than beer and light wines.

Now it so happens that Norway, land of the canned sardine and the Midnight Sun, home of the fiord and the ski and Henrik Ibsen and other interesting matters, has—because of circumstances over which she has less control than she would like—a prohibition law which is very similar to the sort of prohibition law that the hearty drinkers of America would dearly love to see written on the statute books. It is a prohibition law that permits light wines and beer to be freely drunk, and that also permits access to more potent liquors in sundry roundabout ways. As a prohibition law it is a distinct frost; but as a source of information for those who wrangle over the evils and the benefits of open indulgence in beer and light wines—to say nothing of wines that are not so light—it might sketchily be characterized as what the doctor ordered.

Norway, ever since the days when the vikings, tucking their long mustaches up behind their ears to keep them from getting tangled with their oars, rowed their viking ships to England, Greenland and America, has been noted for its fluent drinkers.

The Land of Mournful Drinking

IN THIS respect it has been similar to Sweden and Denmark, except that Norwegian drinking, like Norwegian literature, Norwegian art and the Norwegian temperament in general, has always been characterized by a certain gloom and despondency.

Just as Norwegian drama and literature aim to kill off all characters before the end of the play or book in a violent manner, or at least to leave them incarcerated in an asylum for the violently insane, so has Norwegian drinking, in past years, left its devotees with mournful and unhappy jags, interspersed with fits of weeping and very bitter fighting.

Back in the old viking days the early Norwegians were more interested in getting enough to drink than in bringing home a boatload of booty. When Leif Ericson set sail from Norway in the year 1000, bound for Greenland, and by accident stumbled on the coast of what later became New England, the feature that struck him between the eyes with the greatest impact was the fact that the new country was a great place for making wine, because of the commodious number of wild grapes that grew there.

So Leif called the new country Wineland or Vinland, and for many years afterward the Scandinavians were making attempts to get back to Wineland and load up on wine. Since it was a long pull in their rowboats from Norway or Iceland to New England—too long to make the trip fortnightly or even on any regular schedule—they did as well as they could at home.

That they did extremely well is proved by a well-known work of reference, which states that "down to the middle of the nineteenth century drunkenness was a strongly marked characteristic of Norwegians." Perhaps the only other Norwegian characteristic that was as strongly marked was the blue eyes common to practically all Norwegians.

But during the last half of the nineteenth century the antagonism of the religious elements in Norway, and of the upright country folk, against the evils of drink became so great that drink reforms began to creep in and weaken the Norwegian flair for alcohol consumption. Local option was put into effect in various places. Companies similar to the Swedish liquor-control companies were put in control of the retail trade in spirits, and the profits over a certain percentage from these companies were turned over to public works and public utilities.

The hours when a person could buy drinks were strictly regulated; and frequent moans arose from travelers who drifted into Norway after one o'clock on Saturday afternoon; for between that hour and eight o'clock Monday morning anybody who sold a drop of liquor to anyone at all was liable to be thrown into the town jail for an indefinite period.

As a result of all this, the Norwegians lost a great deal of their capacity, as well as a part of their reputation, for toying with hard liquor; and authorities agree that the young persons who were characterized as the younger generation in 1914 were almost as indifferent to red-eye and other forms of violent stimulant as they were to opium smoking or the wearing of haircloth shirts.

When Norway Went Dry

THE figures on the consumption of alcohol in Norway in 1913 are surprising; for they show Norway at the bottom of a long list with a total consumption of 2.8 liters of alcohol per head as against 18 liters for France, nearly 15 for Italy, nearly 14 for Belgium, and so on down through 6 for the United States and a little less than 5½ for Sweden.

One explanation of these figures—which, like practically all European statistics, are wrong—is that they show the official Norwegian consumption, and fail to take into account the large amount of homemade prune juice that was absorbed by the hardy Norsemen.

An evening walk through the streets of Christiania during this low-consumption period invariably revealed a large number of Norwegian souses staggering around in a gloomy and determined Norwegian manner—almost enough in one evening, in fact, to account for the entire amount of alcohol that the whole country was supposed to consume in one year

The fact remains, however, that restrictive measures had greatly cut down drunkenness in Norway at the outbreak of the war. Not only that, but people of any social standing whatever frowned blackly on the person who failed to hold his liquor modestly.

This decrease in drunkenness failed to satisfy the prohibition enthusiasts, who are deeply suspicious of the word "moderation." They demanded total prohibition; and a royal commission was appointed to delve into the matter in Norway and the surrounding countries, and to pass judgment on the merits of the prohibitionists' demands. . .

Norwegians in Their Ancestral Costumes

This commission nosed around from 1910 to 1915; and at the end of the five years the majority reported against prohibition, claiming that it would bring about a decrease of drunkenness at first, followed by a great increase; that smuggling would probably spring up; that private distillation would reappear; and that Norway would promptly have great trouble with the wine-producing countries, which in their resentment would give Norway a series of swift kicks for daring to introduce a prohibition law. National prohibition, the majority held, would be a bad thing for the country.

The minority, however, held out strongly for prohibition; and, like many other minorities in other parts of the world, the minority had its way. On January 1, 1917, the sale of spirits in Norway was prohibited; and in June, 1917, the sale of all heavy wines—known in Norway as hot wines—was prohibited. This prohibition included such wines as sherry, port, Madeira, Marsala, and so on. With the passage of these prohibition measures, one could no longer purchase spirits or hot wines in Norway unless one were attacked by illness and applied at a drug store with a regulation doctor's prescription calling for a little wine or spirits. Only apothecaries could sell such things.

Beer, which is regarded all over Europe as being less harmful than water, was subject to no restrictions at all; nor were light wines—light wines being those wines whose alcoholic content is less than 12 per cent.

One of the first results of this venture in prohibition was a marked decrease in the arrests for drunkenness in Norway. In 1916, before prohibition went into effect, 62,000 persons in Norway were arrested and fined for drunkenness. In 1917, the first year of prohibition, the number was cut exactly in half, to 31,000. In 1918 the arrests and fines for drunkenness dropped still further, or to 22,000. In 1919 and 1920, the figure went up to 30,000 for each year. In 1921 it increased to 44,000; while during the first quarter of 1923 the drunkenness arrests numbered 12,500, or on a scale of 50,000 for the year.

In 1919 the Norwegian legislative body, known as the Storthing, still being somewhat in doubt as to how the people as a whole regarded the prohibition law, but having a fairly good idea that the people would vote against it, thus giving the Storthing the chance to toss the prohibition law overboard at will, ordered that a general referendum be held to decide whether the prohibition law should continue, or whether it shouldn't.

How Portugal Retaliated

TO EVERYBODY'S surprise, the general public stepped up to the voting booths and returned a majority vote in favor of keeping on with the existing regulations. About 60 per cent of those who voted, voted in favor of prohibition, while about 40 per cent voted against it. The vote stood 450,000 for prohibition, and 300,000 against.

Meanwhile two of the evils that the majority of the royal commission had predicted in case prohibition was adopted had come to pass. The wine-producing countries were making an offensive and embarrassing outcry against the Norwegian law, and the liquor smugglers were becoming as active as a dog that has recently stepped in a hornet's nest.

The wine-producing countries, so far as Norway is concerned, are France, Spain and Portugal. With America dry, with large sections of Canada dry, and with prospective droughts impending in all sorts of unexpected places on the earth's surface, France, Spain and Portugal quickly made up their minds that they would permit no further curtailment of their incomes from the sale of their heavy wines if they could prevent it.

They were able to prevent it in Norway's case because of the fact that Norway exports large quantities of salt codfish to these countries, and also because Norway's shipping provides one of her chief sources of income.

Fish and fish products comprise about one-third of Norway's total annual export values, and dried salt codfish is her chief fish product. She sold about one-third of her total dried salt codfish crop to Spain each year; and she sold another one-third to Portugal. It is not easy to find new markets for dried salt codfish. Knowing this, Spain and Portugal promptly raised the duty on Norwegian dried salt codfish, whereupon it became too expensive for the Spaniards and the Portuguese to buy. They therefore didn't buy it, and Norway was left with it on her hands, and with nothing to brighten her gloomy Norwegian outlook except her prohibition law.

Another great source of revenue to Norway is her shipping. Norwegian ships are in great demand on what are known as time charters. An English concern, for example, charters a Norwegian ship for six months' time; and during that six months the English concern disposes of the ship as it sees fit. It may send the ship to the east coast of South America with a cargo. In South America it may take on another cargo for which there is no

Continued on Page 172

A Group of Laplanders With Their Catch

MYRTLE'S BEAU

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

MYRTLE ESPENSHADE stood on the front porch at seven o'clock on Monday morning, looking down at her mother, who stood on the pavement beneath. Myrtle, who was tall, fair-haired and wiry, with the positive ways of the young teacher, was dressed in a short-sleeved pink gingham dress and white apron, suitable to the warm July morning; Mrs Espenshade, who was short, dark, stout and anxious-looking, wore a black dress, black hat and black floating veil, suitable for the funeral to which she was going. Mr. Espenshade had carried her suitcase to the station, where he was a baggage agent, and he would see her off. She was not grief stricken, the funeral was that of an aged aunt whose departure was a cause for thankfulness rather than grief, and she was going to take the occasion to pay short visits to a few kinsfolk. It was about a living person that she was anxious—Myrtle, her learned daughter, the apple of her eye.

The Espenshades lived in one half of a double house which stood at the opening of Elm Street, the other half being occupied by the Healeys, a happy-go-lucky Irish family. To the south and removed by a few feet were the Thorpes, who shared with the Espenshades a tunnel-like alley. Though they were divided from the Healeys by a solid wall they saw more of them than of the Thorpes, the windows of whose dining room, kitchen and back bedrooms opened opposite theirs. The Thorpes, who were quiet and reserved, never sat on their porch, and did not use the little alley, but came and went by the rear gate. The Healey family consisted of father, mother and four children, the Thorpe family of four adults, two men and two women of about the same age, whose relation troubled Mrs. Espenshade. They did not seem exactly like brothers and sisters, nor did they seem exactly like husbands and wives.

Myrtle's class was the fifth grade, where she had acquired by necessity a manner which was commanding and dogmatic.

"Now, mother, go," she said firmly. "You'll miss your train; then how will you feel?"

Mrs. Espenshade did not obey.

"Just don't work harder than you must," she commanded in her turn. "Get pop a little something each meal; he's easy satisfied. There are pies and cakes ready baked and you can get baker's things at the store."

"You ought to have let me work more and taught me more," said Myrtle discontentedly. "Now, go."

Mrs. Espenshade still lingered.

"It will not happen often," she said at last. "I will not need to go away again. Just let pop do the hard part; he's willing. When I come back you can take it easy till school opens."

Myrtle ran down the steps, her high heels tapping.

"I'll walk along to the corner and put you on the car. It's the only way."

"Just so you don't get tired," said Mrs. Espenshade.

"I'm never tired," protested Myrtle. "And I wouldn't care if I did get tired." She saw the second Mrs. Kane looking out of her upper window and Mrs. Pefferkorn peering from her door. "The neighbors are watching to see you go."

"Yes, well," said Mrs. Espenshade.

At the corner in front of Borland's grocery the two waited for the car.

She Went Out to the Bench in the Garden. She Believed Suddenly and Despairingly That Mr. Smith Would Not Come

"Everything's clean and everything's washed up," reminded Mrs. Espenshade.

"I know," said Myrtle.

Her eyes were fixed upon the grocery store and there was an eager flush on her cheek. She seemed to be looking for something or somebody, but there was no human object in sight and there was nothing new in the window.

"Now good-by once more," said Mrs. Espenshade as the car came into view. "And take care of yourself."

"Ach, mom!" Myrtle relapsed into her native idiom. "I'm no more a little child!"

She kissed her mother, helped her on the car and watched it out of sight. Again she looked across the street at apparently nothing, and once she glanced back over her shoulder, then blushing a deeper red hurried on, her chin in the air. Mrs. Pefferkorn was still at her door and Mrs. Kane was still at her window, but she did not look at them. Nor did she look up at Victoria Wagonseller, who was sitting on her porch, a book in her hand. At this hour when the children played in adjoining Batter's Lane under the oak trees or in Mr. Hoy's field, it was possible to read or study out-of-doors. Victoria was a day student in the near-by college, and Myrtle was expected by her parents and had been expected by herself to follow her when she had saved a little more money. This morning she hated Victoria and her learning.

Entering the house she looked about. Everything was in order as her mother had said, except the breakfast dishes, and these she washed swiftly and deftly, and then scalded and wrung out the cloth and towels and hung them in the sunshine. Carrying a basket she went down the boardwalk to the garden and brought back corn and tomatoes and prepared them for cooking, then she ascended to the second story and made the beds and went on into the third, where there were two finished rooms over the front of the house and a low attic at the rear. Even Mrs. Espenshade would have called the third story clean, but Myrtle was not satisfied. She went downstairs and returned, wearing a large gingham apron which covered all but her bare arms, and carrying all the outfit of a charwoman, pail and broom and brush and various cloths. The Espenshades used no mops when housecleaning; they got down upon their knees.

Besides the light of determination there was the light of adventure in Myrtle's blue eyes; beginning to move chests and boxes she had the air of one given for the first time the free hand which has been long desired. Pausing, she considered the proper order in cleaning, whether one washed the floor or windows first, and whether one used soap to scrub. She swept down the unfinished walls and penetrated into the cubbyholes with a brush and a lantern. Nobody could see or hear, and she sang loudly, a most unusual proceeding for Myrtle, selecting one of the songs which her children used in school:

Thou forest broad and sweeping,
Fair work of Nature's God.

When all was done but the floor she ran downstairs; at half-past eleven her father came for his dinner. Fortunately there was a gas stove and cooking was a rapid process. Espenshade was tall and blue-eyed like his daughter, but he had none of her briskness. He was proud of her intellectual achievements and often boasted about her salary. He looked curiously at the well-cooked meal; he was surprised that Myrtle had done so well. He was not a loquacious person and he made only three remarks.

"I guess mom is this long time already at her place," said he as he sat down.

"Yes," answered Myrtle briskly. "Ten o'clock she was to get there."

"If it's anything I shall do, you have only to say it," said he as he began on two large wedges of pie.

"Thank you," answered Myrtle. "I'll let you know."

"You're not to work so hard," said he as he rose to wash his hands.

"No," agreed Myrtle. "I won't."

She had already washed all the dishes but her father's pie plate, and this she now picked up and carried to the sink. Returning to the attic she knelt down, her delicate thin knees on the hard boards with only a few thicknesses of material between, but with the same look of determination and happy adventure in her eyes.

At three o'clock she rose, her muscles aching and stiff, and surveyed her work. She had pushed the chests and boxes into the front bedroom and she was about to push them back when she realized that no attention had been

paid to them. What did one do? She knitted her brows. Ah! One aired all the contents on the line. That should be part of tomorrow's task.

Carrying her pail she went downstairs. On the lower step she was compelled to rest, but her contentment was greater than her weariness. While the bathtub filled she laid out fresh underwear, a white dress and white shoes and stockings. She made her dresses herself and she had always a bountiful supply. She sang as she dressed, and at four o'clock she took a basket from a hook on the cellar steps and went to Borland's store.

The street was shady, and she stepped carefully among the playing children and answered their shouts of greeting pleasantly but with a teacher's dignity.

There was one child whom she did not answer—Kermit Pefferkorn, who had been the only pupil whom she was never quite sure she could control. He was promoted now and out of her school, and she ignored him in something the same fashion that her light feet seemed to spurn the pavement.

In the grocery she bought a box of Korn Krinkles, though they did not like Korn Krinkles and there was an unopened box at home; two pounds of sugar, though there were ten at home; and a box of spaghetti, which, compared to her mother's noodles, was poor and tasteless stuff. The spaghetti was kept far down in the store and she followed the clerk to select the brand. She looked earnestly at three kinds, holding her breath meanwhile. She could hear voices; he was here, leaning his elbow on Mr. Borland's desk and talking as she had seen him on Saturday, a young man, taller than she, very straight, black-haired, gray-eyed and smiling. She had seen him but once, but she knew every feature.

"I'll take the Red Seal," she said to the clerk.

"And is that all, miss?"

"That's all," said Myrtle, opening her purse.

It would have been sensible to follow the clerk toward the door so that he would not have to return with her change, but she did not move. She could not move; destined for learning and unaccustomed to pay any heed to young men, she was almost paralyzed by the proximity of this beautiful creature, and knees which were already somewhat out of commission refused to obey.

The clerk put her change into her hand.

"Thank you, miss."

"Thank you," she said vaguely and moved at last.

When she heard footsteps behind her, her heart stopped, but fortunately her legs, now that they were in motion, kept on.

"Let me open the door," said a deep voice.

She looked up. It was the gray-eyed stranger. She looked down and read Borland—Borland—Borland, on the bags in her basket. She did not know whether she thanked him. She went briskly up the street and the children called as though they had not called ten minutes before. Inside the house she leaned against the wall. She would cook supper and they would eat, and she would sit on the porch and wait.

At supper Espenshade again made three remarks.

"I guess everything is now over with poor aunty," he said as he sat down.

"I guess so," said Myrtle.

"Get a good night's rest, and tomorrow take it easy," he advised as he rose.

"All right," promised Myrtle.

"Shall I dry the dishes for you?" he asked as he washed his hands.

"Yes," said Myrtle, catching her breath. "Yes, please."

On Tuesday Myrtle cleaned the two bedrooms in the third story, and all day the winter clothes from the chests hung in the sunshine. She glanced at the Thorpes', as she went back and forth, and noticed that inside a torn shade a shawl had been hung up.

The Thorpes were poor; they had very little furniture or possessions of any kind, and of what they had they seemed ashamed, because nothing was ever moved outside to be brushed or dusted.

She paused frequently to examine her work critically, the paint which she washed, the furniture which she polished, the rugs which she carried to the yard and beat, and she seemed to be satisfied, as though the art of cleaning was, after all, not so difficult as she had been led to think. After the first stiffness of morning wore off, she sang again, and took great pleasure in it:

Thou forest broad and sweeping,
Fair work of Nature's God.

At noon Espenshade repeated his remarks of yesterday noon except the first, which he varied into "I guess mom is busy helping to tear up aunty's house." When he had gone Myrtle washed the dishes in a leisurely way, carefully manicured her scarred hands and lay down on the sitting-room couch. She had mastered the art of cleaning, she believed, and she proposed to go no farther in that department. She had been resting for only a few minutes when she rose and went into the kitchen and opened a drawer which contained one large clothbound cookbook and many smaller ones given away as advertisements with baking powders or gelatines. She piled all the pillows beneath her head and began to read. No novel, no Harris on Teaching or Hart on Pedagogy was ever so interesting.

At four o'clock, dressed in pale blue, she went down the street, basket in hand, walking nervously and without her accustomed assurance. It was extremely unlikely that the young man would be in Borland's store every day at the same hour. She knew the Borland family, and he was no kin of theirs. She could imagine no business which would take so active a looking person there daily. He was certainly not an ice man or a delivery man.

The clerk looked at her admiringly.

"And what for you, miss?"

"A pound of sugar," said Myrtle, recovering herself with a start. He was not here.

"And what else, miss?"

Myrtle hesitated and grew pale. In her confusion and disappointment she could think of but one article of all the articles in the universe.

"Two boxes of Korn Krinkles."

"Anything else?"

"No, thank you."

Myrtle moved toward the door. She believed she heard footsteps behind her, but she convinced herself that she

(Continued on Page 122)

"I Guess Smoking Too Many is Harmful," Said Myrtle. And Her Tone Suggested That of a Mother Who Could Deny Her Child Nothing

THE BOX-OFFICE VERDICT

By William A. Johnston

A NUMBER of years ago I attended a banquet of advertising men in the city of London. The guest of honor was an American advertiser, one whose face and slogan were familiar to most everyone a generation ago—none other than the famous Doctor Munyon of I-can-cure-you fame. After the Lord Mayor had opened up the speaking a number of bright young men, executives and students of advertising, arose in turn and at considerable length told just how advertising should be done. They gave rules and formulas for certain success.

It was all very serious and analytical, though advertising, of course, is a creative thing, and while the students of it are making up the formulas another man somewhere is doing something altogether new.

Doctor Munyon, a man who had made a trade-mark not by ordained rules but by his own intuition of the public mind, sat patiently through the long-winded discourses When at last, late in the evening, he was announced, the Napoleonic little man stepped from his chair, faced his audience, held up the famous forefinger, and after a telling silence said, "Gentlemen, there is hope!" That was his speech.

I have often thought of the incident in the various eras and turns of picture making, which also is a creative matter and for which rules and formulas are only useful in analyzing successes after they are made.

Of the widely and constantly discussed subject of making good pictures one can only say, "There is hope!"

Outsiders Who Know it All

THIS year the film producers will gamble nearly $150,000,000 on pictures they hope will be good. But they won't know till the public tells them. They have some rules and formulas, based upon many and various past performances, upon voluminous box-office records, upon exhibitors' reports, upon questionnaires as to star and story values. Some of these pictures will be exceptional, some good; some will lose a great deal of money. Here and there a brand-new kind of picture will set new standards, new traditions and formulas.

Just what is a good picture?

A great many people express opinions right along on the subject. We have the photoplay critics, stage critics, authors, magazine writers, better-films committees, women's clubs, parents-and-teachers associations, official and voluntary censors, civic organizations, legislators, churches, schools, welfare societies, editors—well, practically everyone ventures an opinion, and those who have had the least experience express the most definite ideas.

And when the shouting is all over, it all seems to simmer down to this: A picture is good to the individual everywhere when it pleases the taste of this particular individual; or to an organization when it furthers the ends of that particular organization.

Mary Miles Minter

Mary Pickford

Gloria Swanson

Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, a good and earnest man undoubtedly, fought the picture makers tooth and nail. He wanted the Government to make and maintain a bureau which would regulate all pictures in the making.

After one stormy session before the House Committee on Education he walked right over to the picture crowd and said with all sincerity: "Gentlemen, please don't fight me. Let's talk things over. You don't understand what I am driving at."

"Well, what are you driving at?" asked the picture people.

Whereupon the good doctor explained patiently that he wanted to make pictures himself—all the pictures—and have them shown in the churches. And he was very positive about it. He said he knew just exactly how pictures should be made.

And so do many people. The only trouble is that the effort would require a huge endowment—more money, in fact, than any philanthropist today would care to devote to any cause. For the public in all probability would not pay to see the pictures.

Time and again acquaintances come to me with: "I like the news pictures, that's all. Well, maybe a comedy occasionally. The cartoons are good. But I can't stand all this slushy melodrama. Why don't you have theaters that show only news pictures?"

And you then explain to them that though all people like the news pictures to one degree or another, they won't pay to see them alone; that millions of other people like the world of fancy, obvious and banal as its portrayal often is; that pictures require national distribution and that in this broad land not all towns are university towns and not all men and women belong to men's or women's clubs, and there are varying ages, nationalities, intellectual attainments, educational training, and so on; that, as it is, the makers of the news reels, for instance, have a very difficult time of it in persuading the theater owners to pay enough for the pictures so that they can be profitably produced.

There are those who preach art for art's sake, forgetting that art can be and often is created with profit, and also that the artist for art's sake is often one who is naturally but selfishly bent upon expressing himself, whether other people like it or not. There is nothing at all for this creative proposition except a series of little theaters in large centers where tryouts may be screened for the artistically elect. That will require money—to start, at least. And the money must be risked with the commercial odds against it. Otherwise it is a splendid idea, for out of the striving for art's sake there will be pictures that, happily, will prove profitable and do good to the world and to the standards of picture making.

When Experts Guess Wrong

THOSE whose interest centers in nontheatrical or so-called institutional pictures and in instructional pictures, are impatient at the delay in developing this potentially large and important field. Some day, they say, it will overshadow the purely entertainment field. Probably; but just now the entertainment picture is backed by a great industrial machine, while the institutional picture lacks coördinated forces to make it and exchanges wherewith to distribute it. The existing producers and exchanges are too busy with their own hectic competition to bother with it, at present.

Generally speaking, everybody knows definitely about picture making except those who make pictures. The latter hope and gamble. And they are mostly free to confess that they don't know. Generally, when they think they do know, a new cycle of public taste sets in and they start all over again. It is baffling, to say the least.

When Maeterlinck's Bluebird was produced several years ago it was pronounced by all to be an artistic success. Some of the picture wiseacres agreed, too, that it would prove widely popular. It was a story of happiness. Surely it would appeal to all people of all ages and stations and be understood by them. But it didn't appeal. The picture received many kind words and few good box-office reports.

The producing company believes that the picture was brought out at the wrong time; that some other time it will be received by the public with open arms. The production of Peter Pan is being held back for the same reason.

A year ago I was invited to an advance showing of Barrie's Sentimental Tommy. The picture was delightfully well done and I expressed my pleasure over it.

"Yes," said the producing people, "we think it's fine!"

"Surely it will succeed."

"Oh, yes!" they said. And then they spoke of a picture that had just gone forth. "We didn't ask you over to see

it," they explained, "because, frankly, it was poorly done. Censorship, you know; we couldn't help it. Great title, but that won't save it."

And now let us see what the public said.

It was difficult, with all the power of a well-oiled sales machine plus the dominance of volume of generally good product, to get back the cost of Sentimental Tommy, whereas the other picture, The Sheik, went forth and grossed more than $1,000,000.

It is reported that D. W. Griffith has just finished paying up the losses on Intolerance, made seven years ago, and in the opinion of some competent judges the finest of all motion-picture efforts. A year ago some canny showman put together a picture under the title of Why Girls Leave Home, and took in nearly $750,000 in box-office receipts.

Constance Talmadge

Over the Hill

D. W. GRIFFITH has been making pictures since pictures became dramatic at all, and several remain the outstanding successes of picture history. He brought to his work a good deal of experience and real genius, and today he is a well-rounded master of picture expression. But if he were asked just what the public wanted at this moment he would probably say something like this: "I could talk to you on the subject for hours, but as for my own efforts, I just make them and try earnestly to hit the existing public taste." And John Golden and David Belasco, speaking for the stage, would probably say just about the same thing. William Fox, who doesn't hesitate to spend a great fortune in making Nero in Rome, picked up a book one day and read an old household poem by Will Carleton, Over the Hill to the Poorhouse. It brought tears to his eyes. He had a director make a simple picture of the poem at comparatively small expense, and he is still counting up the proceeds of one of the greatest of all picture moneymakers and at the same time one of the most effective and finest preachments ever sent forth.

Mr. Fox had some difficulty in making the director feel the poem as he himself did; so he acted it, and so well that shortly the director, too, was weeping. The word of this event went forth among the Fox studio forces, and thereafter the production manager tried the same process upon Mr. Fox himself, whenever he tried to impress him with a new picture theme. At length, one day, Fox exclaimed: "Mr. ——, sooner or later you will come in here and try to act Webster's Dictionary." Which is indicative of how picture

Marion Davies

production straws are grasped at. When so pronounced a success as Over the Hill appears the picture people grab it eagerly—and superficially—as a standard. They classify and label it and confidently hope to make other successes just like it. Over the Hill was styled a mother-love picture, and soon the market was flooded with more. Only one other, The Nest, scored a success, because it, too, was well made.

When Humoresque made a hit—the director, by the way, was ready to give it up after the picture was five weeks along in production—the film-selling forces catalogued it as a Jewish picture, and straightway the production managers were asked to make Jewish pictures. Several were made; but no more Humoresques.

The outstanding picture of the present season is The Covered Wagon, and immediately its success was established the word went forth to make Covered Wagon pictures. In this instance the makers knew well enough they had a big picture long before it appeared and while it was still in the making. Yet the making of the picture—of so fine a picture, at least—was somewhat accidental. It illustrates well enough the fortuitous side of picture production.

The book was originally adapted for a five-reel picture in which Mary Miles Minter was to be starred. This came about regularly in the machinery of production. Mary Miles Minter was under contract at a large salary. She had been placed under this contract several years previous, because at that time the market called obviously enough for star-series pictures; and her salary was large because at that time stars so well-known and appealing were scarce and strenuously competed for.

In the course of studio events the direction of the picture was allocated to James Cruze, who, it now appears, was calculated to get the very best out of the story. But Mr. Cruze after reading the book differed with the production plan and objective. He saw more to the production than a mere program picture featuring a star. Others speedily agreed with him, so the adaptation was remade to fit the greater conception; and after this, through a fine coördination of direction, continuity, production management and editing—not to mention an exchequer that willingly met every heavy demand—a picture was made with an epic sweep in it that will send it down in entertainment history.

During the war there were, of course, many war pictures—some of which had a great deal to do, it might be remarked, with this country's part in the great and critical struggle. High and low, they went down in the film-market catalogue as war stuff. About the last of these to appear was The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. More than a year and vast sums of money had been spent in the making, and already the public was tiring of war stuff. There were ready mutterings throughout the trade that the picture was hopelessly late. "Somebody is going to get badly hurt," it was prophesied.

A Celluloid Mint

I RECALL vividly the picture's opening night at the Ritz-Carlton, New York. A lean young director, Rex Ingram, then unknown to picture fame, was seated, bright-eyed and tense, back of the crowd, listening and peering at faces as a man about to hear his court sentence. Some of the producing-company executives were walking about with rather white faces. They just happened to want that picture to go—for larger business reasons than its own possible success. The wiseacres present, again including myself, were polite and hopeful.

"Wonderful picture!" they assured the makers; but in their own hearts and to others they said "But it's too late."

The Four Horsemen, as the trade dubs it, has to date grossed over $4,000,000. And its life seems almost interminable. It is easy to imagine many future revivals for it when later on the public will want to look back and know the story of the war as a brilliant novelist saw it. And so the public—as it does right along—fooled the film people. There are those who say they knew the picture would succeed; but I don't believe anyone did—on that opening night. Carl Laemmle put $1,350,000 into a picture, and took in less than from another picture he made eight years ago which had a total cost under $5000.

Last year Nanook of the North came to New York, unheralded, and was viewed by several distributors, one of

(Continued on Page 143)

Norma Talmadge

Bebe Daniels

GRAMP SEES THE LIGHT

By John A. Moroso

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

THE stone farmhouse had stood for more than a century and a half and had been built by grampy's grampy who came over with the thrifty Dutch in the days of New Amsterdam. There are many such fine old domiciles through the pleasant Northern Valley of New Jersey, which stretches between the wooded Palisades to the east and the underhills of the Ramapo Mountains to the west. There are, too, some of the old farms left with fine apple orchards, stands of corn and acres of garden truck. Gramp and his father and his gramp had clung to their property and with their sturdy sons and ruddy-cheeked daughters had kept the land alive and smiling. Peter Oestervelt, the present ancient of the tribe, was seeing different times and different customs. His sons and grandsons were sturdy enough, and his daughters and granddaughters were ruddy enough to make the old red barn blush for shame, but Peter Senior was the only one with calluses on his hands.

If the hired men were off and wood was needed for the big fireplace the cry was invariably, "Gramp! Oh, grampy! Could you get us a few sticks?"

Peter Junior was employed in a bank downtown in New York, one of the hard-collar boys, and of course such a task would ruin his clothes. Peter Junior's eldest boy, Peter III, was in high school and wore his dark hair fastened tight to his skull with Stay-Slick. To muss the lad with physical endeavor was out of the question. The girls of course wore such filmy things and had to be so careful of their hands and their complexions that none of them could fetch the wood. Besides, they were generally out in the car or just about to start when anything was needed in the line of domestic aid. Grandma Oestervelt had always helped gramp in such matters, but she had died five years before.

"What Darn Fool Said 'Go Ahead'?" Gramp Demanded

So gramp would go to the woodshed, wind his long sinewy arms about eight or ten hardwood logs and bring them in. He also fed, milked and bedded the cow, took care of the three farm horses, fed Rover the watchdog, Lizzie the cat, helped get in the hay, helped crate the vegetables for his city commission merchant, helped fight the potato bugs and the scale in the orchard, and on Sunday mornings encircled his lean red neck with a white collar, put on his store clothes and went to the old Dutch church three miles away, the rest of the family remaining late abed to gain strength for another trying week.

In his youth gramp had been considered a rather tall man, but his bones had settled with the years and he had shrunken until he was barely average height; but he was hard as nails and in his keen gray eyes there was a sparkle of life that the eyes of none of his children or grandchildren could boast. His features, regular and smooth, bore that eaglelike suggestion of the old pioneer stock, lineaments of alertness which probably formed when the head of the early American family marched off to worship with a blunderbuss over his shoulder, his offspring behind him and an occasional arrow suddenly decorating his hat. It was a handsome face despite the shrinkage, and at times gramp's smile, when he heard the excuses of his family, showed a bit of mild contempt at the edges of his rather cocky little white mustache.

Like the furniture and lithograph pictures which the Oestervelts had outgrown, gramp was gradually crowded up to the attic, where under the hipped roof it was hot as a Galápagos beach in summer and cold as Greenland's icy mountains in winter.

All week gramp was in overalls, sporting a wide-brimmed straw hat which was exchanged for a cap with ear flaps only when the first big wind of December blew up the valley. Sundays there perched on one side of his thatch a small derby which, with his cocky white mustache, gave him a rakish look not at all consonant with the pious object of his turnout.

He returned from worship, a long black cheroot trying to scorch a hole through the rim of his skimmer as he called his top piece. The old farmhouse was still. Downstairs the furniture of the big front room and the bigger dining room was shoved against the walls and the rugs were rolled up and laid in the kitchen. It had been a hard night for the descendants of grampy and grampy's gramp. The radio outfit, the phonograph and the mechanical piano looked worn out. The floor was so slick with wax that gramp all but turned a handspring before he landed back in the wide shadowy hall on one foot. He smelled something burning and sniffed with alarm. Smoke suddenly filled his eyes and he was about to shriek a warning when he removed his skimmer and discovered that the cheroot had succeeded in its design.

"Hell!" said gramp as he took his derby to the kitchen sink. And again he said the relieving word as he returned it to his head with the hole in the rear. He retired to an old bench in front of the woodshed to receive the joyous greetings of Rover and the gentle caresses of Lizzie, two dependents who knew gratitude. They communed in silence, enjoying the glory of the crystal October noontime, and gramp, at least, the beauty of distant dreaming hills of crimson and gold.

At times he would hold his derby in his hand and regard it with reflective eyes. It was a light-gray derby and the hole in the rim was black-edged and conspicuous. He wondered if he could find some adhesive plaster of the right shade. He had paid one dollar, a steep price, for that hat ten years before and had worn it only five hundred and twenty times, for gramp knew no holidays other than Sunday.

"If it hadn't been for that dance last night," he assured himself, "the old skimmer would have been good for three or four years more."

The family was stirring within. Peter Junior was trying to sing as he took his bath. Anna, his wife, was stirring about downstairs. She poked a pretty, almost middle-aged bobbed head out of the kitchen door and smiled sleepily. "Gramp," she said coaxingly, "there's no sign of the cook. Could you bring in a scuttle of coal?"

She took it for granted that the coal would be brought immediately and withdrew her head.

Gramp rose from the sunny bench, cocked his despoiled derby over his left eye, stuck up the cheroot at its usual angle, said the satisfying word once more, and calmly walked away from his ancestral home with Rover wagging happily at his heels.

II

PETER JUNIOR had barely finished polishing his soft and pink hide when shouts from his wife took him to the kitchen. His large front porch swathed in a blue-and-white bathrobe, his feet neatly sandaled, his black toothbrush mustache freshly trimmed, and his round rosy cheeks glowing, he demanded somewhat fiercely the reason for such outcries. Anna was in tears.

"I nearly broke my back bringing in that scuttle of coal," she replied, sinking to a chair.

"Where's pa?" Junior glared about the kitchen as though he would teach gramp a lesson if he were around.

"I asked him to bring up the coal, but he went away without saying a word."

"Where's the cook?"

"She was paid last night and hasn't returned."

Junior went to the back door and yelled "Pa! Pa!"

There was no answer. Lizzie blinked solemnly at him from the bench by the woodshed.

When the coffee was ready Effie, the oldest girl, came down for her cup, inquiring why it had not been sent up to her. Julia followed, and then Mary, and finally Peter Oestervelt III, slick but wan, a cigarette drooping from his lips.

Junior looked into the dining room. They couldn't eat there without putting the furniture back in place. So they ate what they had to eat miserably in the kitchen.

"But where's grampy?" demanded Effie.

"He must be around. I heard the dog barking," languidly suggested Peter III.

"If he doesn't come back we'll have to go to the inn for dinner," declared their mother. "I couldn't possibly feed you all. I don't know where to lay my hands on a thing, and if I did I couldn't do better than give you fried eggs."

"Fried eggs!" came a chorus of protest. "On Sunday?"

The portly head of the family stalked out of the kitchen in disgust. It was a nice state of affairs for a man after a full week at business in New York with all the trials of an assistant cashier and all the heavy responsibilities of such a position. There was but one thing for him to do to conserve his strength and he did it, getting into his neat knickers, picking up his bag of golf clubs and departing in the car despite the frantic protests of his daughters that they wanted the machine for the afternoon.

Peter III was dumfounded. He had wanted the use of the car himself. He had promised to take his girl out. Of course he could have harnessed Nellie to the buggy, but he didn't know trace from singletree, and if he did his friends and his girl's friends would have shrieked with merriment at the spectacle of a high-school couple jogging behind an old mare. He slipped away quietly after a careful glance at the disordered rooms and left the work to the women.

They Ate What They Had to Eat Miserably in the Kitchen. "But Where's Grampy?" Demanded Effie

It was late afternoon when the telephone rang.

"That you, Anna?"

"Oh, grampy, where have you been?"

"Reckon I won't be home tonight," came his voice, clear and sharp. "Got a hired man to take my place for a spell. Good night."

At the other end of the wire, in Jake Anthony's Feed and Livery Stable, gramp hung up the receiver and turned to John Keery, a small farmer with a passion for trading.

"Give you ten dollars and two cords of wood for the flivver," he said. "Take it or shut up, John."

"Make it three cords, Pete."

"Two and a half."

"Three and it's yours."

"Match you for the half cord," suggested gramp, lighting a fresh cheroot. "Call it." He tossed a coin in the air and won. The Keery flivver was his. "Now then show me how them clutches work," he said. "I ain't never had a chance to run nothing but the tractor; ain't never rolled along a road in anything but a wagon or a buggy. Come on."

The checkers game in Jake's office was suspended and gramp had a good gallery for his splurge.

"Is there water into it?" he demanded as soon as he had learned how to pedal.

"Yep, but she leaks right smart. Better take a bucket with you."

"Is there gas into it?"

"Yep."

"Well, good-by, boys!"

He was off after a series of violent preliminary shudders, but before he reached the railroad station, a hundred yards down Grant Avenue, the gallery in front of Jake's store saw him swoop suddenly to the left, narrowly miss Mike's new barber pole, and head back.

"Sugar!" gramp snorted in anger at himself. "Where's the dog?"

They found Rover contentedly smelling among the horses. The beast looked at the machine suspiciously and declined to obey the order to get in. Gramp was a man of action. He hopped from behind the tiller, lifted the great shaggy brute in his arms and threw him in the rear of the car. He lit a fresh cheroot, felt his skimmer to see whether the burned part was in the rear and started off again.

"Hey, Pete!" yelled Keery. "Don't be out late. Them lights don't work!"

Gramp's keen ears caught the warning, and again he made a wild swoop to return and tell John Keery what he thought of him. He did not quite make it, his car smashing head on into one of the iron pillars of the sidewalk shed in front of the Paris Emporium. Rover leaped out, having had quite enough. Gramp still kept her in high speed, being somewhat forgetful of instructions as the result of the smash, and with the mute obedience and fidelity of a humble Detroiter, Lizzie did the best she could to climb the obstructing pillar. Her front wheels were about three feet from the ground when his friends dashed up and Keery cut off the spark. Lizzie dutifully slipped to all fours, awaiting further instructions, although her radiator was tilted far back and her hood plaited like an accordion half opened.

"Reckon she's ruined," said gramp.

"No, she ain't," protested Keery. "She's a Collapsible. Wait till I get a hammer."

A crack over the snout pushed forward the radiator. The Sabbath quiet of the business street echoed the smash of iron against tin as Keery skillfully flattened out the hood again.

"Good as new," he announced at last. "Back her up, Pete."

Gramp's foot, unaccustomed, sought the reverse but missed it, and Lizzie determinedly and faithfully charged the pillar once more.

"My mistake," said gramp cheerfully as the Paris Emporium reeled under the shock.

From the sidewalk Rover barked a wild appeal for his boss to join him.

"Shut up!" yelled gramp. "Beat her back in shape, John."

The din from the crinkled tin again filled the air, now seeped with dusk.

"Reckon it's gettin' late," said gramp. "I'll put her in the stable for the night and show her something in the morning. All clear behind?"

"Go ahead!" cried Keery, and gramp being new in the modern pastime obeyed literally, and again the Emporium was knocked for a row of freight cars.

"Don't Need Any Hat," He Replied. "Lend Me a Bucket of Water and a Large Cork"

"What darn fool said 'Go ahead'?" gramp demanded as he slid from behind the wheel, peeling off his Sunday coat and hanging his derby carefully on the radiator cap.

"Look out!" shouted Jake. "She's out of water!"

"Git back!" yelled Keery. "There ain't as much as a tear left in her!"

There was a loud report, followed by a fountain of steam as the cap blew off. Something a little lighter in shade than the gathering night shot up in the air. It soared above the cornice of the Paris Emporium, and as a little wind caught it gently in its invisible arms and wafted it to the roof of the building gramp gave a moan.

"My hat!" It was as if he had lost an only child, a child that he had known but five hundred and twenty days.

"She'll cool off now," announced Keery confidently.

"How'll I get to the roof?" asked gramp.

"Old man Beesinger keeps the key, and he's spending the night in Nyack," said Jake. "Maybe we kin git up from the next roof if we had a ladder."

"How about the fire department?" suggested Keery.

"Come on!" commanded gramp, and off they marched, to return with a ladder that took them to the top of the one-story building adjoining the Paris, hauling it after them and then reaching their objective.

Gramp picked up his Sunday skimmer and felt it over with delicate touches. He tried it on, feeling to see that the hole made by his cheroot was in the rear.

"She's all right," he announced.

In the street again, Jake provided a lantern which was tied to the rear of Lizzie, and gramp, calling Rover, stalked up the block to the Grand Hotel.

"The best room in the house," he ordered, "and while I git washed up fry me a large steak with trimmin's. I'll tie the dog on the back porch."

III

THE first sweet breath of the morning awakened gramp. The new day smiled through the wide windows of his room. The bed was large and soft. He felt frightfully but deliciously wicked as he turned over and snuggled deeper. The sun came a little higher. It struck a picture on the west wall and one of gramp's birdlike eyes fastened on it. It was a brightly colored lithograph of a beautiful dame entitled Annheuser Busch. Her eyes were large and dark, her cheeks rosy as his best pippins, and there was a fullness about her shoulders and just below that made gramp breathe softly to himself, "Oh, me! Oh, my!" He turned his head so that his other eye could get its share. Gramp had never believed in cheating himself.

"Good morning, Miss Busch," he said, his lean features breaking into creases of delight. "From the neck down you remind me of Abby Van Valkenburgh. Yes, you do, you fat rascal."

He threw back the covers and stepped to the floor, pulling on his socks. Peering around the corner of his door and seeing that the way was clear, he went to the head of the stairs and yelled "Hen!"

"Yup!" came back from the proprietor

"This is Pete."

"Yup."

"Send up some breakfast."

"What you want?"

(Continued on Page 77)

EASY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

III

WHEN I regained consciousness Bobby was leaning over me, holding a glass of water to my lips, and Tony, the Greek, was lighting a new lamp. The one I had been carrying had fortunately gone out.

"Hey, she's coming to life!" said Bobby. "Help me lift her over to the sofa, will you?"

The Greek came toward me with alacrity, but I pushed him aside and sat up.

"I'm all right now!" I gasped. "Did you—you see anything, either of you?"

The boys exchanged a covert glance as my brother assisted me to my feet. Even as I stood trembling against him I realized they entered the room in darkness, and so it was most unlikely that they, too, had seen the idol's eyes move. I forced myself to look toward the corner where Nokomi sat. His eyes were again cold brilliant glass, possessing only such semblance of life as the artist's skill had given them. But without the shadow of a doubt they had a few moments ago been glancing to the left and had then turned and focused full upon me with the hungry look of a starved animal. I trembled at the bare remembrance. But if I told Bobby, the chances were that my trip in the morning would be made in the direction of the state insane asylum instead of to New York.

"One of the Interesting Things About My Work is That It Enables One to Understand the Modern School of Painting at First Sight!"

"Did we see anything?" Bobby repeated. "Nothing but you lying in a heap, trying to shampoo your hair with the lamp! It's a wonder the house didn't burn down. Why on earth didn't you watch your step?"

"I must have caught my heel in the hem of my skirt," I mumbled. "Bobby, are you sure you didn't notice anything peculiar when you lit the light?"

"For the love of Mike!" said he. "What are you driving at?"

He was plainly puzzled and I couldn't press him further without telling. But now that the lamp was burning so steadily, and the familiar room had been made human by the boys' presence, I felt a fool to try to convince them of what I had seen.

"Nobody hit you, did they?" asked the Greek.

"No," said I. "Nobody touched me. I just fell, that's all."

"Well, fall for something a little better next time," said Bobby with a laugh. "That yell you let out pretty nearly made me swallow my fag!"

The next morning I was the first one downstairs, and I took good care not to drag Bobby from his unearned slumbers until I had got through with an important job. I wanted to examine those eyes by daylight, and I didn't desire a personal examination by an alienist to follow in due course. So as soon as the sun was shining in a thoroughly healthy fashion I gave that heathen image a minute diagnosis, feeling very much his superior by broad daylight, and not even hesitating to poke at his eyes with a vigorous forefinger. But they were solid as the wall of the house, and I climbed down off his lap, where I had been unceremoniously kneeling, half-decided that of the two I had the worse case of wooden head. And yet if those eyes hadn't moved I'd be willing to eat them fried! I shook my fist at Nokomi.

"You black-and-gold monstrosity," said I, "if you are planning to scare me out of going to the city you can plan again. I'm a new kind of Steerforth—see? One who reads Maeterlinck and Shaw and paints cubist and thinks love old-fashioned and that woman's place is on the job! You never saw a Steerforth like me in all the years you've boarded here, and you can't keep me down, old-timer!"

The sound of my own voice, shouting so bravely, gave me a renewal of courage. And yet, later in the day I left Little Cape with less exhilaration than I had anticipated.

Inside of a month I was as typical a New Yorker as could be found between the Bronx and the Battery, with a fully developed contempt for the rest of the country, and all.

The settlement house where I visited was situated in one of those crooked little streets that go to make up Greenwich Village. Tall office buildings towered behind the chaste red-and-white cleanliness of our buildings to the south, and across the way were three-story brick dwellings that had once been homes in the true sense, but were now housing a dozen Italian families apiece. They were sloppy, of course, but oh, how picturesque, with dark-skinned women leaning all day upon the window sills, never making any greater effort than that which was entailed by yelling a futile reproof at the swarm of children on the sidewalk below. I adored these deliciously foreign ladies, garlic and all, and as my room faced on the street I used to watch them by the hour, and even went so far as to get out my cubist painting which Bobby had so rudely called a portrait of the village dump, and which Easy had later compared to a cow, and I decided that it wasn't the bay at sunset, after all, or my sinister self, but the portrait of an Italian woman, and I renamed it Italiana Over the Spaghetti. Luckily I hadn't yet shown it to anyone in New York.

This being the end of August, Aunt Ellen said the city was dead as a doornail. How she could imagine such a thing was then a mystery to me, and in this dull interval she dragged me off on various fresh-air excursions where I helped with the children—such picturesque darlings with scarcely any English except slang and a few cuss words! Aunt Ellen was a severe woman, and the dirtier the slum the greater grew her uncompromising personal neatness. One strange thing about her was that she didn't seem to like her charges.

"These filthy people!" she exclaimed one evening. "You can't make 'em clean or self-respecting citizens in less than half a century. Twenty years ago we got a different class. Then most families that had courage enough to break away and come over here had real stuff in them. Immigration indicated a certain degree of courage and ability. But these swarms that have crowded over lately, to hang on the neck of some relative who is already established, are another matter. You can't make 'em over to save you. Sometimes I think I'll resign!"

"But why try to change them?" I protested. "They are so interesting as they are—far more colorful and dramatic than we Americans. And their language is so musical!"

"Not when you've listened to as much of it as I have," said she grimly. "I sometimes believe that none of them really want to become honest-to-goodness Americans. What they want is for us to become Russians or wops or whatever they happen to be, but without any of their privileges or standing."

"Nonsense, Aunt Ellen!" said I indignantly. "What harm can they possibly do? Look at Little Cape. Why, back home we have several foreign families—Russians, Italians and Germans. All hard-working, respectable people. You are unfair."

"That fear of being unfair is what is going to give us a lot of trouble in this country before we are through," said she. "You don't know what you are talking about, child. Just watch your own town and see what happens to it during the next few years. I sometimes feel very like a Mrs. King Canute, here in this little building with that enormous tide rolling upon me from the Battery!"

"Well," said I, "if that's so, what would you do about it if you had your way?"

"If I had a child here in the settlement," said she—"a child which had been intrusted to me to bring up strong and healthy, I would feed it only what it could digest. And between meals I'd shut off the food supply. America right now is a young country with a badly upset digestion. I recommend a rest for the stomach and a strict diet."

"I don't know what on earth you are talking about, Aunt Ellen!" I said impatiently. "For my part, I think these vast foreign districts are simply fascinating. Why go to Europe when one can have New York? I adore it and am grateful for the color these people lend us. If you don't like the work you are doing, I should think you would quit."

"I can't!" she said, and her tone was like that of a martyr who knows that the big barbecue is at hand but won't try to escape.

I decided then and there that Aunt Ellen was warped and narrow, after all. And how I did long for someone to pal around with—for where's the fun of discovering the world unless you can air your opinions about it to a sympathetic ear? Six weeks later I found such an ear, and it grew on the head of a girl from my own home town!

The hair was bobbed and black and straight, and the head protruded from a smock with Russian embroidery on it, and the girl sat next to me at the first lecture of the settlement-house season.

After several moments I recognized her as Lila Hoadley, a cousin of Elmer's, who had spent many a summer vacation in the big old house across from us, and who now owned it.

"Why, Nancy Steerforth!" she exclaimed with the queer proprietary air of indignation with which most New Yorkers greet an unexpected stranger. "What on earth are you doing here?"

I explained, and she allowed me to be in the city, rather graciously, I thought.

"So you are to study art!" said she with approval "I'm going in for psychoanalysis myself. That's why I dropped into this den of iniquity tonight—to hear Professor Ernst. He is a pupil of Freud's, you know, and simply wonderful on the unconscious. Where are you living?"

"Here," I was forced to admit, although I realized in a flash that she thought it was, surprisingly, nothing to brag about. Lila's tone and her smock gave her an unmistakable authority.

"But of course it's only temporary," I added in haste "My aunt is one of the staff workers."

"Must be ghastly," Lila murmured in sympathy. "I don't see how you can work in this atmosphere—it's so full of inhibitions. Have you got any stuff that I can see?"

"Nothing much," said I casually. "But I'd be glad to show you later!"

"Fine!" said Lila.

And then we had to be quiet because the professor came out and started to lecture. I was awfully keen to hear, but the psychology of the unconscious isn't so easy to get the first time, and though I knew Freud by name, and Havelock Ellis, and a lot of those men, the truth of the matter is I had never actually read a word by any of them, as the only way I could have done so would have been to borrow the books from Mr. Richmond, the high-school principal, and in order to get them I would have had to confess I hadn't read them, and I had unfortunately begun by allowing him to assume that I already had!

However, when Professor Ernst began speaking I sincerely wished that I had made a clean breast of it instead of an intellectual bluff, for the lecture listened to me something like this:

"In assuming the immobility of all erotomagnetic complexes," said he, smoothing his silky little beard, and looking us over with great pleasure in his own fluency, "we take for granted that Sherman was right. Then on the other hand, motivation of all sexual beliefs is, according to Moll and Hæckel, nothing but an approximate symposium of the conscious, the unconscious and the biconscious reflexes developed through ages of the repression due to social habit."

"Magnificent!" Lila murmured in my ear. "So lucid, isn't he?"

Well, I didn't want to commit myself. It must have been extremely uplifting, that lecture, especially to the Italian ladies with their creased leather faces and gleaming earrings who sat in stolid rows at the back of the hall. Up front with us were the teachers and workers, and a few outside young intellectuals who listened earnestly as if they could drag a little something extra out of Professor Ernst by focusing their horn-rimmed glasses on him with a special intensity. After a while I lost my ability even to try to get hold of the lecture, and sat there basking in the fact of surroundings such as I had dreamed so long. Just as I was picturing how I would some day spring a few of the professor's deepest lines on a startled village Lila nudged me.

"Hey!" said she. "Come to, old child, it's over! I must say I don't altogether blame you dropping off toward the end; that stuff about memory dreams was ancient history to me too!"

"Very obvious, wasn't it?" I agreed languidly.

"Nancy, to think of your being so modern!" exclaimed Lila "I can see we are going to have a lot in common Do let me have a look at your work, dear!"

Well, no young artist has to be urged about a thing of that sort, so with a murmured "Oh, I don't want to bore you with my trash—it's awfully unfinished!" I seized Lila by the arm and led her up to my front bedroom, which looked a bedroom, every inch of it, in spite of the fact that I had tried to give it a studio effect by covering the bed with a batik and the trunk with an old curtain, and so on

Lila lit a cigarette, waiting expectantly while I dragged out my painting and set it before her on a chair. She sat silently staring for several moments.

"Why, it's—remarkable!" said she at last, making queer motions at it with her thumb. "Those shapes now how extraordinarily interesting! And the virility—splendid. What do you call it?"

"Italiana Over the Spaghetti," I replied.

"Of course!" said Lila, making a doughnut of her thumb and forefinger and squinting at the canvas wisely through the aperture. "I thought so! You see, one of the interesting things about my work is that it enables one to understand the modern school of painting at first sight!"

That made me just a little bit uncomfortable, because I had heard that some of the motives which these psychoanalysists could discover behind the most innocent actions were apt to be—well, rather dreadful; and the trouble was I didn't in the least know what my motive in painting that picture had been. So before she could interpret it for me I turned the subject to herself and her own work. And she wasn't reluctant either.

Lila, it appeared, was working at her chosen study up at Columbia University during the day, and the conservative atmosphere there oppressed her quite as much as she assumed the settlement house to be weighing upon me. So she was living in a big studio over on Washington Square, with two rich girl friends who had simply insisted upon her bunking in with them. The only difficulty with the arrangement was that it didn't seem likely to last, as the girls were on the eve of giving up the place and departing for Europe

"I shall be rather glad," said she. "Rosamond and Edith are fearfully bourgeois in their point of view. But it's a peach of a studio. You ought to get it, and we could set up together. It's only two hundred a month."

"Why, Lila!" I exclaimed. "I couldn't possibly afford it!"

Lila's face fell. "Well, but you have some money of your own, haven't you?" she asked.

"Why, yes, I have enough to last me until I get on my feet through my painting," I replied. "A year or so, if necessary."

Lila brightened up again

"Well!" she exclaimed. "To tell the truth, I'm broke; badly bent, anyhow; so what say if we get a place together?"

Well, of course I saw her point, and the agreement we made that night was the beginning of a wonderful period for me. For Lila knew Greenwich Village as few people did, and she took me all over, allowing me to treat her and many of her intellectual friends to meals in the most fascinating places—as a rule downstairs in some cellar, or then again up in some old attic.

We would vary the Village by going to darling Italian places, where we would eat spaghetti by the yard, or spaghetti by some other name but just as tasty. Or to a little Armenian place over on Seventh Avenue, where the waiters were fat men with oily brown eyes. They were

(Continued on Page 127)

I Felt as Though I Had Traveled Ten Thousand Miles With Him; That I Had Always Known Him; That I Did Not Know Him at All, and Never Would

THE INTELLIGENTZIA

By W. A. Fraser

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

MINING men have a dictum, "Gold is where you find it," and this story was where I found it, imagination is all right in a way, but—the story's the thing.

I had dozed in a big rocker on the hotel veranda, anæsthetized by the smothering atmosphere of sulphur thrown off from the pestilential waters that came up from Hades.

It was a nightmarish snooze, for harsh voices still knifed through my brain matters of blouses, ready-made clothes, gents' furnishings, 10 per cent off for thirty days. The voice owners were strung all down the hotel veranda, arguing and declaiming, in affinity to sparrows.

I was roused by a hand on my arm and caught the voice of Gordon, who was seated on my right, saying: "Mr. Grier, I want you should shake hands with Count Doulbriski."

Gordon shuffled to his inadequate feet, his fallen arches making the essay seem perilous; and as I rose the handsomest man I had ever seen held out a hand that was like a delicate fancy in steel.

Gordon was saying, "Mr. Grier is great friend of mine, and is a writer of big papers in New York."

That neither of these statements was true matters very little. I was only just an author—quite incapable of big-paper stuff—and our great friendship had existed from but the previous evening, when I had been placed at the same table at which Gordon and his niece, Miss Vreeda Ballard, sat

Gordon, being on his feet, said, "Count, you take my chair; I want you should get great friends with Mr. Grier." Then he shuffled along to a rocker beyond Miss Vreeda, who had been sitting on his right.

My great friend Gordon had started something—literature; the count was full of it; he was evidently one of the cultured Russians I had read so much about but had not met. Certainly he had been a great reader, familiar with all the barbaric writers of horribleness who had made Russian literature stand as the apocalypse of realistic fiction. Quite casually it developed that Tolstoy was a cousin.

Gordon sat nodding his attenuated head and muttering "Ach Gott! Vreeda, culture comes from the country I was born in "

And Vreeda was using the conquering weapon of her eyes on the Russian. They were wonderful eyes, dark, full, soft, languishing; they were like the stars in the night sky that hovers over the Indian Ocean; one felt that it would be a victory to be beaten down by them.

The count would turn from me in the middle of the dissecting of a Gorky tale to look into Vreeda's eyes, as if the substratum of his thoughts were of her, and Vreeda would tap one of his massive shoulders with a fan, saying, "You must not stop; I am enthralled."

And Uncle Simon—that's what Vreeda called him—would ejaculate piously, "Ach Gott! Books are a religion."

Presently Count Doulbriski and Vreeda strolled across the street to a garden that belonged to the Forest Hotel.

Gordon tapped the chair that Vreeda had occupied and I shifted to it.

"That's it," and he waved a cane toward the two crossing the street.

"I thought so," I remarked.

"You noticed the count?"

"Yes."

"That's it, that's it." And Gordon nodded the head that, not massive by any means, yet seemed ill sustained on the thin leathery neck. "But der is Mr. Gibson—have you seen him?" he asked.

I hadn't; but I learned that Gibson was a wealthy broker from Cincinnati, who was now, like ourselves, taking the baths at Claymore—suffering the pestilential atmosphere of sulphur because Vreeda was there; and Vreeda was there because Uncle Simon was seeking a rejuvenation through the waters of Sheol.

"But the count," Gordon was saying, "is also rich, and I myself would like to go back to Russia to stop with my niece, as a countess."

He gave a dry cackle and I, with this excuse, laughed. Gordon explained that it wasn't the money, because he had considerable wealth himself.

Later in the day I met Mr. Gibson—"Charles J. Gibson, Broker," that's the way it was on the card he furnished me, owing to Gordon's explanatory introduction; that was Uncle Simon's way, probably engendered by his intensive training in ready-made clothes—that had been his line.

Gibson was a well-set-up chap—as my friend with the Scotch name put it, the best-dressed man in the hotel.

There is a curious something in apparel that is most difficult to word. Brokers, as a class, are well dressed, but professional gamblers generally carry the sartorial over the fine line of good taste, and Gibson's adornment suggested the gambler. Now the count was delightfully attired, yet his clothes did not suggest anything but a cultured breeding. On one finger I had noticed a ruby, not large, but of exquisite pigeon-blood color. Gibson wore a ring with a large diamond in it and a pearl was embedded in a rich silk tie. The pearl wasn't so bad—it is almost a modest decoration—but in his tie it seemed clamorous.

Going Down the Hall She Had Heard Coming Through a Transom the Voices of Gibson and the Wire Tapper, Howard

Gibson had come up to where we sat on the veranda and lounged into a seat beside Vreeda. I could hear him suggesting that they take the electric down to the city and go to the theater.

Before Vreeda could decide, Count Doulbriski came along with an auto ride in his mind.

Mentally I made a bet on the count; actually I won it, for Uncle Simon's niece got her wraps and departed with the Russian nobleman. Then there was a little verbal passage at arms between Gibson and Uncle Simon, Gibson intimating rather plainly that he considered the Russian an impostor.

But Gordon displayed a rare subtlety of mind, pretending that he was uninterested, that a man was very foolish to trouble over what a woman did or wished to do. "Give them rope, Mr. Gibson; give them rope, till they start to vind it up themselves for the come-back."

Then he cackled.

"When I want to make a voman do somethings, I tell her not to do it," he added.

But I observed later Gibson was most friendly to the count and, perhaps taking his cue from Uncle Simon, did not reproach the niece with her evident liking for the Russian.

About this time another interesting personage materialized in what I might call our circle, one James H. Chalmers, and, coincidentally, a broker with an office in Claymore. He was a pleasing man of the world, a typical open-hearted American—a cigar, a cocktail, even at an appropriate time a bottle of wine—that is, as he explained, if he liked a chap.

It was the evening that I received the invitation it really came from Count Doulbriski—to go up to Chalmers' place, that I discovered the latter gentleman ran a Hall of Chance, a temple dedicated to Dame Fortune. In the day it was a poolroom where one could back a fancy in horses; and at night one could toy with the roulette wheel or sit sedately holding cards.

There were three of us going, Count Doulbriski, Gibson and myself. I had been told not to eat any dinner, and no wonder, for there was a spread. I think the huge porterhouse steak had been ripened in the garden of the Hesperides; certainly the wines had been pressed from grapes grown there. And there was an atmosphere of real men sitting about a board to do justice to real food.

By nature and circumstances I was a piker, timorous I felt myself slipping. A feeling of bravado crept into my bones from heaven knows where. If somebody had flipped a coin for a hundred dollars, verily I believe I would have taken a chance. A curious subconscious knowledge of why men lost fortunes over the green cloth grew into my mind.

Chalmers told of coming down to Melbourne from Upper Australia and losing twenty thousand pounds in a night, cleaned out; then a chum had staked him and he won forty thousand pounds, and—he drew from a trousers pocket, just as if it were a nickel, a diamond, and tossed it on the table, where it lay, a glinting thing of vibrant beauty—"and this pebble," he said with a laugh like a boy.

Count Doulbriski was warmed into some reminiscences of court life in Russia that caused Chalmers' story to seem insignificant in the way of a gamble. His uncle, the Duke of Uralania, had gambled away at Monte Carlo a territory half the size of Texas, and he, himself, had ——

But at this the Russian checked, saying modestly, "To gamble away large sums is wicked, but to boast of it is foolish. I would rather be Mephistopheles than Faust."

"I agree with you, count," Chalmers said. "High play is bunk. The sky is not the limit here, it's more like Bunker Hill Monument. No high play for me, either bucking the tiger or holding his tail."

I felt a marked insincerity in this statement; Chalmers was too boyish, too human to be real—that is, for the keeper of a gambling joint. I knew the owner of the biggest gambling house in New York, and any artist could have painted his portrait and labeled it A Farmer From Iowa; I knew the great captain of chance at Saratoga and his penchant was art—he could stand in front of a sublime picture of the Crucifixion and tears would roll down his cheeks—therefore cherub-faced Chalmers didn't appeal to me; my limit dropped to a two-dollar bet.

As we rose from the table I was introduced to Dr. Elias Blendon.

Doctor Elias wore heavy lenses which, thick as they were, failed to hide completely the cold gray of his fish eyes. As he looked at me I shivered. He was from Chicago, Chalmers explained, and was living at the Forest Hotel.

I could see a long table draped with a cloth, but a certain circumference at one end told me it was the wheel, the roulette. In a richly furnished smaller room, bathed with a mellow light from above, was a circular card table, and almost involuntarily—there had hardly been a suggestion of play—the party drifted to it, and Chalmers asked if a mild game of poker would prove entertaining. Not being pressed by anybody, I sat out; I rather think that Chalmers had an idea that a writer was hardly big game.

Doctor Elias sat at Chalmers' left, next to him was seated Gibson, then the count, and on his left a young man, one Blake, whom I had scarce noticed. Chalmers had told me

in an undertone that Blake had just come into a fortune out in Wyoming and was rather busily blowing it in. There was something about the way Blake riffled the cards, the hard masklike set of his features when he bet, that caused me to promote him from the adolescent stage and cast a doubt upon the blowing-in propensity

I pulled up a chair behind Count Doulbriski, asking him if he had any objection, declaring that I knew very little about the game. The Russian put a hand on my knee, patting it, saying, "You will bring me beginner's luck; I am delighted."

Possibly by the time ten hands had been played I had more or less boxed the compass. Doctor Elias was the cleverest dealer I had ever seen handle a pack; his slim, cool, moist fingers had, figuratively speaking, glue pads on their tips; his face was the face of a stone Buddha; his eyes were the eyes of a dead codfish gazed at through the thick window of a fishmonger's shop; if there was any blood in his veins it was frozen.

Of course the count was the prey; perhaps they might bleed him scientifically just organized team play. The junior spendthrift, Blake, was there to raise the bet. That would be entirely in keeping with his reckless reputation, high play to blow it in. And Chalmers sat, a cigar between his smiling lips, the genial host.

Curiously the play did not run high. Count Doulbriski won and lost, Gibson lost in a moderate way, and the youth had what his play demanded, a call generally when he had nothing. But once, when the count had called a stiff raise on the youth's part, that young man turned, face up, three kings and a pair of aces.

Perhaps an hour of play and something whispered to me to watch Doctor Elias deal the cards. I did, but I saw nothing. Certainly he had not dealt a card from the bottom, not one; he had riffled them honestly enough, they had been cut by Chalmers, not an ordinary clean cut, but Chalmers had poked with a finger the middle of the pack through, then cut it twice and replaced it on top, saying with a laugh, "A poke for good luck, and two cuts for a sore shin to you, Mister Dealer."

The bloodless fingers of Doctor Elias swept the pack away from this little byplay, and my eyes, that had been on Chalmers' face, shifting back to the doctor, I saw him nonchalantly dealing, and the cards fell with a precision to each player, one on top of the other in a manner that was beautiful. There seemed but one possibility for a frame-up on those hands—a cold deck. Chalmers' byplay would have shifted the count's eyes, as it had mine, from the dealer, and Doctor Elias was certainly artist enough to have exchanged the cold deck for the other as he drew it toward him for the deal.

The count gathered up his hand and, holding it close to his shoulder, shifted the cards so that only the corner marks were visible; I saw three queens. He threw a five-dollar chip on the table, seeing Gibson's ante. The juvenile raised it to ten dollars, and Chalmers, saying, "I'm going to teach you something this time, kid," boosted it to twenty.

Doctor Elias saw the twenty, but did not raise; Gibson threw his cards down, saying, "I'm out"

"And I make it forty to draw cards," the count said quietly.

"I'll make it ——"

It was Blake's voice, lifted a little; but Chalmers put a hand on his arm.

"You make it just the forty if you want to play. It's high enough," and shoved his own chips in.

Again Doctor Elias just saw the call without raising.

"Two cards," the Russian said. When he raised his hand I saw that he had drawn a pair of eights; he had a full on queens.

Blake drew one card, Chalmers two, and Doctor Elias said quietly, "The dealer doesn't take any. I'll play these"

I breathed a little sigh of relief; if there had been anything wrong it had gone wrong; the doctor had probably a straight or a flush.

I am sure the count thought so, for he bet fifty dollars. The juvenile raised it a hundred. Chalmers threw his cards down and Doctor Elias shoved a hundred and fifty into the pot without comment.

The count fingered his chips indecisively as if he were puzzled, and I knew he was sure he had them beaten and was playing for another raise.

"You've raised it a hundred, Mr. Blake," he said presently. "There's your hundred and here are two hundred more." He drew two bank notes from his pocket, for his pile of chips was down.

"Call it," the boy's voice answered as he shoved his chips in.

"Two hundred," Doctor Elias said meditatively. "Two hundred," he repeated. "Well, gentlemen, let's make it a man's game," he added after a pause; "she's up five hundred."

"Gentlemen, not too high, please. This is just a friendly little game," Chalmers expostulated mildly.

Doctor Blendon sat back and lighted a cigarette the first I had seen him smoke.

This touch, to me, was confusing. On the face of it it suggested that the doctor was bluffing, assuming an indifference, owing to great strength in his hand; but with my conviction that he was as subtle as a snake I felt certain that he had made this byplay to make the count think that this indifference was simply part of a heavy bluff—a double cross in acting, as it were.

The count drew a slim leather note case from a pocket and started to open it, but I saw him suddenly start and then replace the pocketbook. He studied his cards thoughtfully for a few seconds and threw them face down in the discard, saying, "I have a conviction that I'm laying down the best hand."

Blake turned his cards down and said, "You win, Mister Medico. I don't bet five hundred against a pat hand."

The count shoved his chips over to Chalmers, saying, "There's sixty dollars there. I'm too tired to play poker as it should be played. Fancy I'll voyage back to the hotel"

"Well, it's been a pleasant game," Chalmers said blithely. "I'm out eighty dollars. The doctor has operated on our pocketbooks."

I thought so. As we strolled back to the hotel in the moonlight, Count Doulbriski asked, "Mr. Gibson, why did you kick me so hard in the shin; you nearly broke my leg?"

"I was in a hurry; I was afraid you would raise the doc a thousand."

"Did you observe something that you stopped me?"

"I didn't, and I can't make it out. At dinner I thought I knew Doctor Blendon, and when he started that play it all came back to me—who he is. He's Silk-fingered Elias that's his name in card circles—and when he failed to raise at first I felt he had given you a come-on hand."

"You saved me a thousand or more, and I thank you," the count declared.

Next day Count Doulbriski asked me to take a stroll in the garden across from the hotel and there we sat upon a bench, admiring the magnificent vista of the river that laved the bank of the garden. It seemed to me that names in Claymore meant very little, for Uncle Simon, as Mr Gordon, was no more misnamed than the canal, muddy, flat of face, which was called a river.

Count Doulbriski asked me, after a few meditative puffs at his cigar, "My friend, you had opportunity last night for dispassionate observation. What do you think of our friends?"

"I think, count, you were fortunate."

"In suffering but a small loss, is it not?"

"Yes."

"I think so too. But do you know, it is not the amount of loss that annoys me—it is the trickery. Why can't gentlemen play cards honestly? The hazard is enough. I don't mind losing when I have a fair deal, but it does annoy me to be reincarnated as what you Americans call the goat"

"They certainly made a set at you, count."

"Because I am rich and because I am a gentleman they decided I would be—another Americanism easy"

The Russian held communion with his cigar for a few seconds, then asked abruptly, "What do you think of Mr. Gibson?"

I laughed a little. I had been asking myself that very question. He had befriended the count, so he could not very well be in league with the forty thieves, the three others of them. I suggested this.

The count concurred in my view. "I will tell you why I asked this. Mr. Gibson is more angry over it than I am; he assured me that—I will give you his very words, they are at least picturesque—'I am damned peeved at being played for a sucker—a boob.'" The Russian laughed. "*Mafoi!*

(Continued on Page 91)

Two Men Stepped Forward, and One Said, "I'm Sorry, Sir, But I Have to Put You Under Arrest!"

An Almost Perfect Thirty-Four

By Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model

NATURALLY, my name is not Nellie; no self-respecting model would dream of having a hick name like that. Also naturally, I am not a cloak model. There is no such thing. Cloak models went out of vogue along with plays about them. As for being beautiful, that has always been a subject for debate. Still, since I am to remain anonymous, I suppose it will be all right to admit that I am a fairly good-looking girl.

If you are expecting to read an exposé of a moving-picturesque occupation, crowded with girls who have few brains and fewer morals, this story is not for you. If you are looking forward to a thrilling confession which will sound like the dénouement of an old-fashioned melodrama, you are doomed to disappointment. If you cherish illusions about the innate viciousness of all traveling salesmen from Erie, Pennsylvania, and points west, drop this magazine before your illusions are shattered. But if you would like to know something about one of the most interesting of feminine occupations, an occupation by means of which many women have risen from obscurity to positions high in business, in society and on the stage, trail along.. I think you'll be surprised.

Modeling, which can be divided roughly into two classes—wholesale and retail—is different from any other occupation for women. In the first place, it is the only occupation for unskilled workers that pays a decent wage. Models average about thirty-five dollars a week, and any girl should be able to live on that. Second, it is almost the only occupation in which the supply does not exceed the demand. Pick up your paper almost any Sunday morning, if you live in a big city, and you're pretty sure to find ads for models. Third, modeling is the one job a girl can have that can be left absolutely behind when the working day is over. Stenographers, bookkeepers, in fact any office workers, usually have something of the office to think about when they get away from it. Chorus girls are always having to rehearse. But models have no responsibility. They parade their dresses or their coats all day, but when they're out they're free.

This Parisian Evening Gown, Shown in New York, is Decorated With Painted Flowers

Most models drift into the business from other occupations. I, however, chose it seven and a half years ago, when I graduated from a New York high school. I couldn't go to college, and I had no talent in any professional line. Nor was I interested in office work. After studying the situation carefully I concluded that my only asset, outside of a fair intelligence, was my appearance.

I was tall then, having already attained my full height of five feet eight, and I was built along stream lines. Judged by the standards of the Venus de Milo I hadn't a good figure: too tall and thin. But judged by the standards of New York modistes I was great. That's why I refer to myself as an almost perfect thirty-four. The famous perfect thirty-six of fifteen years ago would be considered a monstrosity today. So would Venus de Milo, for that matter. Her ankles are impossible.

Modeling for a Wholesale House

I DECIDED to become a model, and spoke to the school's vocational guide about it. She thought it was a good idea, and gave me some very sound advice.

"With your looks," she said, "you can easily get a job, and with your brains you can make something of it if you don't think you're above it. Of course you'll have a time with your family, but don't let that stop you. The temptations in that business are no greater than in any other. It all depends on the girl."

I began watching the Sunday papers and noticed that clothing models were one kind of commercial commodity very much in demand. Every Sunday there were dozens of ads for models. "Must be tall," they invariably read, "and have a good figure." Frequently they added the encouraging information that experience was unnecessary. The salaries usually ranged from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a week. They were mostly wholesale houses.

Graduation took place on a Monday night. That morning, armed with half a dozen ads, I went downtown to hunt a job. It would be thrilling if I could detail my weary quest, and all that sort of thing, but as a matter of fact I was taken on at the second place I went to. It was very simple. A fat, good-natured-looking man, one of the bosses, took all the applicants into an anteroom where some dresses hung on racks. We put these on and walked up and down in the showroom before him, his partner, and a large woman with henna hair and chewing gum, who was the head of the showroom. Six girls, including me, were chosen. We were told to report at nine the next morning. Salary twenty-five dollars, work steady. Incidentally, although modeling is classed as a seasonal occupation, most houses have work all the year. A good model need never be without a job.

That was my first experience in the modeling game, and I want to say right now that in all the years that have followed—I'm twenty-four now—I have never been insulted by any man and I have never seen any other girl insulted, unless she has stepped right up and asked for it. The tradition that the owner of a dress shop expects his models to stand for insults from buyers, in order to help along a sale, is just as ridiculous as the myth that the girls are compelled to go out and entertain the buyers as part of their job. I'm not saying that I've never gone to dinner or theater with an out-of-town buyer, and I'm not even saying that, having gone with one of them, he hasn't tried to kiss me good night. If you call that being insulted, all right. But other men try to kiss girls good night, and other girls even let them. Why pick on the poor models?

At dinner on graduation night the subject of my future came up. My parents were most apologetic about the necessity for my finding a job. I told them I had already found one, in fact was going to work in the morning. Naturally they were astonished.

"You always were a secretive sort of girl," mother said. "What's the job?"

I took a long breath and gulped. It wasn't easy to spring this.

"I'm going to be a dress model," I said, "in a wholesale house. On Thirty-second Street. I think it will be awfully interesting."

A not followed. I was pleaded with, wept over, stormed at, denounced. We almost didn't get to graduation. But the next morning at nine o'clock I reported at the shop. One thing my mother always overlooks. She is a woman of iron will, but she passed some of that same will on to me.

On that Tuesday, with my high-school diploma locked away in a drawer, my real education began. I'm not one of these people who hold forth about the good old school of hard knocks being better than any college, but from the standpoint of human experience I defy you to produce anything more illuminating. If I were only a writer! There are dozens of comedies and dramas in every one of these shops.

Don't think that everything was easy in the beginning or that the people I met were no different from the people I'd been used to associating with all my life. It was like entering a new world, and it was quite some time before I became accustomed to the foreign atmosphere.

Hard-Boiled Miss Anna

ONE of the hard things to get used to in the beginning was walking around the place in a pink-satin slip, although, as a matter of fact, we were just as adequately covered as most women are in evening dresses; maybe more. We had to wear with these slips French-heeled black-satin slippers and sheer black stockings. That was before the days of nude hose. Today the uniform is practically the same, with the exception of the stockings, which are usually of the sheerest flesh color, to give the impression of none.

It was dreadfully tiring at first, especially during the seasonal rush, when we were on our feet practically all day. On the whole, the men were pretty good-natured. Actually, though, we had little enough to do with them. We were more or less automatons. We'd walk up and down before them, and if any one of them was interested in a particular dress he'd ask its number—they all had numbers—and the girl who had it on would tell him. That really constituted our entire contact with the buyers. And practically every good house is run on the same system.

It was very hard to convince my mother of that, though. In fact she was so distressed about what seemed to her my social downfall that one day, right in the midst of the most terrific rush, she appeared on the scene to look things over. I was awfully embarrassed, and worried stiff, because my mother is hampered by very few inhibitions when it comes to speaking her mind. But she didn't see anything frightfully shocking and, after speaking to me on a pretext, she left without having made the fuss I was afraid of.

That night when I got home we had a long talk about the whole thing, and she promised to let me work it out myself and not try to stop me again. She admitted the girls were much nicer than she'd expected them to be, and that perhaps the pitfalls of the occupation had been exaggerated by fiction writers.

Speaking of the girls, I must tell you a little about them. There were seven of us in all, including Miss Anna, the large henna one I spoke of before. She was a girl of about twenty-nine or thirty, Irish-American, good-natured, hot-tempered and very hard-boiled. She'd been working since she was fourteen, and what she didn't know about life and men, particularly men, wasn't worth finding out—according to Anna. She always wore very tight black satin dresses, a jump or two ahead of the styles. When I first went there she used to pile her hair way up high on her head and fluff it out wildly. Later she pulled it off her ears and slicked it back tight, à la Frances White, and still later she bobbed it. This year it's shingled.

There's been a Miss Anna in every place I've worked since. Always hennaed, always too stylish, always wise, and nearly always with a fatal weakness for some impossible man,

(Continued on Page 150)

DUCK LORE—By Hal G. Evarts

THERE are certain high spots in the recollections of every duck hunter, certain days that stand forth from the rest, of all those spent in boat and blind throughout a lifetime, their charm not necessarily occasioned by the number of birds brought to bag, but by any combination of elements that chances to fit the mood of the individual and constitutes a perfect day. A string of clean kills, an hour's good consistent shooting after a few off days when the gunner has been performing poorly and missing his shots or merely scratching an occasional cripple out of a flock; a sudden flight and a spurt of fast shooting when, after a string of duckless days, the ardent hunter is about to leave for home on the last day of the trip which he had eagerly anticipated for many months and which he knows cannot be repeated for many more; perhaps just the feel of the wind and the smell of mud and rushes after a prolonged period spent indoors—any one of these or several of them combined may serve to make one of those rare days that will ever be framed in the memory of the hunter.

It was one of these unexpected last-minute flights that made one of the high spots that will always stand out among my recollections. I had promised several friends that if they would come and bring quantities of ammunition I would guarantee to show them quite the best duck hunting that had yet fallen to their lot—always a foolish thing to do, and I have long since learned to beware of such exuberance.

Why is it that the ducks stop flying, the fish quit biting, the quail and chickens flush wild or cannot be found in localities where they are more numerous than blackbirds? Just why is it that the drought breaks and it rains in floods on picnic day? And why is it that you cannot find a single deer track on a new snow when you've made some enthusiastic boast to a good friend—a boast that you could make good on any other day in the year—and are overanxious to deliver?

Making Good on a Boast

THE friends arrived, heavily laden with shells. Mallards, pintails, widgeons, gadwalls and others had been swarming through in thousands, and the big redhead and canvasback flight was due any day. It seemed certain that we would have good shooting even if we failed to catch the heaviest peak of the spring flight. We drove to the marsh, donned boots and hunting coats, filled our pockets with shells and headed for the blinds. I placed the three of them at various points and we waited. There were no ducks. The big water—the open expanses out toward the center of the marshes where the ducks and geese usually congregated in great ricks—was devoid of feathers. A few tiny specks, cripples and stray singles, bobbed here and there. The evening flight failed to materialize and we reached the shack after sundown without a bird.

We had three days before us, I reasoned, and there never would be another March day on the salt marshes so duckless as the first day of the trip. Even if the shooting was poor when viewed from salt-marsh standards, it would seem fast and furious to these men, who came from a section where jump shooting—following the banks of a creek or walking from pond to pond on the off chance of locating a few stragglers—was the only source of duck dinners. We were off an hour before daylight and settled down in our blinds to await the dawn and the ducks. The dawn came, but not the ducks. The usual early morning gabble of wild fowl was lacking and the marshes were strangely silent. The morning flight was not. I scanned the horizon for the next two days and never have I viewed such a duckless sky line. When we left the shack on the last morning of the trip it was agreed that we should come in from the blinds at noon so that we could make the train that was to bear the hunters homeward.

Four geese passed over at dawn. The sun rose in a cloudless sky and the hands of my watch showed ten o'clock without a single bird brought to bag. Two of the boys had chosen a blind a few hundred yards beyond my own. They were restless and spent more time tramping about the island than in the blind. I knew that at the moment of parting they would grin and declare it the best hunt ever. But I dreaded that moment. Suddenly I heard a sustained hiss such as one can make by expelling the breath softly through set teeth. It was quite faint, but I knew it for the hiss of wings; not the soft wing whistles of gadwalls or other slow flyers, but the screech of speedsters—redhead, canvasbacks or bluebills, whose wings seem too small to propel their heavy bodies—hurtling through the air above. I gazed straight up into the blue and the hiss of wings died out before I could locate the flock. Another followed, a third and a fourth. Again and again my ears caught that faint sustained screech of flocks passing high overhead as I rose and motioned the boys on the island back into their blind. Far up the marsh I saw the flashes of white as the first flock tumbled down, then a level line of thirty or more dark specks swinging low over the water and boring straight back down the marsh toward our blinds. A second and a third flock tumbled, and still those hisses continued high overhead.

That first bunch of thirty redheads made one sharp veer and streamed over the decoys in front of the island, taking the two gunners by surprise, and they fired several shots without drawing a feather. The ducks held on and the third one of the party, stationed in a blind off to the south, began shooting, and the two on the island rose from their blinds to try to determine the results of his bombardment—and the second flock, a dozen or more bluebills, nearly knocked off their hats in passing over them from behind at high speed

While I was engaged in fretfully cursing this performance—I wanted to see them start home with at least a few ducks and the time was short—five canvasbacks, all drakes, slipped in from nowhere and caught me asleep at the switch, so to speak. They were gone before I could shoot, but made a short wheel and came back over the decoys, head on and moving slowly, ready to light, the easiest sort of a shot; but I was overanxious and found the holes instead of the ducks and only bagged two.

The man to the south had opened up again, and the two on the island were working on a flock that sifted past beyond their decoys.

A Shower of Wild Ducks

A DOZEN bluebills made a whirl in front of my blind and I did some more ragged shooting and scratched out but one bird. After that I settled down, and when some twenty redheads came in, nicely bunched, I pulled down seven. The boys on the island rose to cheer the performance just in time to spoil a shot at a mob of green-wing teal that had made a determined slant at their decoys. Ducks were tumbling down far up the marsh, flock after flock, and hurtling back low over the water in the teeth of the wind, while the warning hiss of new arrivals high above had developed into a steady screech. Ducks streamed down from the sky in thousands. The whole expanse of the marsh was streaked with speeding lines of wild fowl. They decoyed on the first wheel, there being no great rafts of birds banked up in the big water to attract them.

Three cans came in and I dropped them all, two drakes and a hen. Those were the last canvasbacks of the day. A string of bluebills tumbled in above the decoys and four remained behind. Five buffleheads hurtled past and three shots failed to connect. While I was still wondering how it happened a lone greenhead came over from behind, craning his neck as he peered down at the decoys, and three seconds later he struck the water just beyond his wooden counterparts. A gang of redheads wheeled to come in, and when they were still fifty yards out I rose and began shooting into the head end of the flock. They declined to whirl or dodge, but held steadily on, in true redhead fashion, traveling at an angle that brought them past within twenty yards of me, and the bottom seemed to drop out of the flock as the last two shots raked through their ranks.

The two on the island were shooting steadily, but with indifferent results, and between my own spurts of shooting I found a few seconds to observe their performance and speculate as to why more ducks did not fall to their fire. At first it seemed that they were failing to see the birds as they came in, for they were shooting only after the ducks had passed over their heads or were angling away from them past the island. Later they

(Continued on Page 157)

Chippewa Indians at Tamarac Lake, Northern Minnesota

SKOOKUM CHUCK

THE ADVENTURE OF THE TRANSMOGRIFIED HARPY

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

AFTER the adventure of the undesirable gray boat Bill steered his craft directly back to Montague Harbor, which was entered about sunset. This in these northern latitudes implies a somewhat later hour than the word connotes in our habit; and a sketchy evening meal had long since been prepared by Bill on his Shipmate stove, and devoured by the two men in succession, each reneving the other at the wheel. The Kittiwake lay at anchor where they had left her twenty-four hours previously, cable suspended straight down, her every line clearly reflected in the still water.

Bill rounded to about fifty yards from her; his reverse ground for a moment; he stepped through the pilot-house window door, to drop his anchor overboard with a splash and a quick rattle of chains. By a single effort of his powerful frame he slung the light dinghy from the deck into the water. Then without a glance or a word to Marshall he jumped in and sculled himself toward the Kittiwake.

He Ventured on the Turtle Deck; and Found That He Would Have the Greatest Difficulty in Staying on at All

Marshall, who had arisen in anticipation of being ferried across, shrugged his shoulders, laid down his little parcel of belongings, lighted a cigarette and sat down. It was a sweet evening, with a tender pink-and-green sky and dark reflections; and the screaming wild fowl had fallen silent, so only land birds sang.

On the Kittiwake no life moved. Bill climbed aboard. The ports and windows suddenly glowed with electricity. Bill disappeared below.

He was gone barely five minutes. At the end of that time he reappeared, dropped into his dinghy and sculled back to his own craft.

"Hop in," he urged Marshall, which was the last coherent word from Bill.

His reply to the young man's politely voiced good night was a grunt. Bill was no longer human.

II

"STEP down, please," the voice of X. Anaxagoras came to Marshall, hesitating at the companionway.

The young man obeyed, to find himself once more in the presence of the white-clad professional aspect of his host. X. Anaxagoras sat behind his table; his fever-chart affair was in front of him, as were his pads and pencils; he had mounted the irritatingly sophisticated pince-nez in place of his friendly horn glasses.

"Please be seated," he invited briskly, without greeting. "We have, I trust, to record a gratifying improvement."

"There may be improvement," Marshall acceded courteously. "If so, I find myself unable to remark it."

"Nevertheless I am informed that in a certain recent contingency the pathological condition of soul which we are combating has been at least momentarily relieved."

"It may be so," agreed Marshall. "I naturally would be rejoiced to find you correct. The impulsive action to which you refer does not, however, impress me as more than a reaction to old habit of thought under the stimulus of unusual and dramatic circumstance. I do not, on after reflection, find that I possess the faintest interest in whether Bill is or is not captured by the revenue officers. My momentary partisanship was no more a symptom of psychic health or improvement than a muscular contraction induced by galvanism is a symptom of physical health. What you interpret as interest is thus in no way fundamental, but is what one might call an external simulation."

"I thank you for your very interesting analysis," rejoined X. Anaxagoras, who had listened attentively. He made a number of careful marks on his chart, the nature of which was not evident to Marshall. "I would call your attention to one thing, however," he continued after this task was finished. "An external simulation is an exceedingly valuable therapeutic agent. The mere physical arranging of the muscles of the face into laughing lines makes the tiniest sort of a dent on the *pneuma* or soul or central ego, or what you please; and this in turn conveys that impression to the mind. In time this circle of cause and effect will end by producing a laughing condition of mind. Do not despise the value of external simulation."

"I shall not do so," assented Marshall, "though I confess that for the moment your precise meaning escapes me. This may be due to natural ineptitude, or perhaps to the stupidity of fatigue which has resulted from broken rest."

"The latter, I am assured," said Anaxagoras, "as my proposition is at once clear and self-evident. Let us, however, repair the condition by a good night's sleep."

III

MARSHALL'S last thought before dropping asleep was the slightly exasperated realization that he had not yet seen what that girl was like. His first impression in the morning was the metallic clank of a starting bar turning over the heavy flywheel of the engine. He jumped up hastily and began to dress, but before he had completed his toilet the rasp of the anchor chain was succeeded by the soft thump as the hook was stowed; and a glance out the porthole showed that the Kittiwake was under way. A moment later X. Anaxagoras came through the engine room door.

"Ungodly hour to be up and off," he greeted Marshall, "but there's a place north, called Dodd's Narrows, where the whole Pacific Ocean tries to crowd through a hole a hundred feet across. Got to go through ourselves on slack water."

"I have no idea what time it is," said Marshall.

"Four-thirty. Now while you finish dressing I'll rustle a little grub. My sister usually takes over that job, but I didn't want to turn you out so early. So she took the wheel, and I've turned cook."

"She's a good navigator, then?" ventured Marshall, glancing out of the window at the shore of the narrow and tortuous channel.

"She can handle her pretty well," Anaxagoras informed him, rattling the stove covers.

Nothing more was said until the table had been laid.

"I'll relieve her at the wheel if you like," then suggested Marshall. "It looks like plain sailing up the channel now."

"Thanks, no. Sit in and eat. I may call on you later." He drew up his own stool without further ceremony. "Devil of a time getting her to pop this morning," he remarked. Marshall gathered that this meant his engine and not his sister. "The clutch is bad. I must do a repair job the first chance I get. Until I poured some coal oil on her I found I was turning against the whole screw."

He chatted on cheerfully, while Marshall ate in silence. When he had finished he dumped his dishes into the dish pan and arose.

"Come into the pilot house when you are through," he said, and disappeared.

Marshall finished his breakfast slowly. He told himself that there was no reason he should not take his time; and he kept one eye cocked at the engine-room door. Finally, with a flash of vexation at himself, he gulped down the last of his coffee and made his way to the pilot house. He had barely entered that cubby-hole when he heard the stateroom door open and shut, and the sound of the third member of the party making her way aft.

"Had breakfast already?" shouted Anaxagoras.

"Not yet; been doing up my quarters."

It was the first time Marshall had heard the sound of her voice. For the flash of an instant he could not but like

what he heard. It was a contralto voice, but with an upward lilt in its intonations. Then mentally he characterized it as gruff, and conceived that it went inseparably with heavy black bushy eyebrows. What he did with the skimpy white eyebrows of his former conception it is impossible to say. Now they were bushy and black, and the face that went with them was square-cut and severe regular masculine type. Bobbed hair on that sort of thing was the limit! Lots of these middle-aged harpies had pretty ankles and nice hands. Many a man had been woefully fooled by the modern fashions until he had overtaken the object of his admiration and looked back into the face of a grandmother. Comic papers made much of it. Harpy, that was it. Why had he thought of her as a young girl, anyway? Older sister, undoubtedly; and X. Anaxagoras was no spring chicken. So spake his cherished indifference; and something small and weak and cowed within him popped out its head and dared to say, "Lie; and you know it!"

He flushed angrily at this impertinence. Where did this something small come from, and what was it? He had not been aware of its existence before. It gave him an uneasy sort of feeling as of an alien intrusion, an invasion. The word brought him up short. Invasion? That was how he had described his experience of the first night. Was this thing akin; or the same?

He made a brusque movement as though shaking something intangible from his soul. There was one thing about it—he wasn't going to be fooled with any more. It was as plain as the nose on your face that she was deliberately avoiding him. This might be banal tactics to arouse interest; it might be that even a middle-aged harpy of a masculine cast—especially as to eyebrows—had some remnant of vanity and preferred to leave with him an illusion as long as possible. What rot he was thinking! But he'd break through the exasperating web of incident, at any rate. An excuse; any excuse—cigarettes—would do for a visit to the after cabin. He made a half movement.

"Would you mind taking her a minute?" requested the healer of souls just at this moment. "Go right up the channel to the end of this island, and then take the passage to the left. I'll be back by the time you get through there. I want to look at that clutch."

He delivered the wheel into Marshall's reluctant hands and disappeared. The young man steered glumly, one ear turned toward the engine room, one eye cast at the ship's clock over his head. After twenty minutes the gruff voice floated up to him from the engine room.

"How are you getting on, Sid?" it asked.

The reply was lost.

"I'm going forward to read awhile," the voice went on. "Call me if you need me."

The stateroom door opened and closed. Marshall made in private a remark that, had it been overheard, would promptly have gone down on the healer of souls' symptomatic fever chart.

"Damn that clutch!" quoth Marshall fervently.

IV

HE STARED straight ahead and steered. The channel between the long low islands was that through which they had come from Vancouver. Shortly he left to starboard the pass by which they had entered; and shortly after, following directions, he put the wheel over and rounded the head of the island. The morning had thinly overcast, and the distant mountains had shrouded their shoulders. An intermittent wind of considerable strength sent cat's-paws scurrying across the waters. These little gusts could have slight influence in raising anything resembling a sea, but they seemed to possess a surprising violence. With yachtsman's instinct Marshall cast his eyes about him for the barometer. The black hand stood at 29.6. The gold stationary hand was at 30.1. Marshall opened his eyes at this discrepancy. If the healer of souls set the instrument regularly, as a seafaring man should, this indicated a tremendous and portentous drop. On the other hand, the gold indicator might not have been touched for days. It did not matter.

The healer of souls reappeared, wiping his hands on a piece of waste. He glanced about him to determine his position.

"All right; I'll take her," he said briefly.

Marshall surrendered the wheel; and as he saw no particular reason for remaining in the pilot house he made his way to the after deck. The prospect was wild and interesting—a succession of low wooded islands to starboard in an unbroken chain, and lofty inland mountains to port, whose snowy summits were alternately concealed and revealed by a hurrying murk. The channel between varied in width, but was nowhere more than a few miles wide. But now, even in this narrow confine, the sweep was sufficient to raise quite a respectable bob of a slop. There was a bite in the wind that soon drove the young man below.

He might have found amusement and education new to him in some of the books snugly tucked behind their rack shelves. A glance at the titles, however, stimulated in him only a faint wonder and a little flicker of half-contemptuous amusement. The Creative Power in the Individual, From the Unconscious to the Conscious, Our Unseen Guest: Suggestion and Autosuggestion were the first that caught his eye. He went no farther, but flung himself full length on the bunk and let his mind go blank.

Here he fell into a half doze from which he was aroused by the shrill and piercing note of the Kittiwake's air whistle. Toot, toot, toot-toot-toot, it spoke. Sounded like a signal. Marshall thrust his head above the hatch and looked about. No other vessel was abroad. The wooded shore line seemed to be unbroken except for a little rocky cove or indentation wherein a typical gasoline fishing boat lay. While his eye rested on this, however, a tiny figure appeared on its after deck and waved a white cloth. Probably Anaxagoras was signaling to a friend, he thought; but the incident was to recall itself to him later.

(Continued on Page 83)

Marshall Recovered Himself and Cast. The Light Line Fell Across the Cockpit of the Fishing Boat

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 10, 1923

Controlled Sugar in Australia

SO LONG as misguided enthusiasts or motivated politicians in this country are promoting price fixing of this or state control of that, we shall do well to observe experiences in these directions in other countries. Everywhere the difficulties of decontrol are encountered. It is so easy to take hold, so hard to let go. In the matter of sugar, the Commonwealth of Australia is now trying to decide whether to let go or take another hold.

Government control of sugar was inaugurated early in the war. In effect, the price to growers and trade has been fixed, and the refiners were practically the agents of the government. Partly for fiscal reasons, partly out of political exigencies, the prime minister has decided that a change must be introduced. He strives to secure agreement of producers and refiners in advance of legislation.

Behind the question stands a particular background. Sugar is raised in North Australia. The bulk of the consumers are in South Australia, where the labor movement is strong. It is therefore partly a geographical question. The doctrine of white Australia is also involved. The sugar growers have always demanded protection against black-grown sugar. The word "black-grown" does not mean exactly black, but includes brown and yellow, and the exclusion is particularly directed against Java and Mauritius.

The sugar agreement expired on June thirtieth. The state has on hand some fifty-seven thousand tons of sugar. This will have to be held under heavy charges awaiting a short crop or must be exported at a loss of some thirty dollars a ton at present prices. The government does not dare hold the bag any longer, so alternative proposals have been put forward by the prime minister.

One proposal is simply to drop all governmental arrangements and go back to a straight tariff on imported sugar, the rate to be fought out in Parliament. The second proposal is a two-year bridge to the same. During these two years an embargo shall be held against black-grown sugar. A nongovernmental sugar pool is to be organized. The pool is to make arrangements with refiners for refining and distribution. The price to growers shall be not over twenty-seven pounds sterling a ton during the first year, and during the second year shall be fixed by a tribunal of arbitration at a figure not to exceed that. The price to consumers shall not be over four and a half pence a pound. The price of export sugar during the two years would be fixed by a commission. In this manner the government believes that during the next two years the sugar industry will have opportunity to attain stability and security.

The brunt of the arrangement falls on the growers. The last fixed price was thirty pounds a ton. The new price, twenty-seven pounds, was lower than the world price in June. This fact makes the embargo against black-grown sugar illusory. After two years the sugar grower must fight for a protective tariff, and the doctrine of white Australia is thereby given a rebuff.

The arrangement pleases nobody, but all seem to have agreed to accept the scheme as the best obtainable. The concern of the government is to get out of the dilemma of control, displease as little as possible, and let sugar fight its way into the open as best it can. The situation affords a good illustration of the troubles of government control.

Unemployment in Britain

THE occupation of the Ruhr is blamed for the continuance of unemployment in England. The figures of the British Labor Ministry, however, do not lend positive support to this contention. At the close of the fiscal year some 1,295,000 workers were receiving unemployment benefits. The largest number were workers belonging to shipbuilding and ship repairing, steel and iron founding trades, and to the cotton industry. One wonders how the French occupation of the Ruhr has thrown or kept these men out of work. In what way could discontinuance of Ruhr industries cause shutdown of shipbuilding and repairing on the Clyde? Surely these shipyards were not using German steel plates instead of domestic plates! One would fancy that shutdown of metal plants in the Ruhr would mean more work for iron and steel founding in the United Kingdom, since they have the coke. The Ruhr is not the center of the German cotton industry. Were German factories in the area of occupation heavy buyers of British cottons in preference to their own? That is the converse of what has been usually understood. The unemployment of linen workers can hardly be due to the presence of the French in the Ruhr, since the raw materials come largely from Russia, and the decline of the Russian flax growing can hardly be laid at the door of France. All in all, as one goes through the list of the occupations of the unemployed, one fails to be convinced that the French occupation of the Ruhr is the direct, or even effectively contributing, cause of the lack of work.

The Continuance Evil

IN MANY of our courts the favorite activity of the judge appears to be the granting of continuances, either with or without sufficient cause. There are many valid reasons for postponement of a case when it has been reached on the calendar. Within limits, a judge will not feel justified in refusing a continuance when it is apparent that the side asking for it will be deprived of a legitimate advantage if the request is denied. Moreover, he will wish to treat with consideration members of the bar who are fellow officers of his court, and take due account of personal and domestic circumstances as well as purely legal ones. We should not censure as a sinister exercise of judicial authority the granting of a continuance to an overworked assistant district attorney as the result of a side-bar intimation that he was hoping to get in a week's fishing, or a delay to a young attorney who had just confessed that he stood committed to the bliss of an approaching honeymoon.

The continuances to which we direct attention are those that grow out of a deliberate policy of obstruction. Repeated postponements give witnesses an opportunity to scatter. They make clean-cut recollection difficult if not impossible. They rub the bloom off testimony and wear down the side that is pressing for early trial. In criminal cases long delays are often desired in order that public opinion may cool and popular indignation subside. In the large cities criminal lawyers jockey with uncommon skill so that their clients may appear before judges who have a reputation for lenity and shun the courts that treat 'em rough.

There is no secret about the motives that actuate attorneys to move for unwarranted continuances. They are well known to bench and bar; to clerk, tipstaff and bailiff. And yet who can blame the lawyer, who is bound to employ for the advantage of his client every lawful method that is calculated to react to his benefit? The judge himself must bear the blame if he makes it a habit to grant repeated continuances upon flimsy and transparent pretexts, though he may plead that he does so as a matter of professional courtesy; that refusals would be tantamount to implication that counsel had misrepresented the circumstances upon which he based his motion—which, it may be said in passing, is not infrequently the case.

To the layman it would appear that some of our judges, like some of our physicians, pay too much homage to the gods of professional etiquette, and pay it not at their own cost, but at the expense of justice or out of the pockets of weary litigants. Courtesy is a trait that is admirable beyond all praise whether in the court or in the sickroom; but if it is to defeat the ends of justice, beggar litigants or kill patients, it becomes an intolerable tyrant and should go the way of other tyrants.

It is scarcely possible to effect overnight radical changes in time-hallowed customs of doing business. Hairpin turns, whether in highways or in policies, usually invite mishaps; but we cannot feel that much hardship could result from the gradual abolition of the continuance evil. If the bench will make it increasingly hard to get continuances, except upon valid and closely scrutinized grounds, the bar will experience no difficulty in adjusting itself to altered conditions. Moreover, the mills of justice will grind considerably faster and the task upon which our legal reformers have been so long engaged will be materially lightened.

The Pay-as-You-Go Christmas

NOW that a sane Fourth has become an established part of American life, it is time to think about planning for a sane Christmas. Old-fashioned Christmas giving, the original purpose of which was to impress upon children the significance of the day, has degenerated into promiscuous Christmas trading. Unconsciously we have become entangled in the meshes of a system of barter by which both parties are commonly losers.

These annual riots of competitive extravagance result in tremendous economic waste. It is no uncommon thing for the authors of the overdone Christmas to spend so freely upon every Tom, Dick and Harriet of their acquaintance that it is the middle of March before the last of their holiday bills is paid. There is excellent authority for believing that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver; but cheerful giving, whether to one's own family or to the poor and unfortunate, is quite a different thing from indulgence in an indiscriminate orgy of trading.

Fortunately, there is a simple and effective means of putting gift giving back where it belongs: that is to say, in the home and in the very narrow circle of really intimate friends. The employment of this method requires nothing more difficult than the exercise of a little thought and of a little moral courage. Those who have tried the Pay-as-You-Go Christmas declare that they will never again have any other kind. Their system is to pay cash for every gift that they buy. As a result they make fewer purchases; but they have the enormous satisfaction of financing the December holiday with November and December money instead of with income that is not receivable until January or February. As a rule, buying for cash is a far more thoughtful and weighty transaction than buying on credit, and it has a strong tendency to curb expenditures for nonessential gifts for nonessential persons.

The substitution of the Pay-as-You-Go Christmas for the annual potlatch that we have lately been witnessing works hardship to no one. It means wiser and more liberal expenditure within the immediate home circle and greater generosity toward the really needy and unfortunate. The merchant will not suffer by it, for if he sells fewer catchpenny wares during December his customers will not be so penniless that they cannot buy the more substantial ones in January and February. The Pay-as-You-Go Christmas is well worth a trial. If its benefits have been exaggerated by its friends it will be easy enough to return to the old potlatch system another year.

A MURDER TRIAL IN THE ENGLISH HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE

By Judge R. M. Wanamaker

EVERY tree is known by his own fruit"; every man is known by his own works; every machine, whether mechanical or governmental, is known by its own product.

The American machinery for the administration of criminal justice has been indicted by the great majority of our laymen for years as inefficient in protecting the constitutional guaranty that justice shall be administered without denial or delay.

This same machinery has likewise proved inefficient in promoting the great primary and paramount purpose of our Government as announced in our great Magna Charta: "To secure these rights"—the unalienable rights of man, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—"governments are instituted among men."

These paramount purposes of government are written in all our state constitutions, either in exact phrase or essential purport.

This indictment against our judicial machinery is approved not only by our laymen but by our lawyers, who in state and national bar associations annually enter their plea of guilty to this indictment on these two great constitutional counts and rhetorically resolve in plausible platitude and glittering generality against their continuance, which good resolutions serve as little more than models for future bar meets. Chief Justice Taft has been widely quoted as summing up the whole matter as follows: "Our administration of criminal law is a national disgrace."

Procedure at Old Bailey

WE HAVE all read much and heard more about the efficiency of the English judicial machinery in dealing with the criminal, especially in the administration of simple, sure and speedy justice. To find out whether that reputation was supported in actual administration by trial and appeal in the English criminal courts, I made personal observation and study of them where, if there was any unusual laxity or inefficiency, it would be most likely to appear.

Selecting London as the largest and most congested district both in population and litigation, I went to Old Bailey, where the Central Criminal Court of London County is held, and there observed and studied the trial of criminal cases in that court. It was my pleasure to sit throughout three murder trials by three different justices of the high court.

Probably no better idea could be conveyed to the interested public as to the procedure than by a skeleton recital of what, when and how a murder trial was conducted.

The Central Criminal Court of London, known for centuries as the Old Bailey, is presided over by the judges of the King's Bench. Its general arrangement, with the location of the justice presiding, the court attendants, the jury, the barristers, the solicitors, the prisoner's dock, the witness stand, and so on, can be best understood by examining the picture of Court Room No. 1 as appears herein.

An outline of the order and method of procedure in the murder trial of Alexander Campbell Mason, as shown from the record, is as follows:

Wednesday, July 11, 1923. Sessions House, Old Bailey.

At 10:30 A.M., which is the regular hour for convening this court, the prisoner standing in the dock, where it appears in the picture, was addressed as follows by the clerk of the court: "Alexander Campbell Mason, you are charged on indictment and also on an inquisition found against you by a coroner's jury, that on the 9th of May in this year you murdered Jacob Dickey. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

The prisoner answered: "Not guilty, sir."

The names of the jurors were at once drawn from a small box on the clerk's desk, their names called, and they took their places in the jury box, which appears on the left of the picture. There was no *voir dire* examination of any of the jurors as to any challenge for cause. Two lady jurors were challenged peremptorily (without stating any cause), and their places taken by two male jurors. An oath was administered separately to each juror, who in addition to the personal oath held in his right hand the Bible, which he kissed at the conclusion of the oath.

The names of prospective jurors, drawn from the small jury box by the clerk in open court, were selected from a list of the parliamentary voters at the last election.

The whole time occupied in getting the jury, administering the twelve several oaths and the two peremptory challenges, was not more than five minutes. Most extraordinary to an American lawyer or jurist!

After the jury was qualified the clerk of the court addressed them as follows: "Members of the jury, the prisoner, Alexander Campbell Mason, is charged on indictment and also on an inquisition found against him by a coroner's jury, that on the 9th of May in this year he murdered Jacob Dickey; to this indictment and inquisition he has pleaded not guilty and it is your charge to say, having heard the evidence, whether he be guilty or not."

It should be observed here that there were no preliminary or dilatory pleas made to the indictment, such as motions to quash, pleas in abatement, demurrer, and the like, so frequent in our American courts.

Doubtless one reason why such pleas are not favored and seldom used is due to the fact that if the indictment is in any wise defective an amendment may be made in the trial court, upon order of the justice, without calling a new grand jury.

Preliminaries Cut Short

THE counsel for the Crown, Sir Richard Muir, opened the case on behalf of the prosecution in an orderly and detailed statement of the evidence about to be offered, first using engineer's maps and plans, photographs, and so on, giving the geography of the place and its surroundings where the crime was alleged to have occurred. He entered into much detail as to the testimony of the leading witnesses who would be called, occupying in his opening statement one hour and seven minutes.

It should be proper here to correct an impression that prevails that the barrister conducting the prosecution is a K. C., or king's counsel. Quite the contrary is true. The attorney-general of the English Government selects counsel for the Crown among the able barristers of the different assizes, in proportion to the criminal business to be done, six being selected for life for the Central Criminal Court of London—three leaders and three juniors. From among these the director of public prosecutions makes the selection in each particular murder case and such other cases as he deems of sufficient public interest to be prosecuted by the Crown. The director of public prosecutions is chosen directly by the Crown.

This dispatch with which the preliminaries leading up to the opening statement of the prosecutor were disposed of will be more clearly understood when it is known that he began his opening outline of the evidence at 10:40. His lordship, in his summing up to the jury at the close of the case, to which reference will later be made, used this language as to the character of the criminal transaction, as shown by the record:

Justice Rigby Swift—"Members of the Jury, on the night of the 9th of May, at about half past nine, Jacob Dickey was foully murdered. He was a taxicab driver. He was a man, as far as we know, of perfectly good character and respectable habits. . . . He was a family man with

(Continued on Page 98)

Court Room Number One—Better Known as Old Bailey—in London

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The News

FROM newspaper headlines almost any old weekday
You would gather 'twas murder, slush, scandal and sheik day:
Bathing-suit Beauties in Board-walk Parade,
The Latest in Cuties Dolled up and Displayed,
One Maid from Jap-land,
Many from Lap-land,
Peaches are Picked from all over the Map-land!
Five Men Arrested for Driving while Drunk!
Lady's Remains are Expressed in a Trunk!
Wife Wields an Ax
When Her Husband Grows Lax,
And then Places the Blame on the Federal Tax!
Woman's "Unconscious" Revealed in Her Dreams!
Schoolgirls All Using Cosmetics and Creams!
Baby Bites Brother!
Couple Kiss Till They Smother!
Young Man Elopes with His Stepfather's Mother!
Visiting Lord on a Lecturing Bat
Calls Americans Crude—and then Passes the Hat!

In a corner remote—
At the Primaries Vote,
If You Pick a Poor Mayor You Yourself Pay the Note!
And the Cables Report the Italian Intrigue
Would Appear to Endanger the Life of the League!

Snapshots of Murderers, Mermauds and Missing Ones,
Stories that feature both Hating and Kissing Ones,
Scores Get Divorces and Dozens Elope!
Hollywood Stars are Addicted to Dope!
Weekdays and Sundays,
All of them Gun-days,
Comics, Cartoons and Society's Fun-days!
Dear Dainty Darlings in Débutante Dress!
Smart Young Society Drinks to Excess!
Congressman Gee,
Just Returned from Paree,
Says We've got to Save Europe—That's Simple to See!
Cut-ups for Kiddies and Crime Courses Cursory,
Simplified Slang for the Schoolroom and Nursery!
Débutante Vandal
Stirs Up Social Scandal
By Dancing Al Fresco to the Light of a Candle!
Visiting Countess Receives Wild Applause
When She Talks on America's Follies and Flaws!

In a corner obscure—
Further Strife on the Ruhr,
Where the French Occupation is Cramping Kultur!
From the Latest Reports, unless Matters Abate,
We May Soon See in Europe a New War of Hate! —*Adelaide W. Neall.*

Touring

Reproduced from advance proofs of the Automobile Guide Book of 1932, and published through the courtesy of Local No. 16, Amalgamated Billposters of the United States.

TOUR No. 7489. Springville to Corson's Center. Road maintained by Coverall Billposting Company.

Pole markings. From Springville to Birchtown—Apgar's Ammonia signs. From Birchtown to Richfield—Sooner's Scented Soap signs. From Richfield to Corson's Center—Seidenheimer's Spaghetti signs.

Route—From Conlon's Custard sign board Springville, follow right-hand road past Autogo Truck Company sign to Stephen's Stubbers sign (2 miles).

Why McClosky Rode to the End of the Line

Turn left and climb steep grade to top of Seven County Hill, where fine view of one county may be had through knot hole in Brook's Best Butterine sign. Gimlets for boring holes may be purchased for fifty cents at Coaxem Inn on left side of road near Smith's Snappy Soup sign.

From Seven County Hill follow down grade past Toomey's Tires sign, Reynolds Rustless Razor sign and Norton's Noodles sign to Green Valley (7 miles).

Here, excellent view of Mount Memento may be enjoyed from top of Wilson's Wire Wheels sign. Ladders for rent or sale at Wiggle Inn and Thin Tea House—both places being recommended by the Coverall Billposting Company.

Leaving Green Valley, keep straight ahead between continuous line of billboards to Cramer's Crossroad, where speed should be reduced to enable tourist to read fine print in Levy's Luscious Limburger sign (10 miles).

Follow straight road again to Ruggles Ripping Raincoats sign and then turn sharply to right, avoiding left turn past Riley's Rich Rat Biscuit sign. Straight ahead once more to Kenny's Dam (14 miles).

Kenny's dam, constructed in 1694 by Abraham Kenny, is one of the points of historic interest on the tour. Although every effort has been made recently to hide it from the public, the determined tourist can still obtain a glimpse of the dam by lying flat on the roadside and peering beneath the billboard displaying Mostil's Mosquito Menace.

From Kenny's Dam, follow left-hand road between billboards to Sunbeam Sauce sign opposite Oakley's Overcoat sign (19 miles), there turn to right and climb steep hill to Corson's Center Chamber of Commerce sign (21 miles). Corson's Center lies directly behind the billboard.

Road in excellent condition except for short stretch about three hundred yards west of Birchtown, where paint on Sapp's Snappy Shoe billboard has peeled slightly making sign difficult to read.

—*Henry L. Herbert.*

Off With the New and On With the Old Wife—"The Wretch! He's Seeing That Divorced Wife Again!"

And it All Comes Under the Head of Recreation

IN DAYS when football players bobbed their hair,
And pulled their necks within thick rolls of sweater,
And through their monstrous nose-guards breathed the air,
And on their bosoms wore a two-foot letter—
It was, the pictures show, a fierce affair.
It went the gladiators' scraps one better.
Each play resembled ancient trials by combat,
Or dukes some anarchist has thrown a bomb at.

Times change, and now the hurly-burly stuff
Is relished upon the innocent grand-standers.
In football trains, they're straight-armed by the rough;
In motor cars, first-downed by mud like Flanders'.
They throw themselves upon a concrete bluff,
Lose out when under goals the snake meanders,
And finally, worn by hunger and privation,
They detour home or plod back to the station.

Fairfax Downey.

History

IN 1937 the Democrats were swept into power by an overwhelming vote. Senator O'Brien delivered a stirring speech.

"For years," he said, "the limpid crystalline wells of truth have been polluted, and the delicate sensitive minds of our innocent children have been poisoned by the insidious sinister British propaganda of our school histories. [*Cheers.*] This bill that I have the honor of introducing makes it a felony for anyone to write a history that does not give due credit to the glorious Irish race. [*Loud cheers.*] What we want is history, not propaganda!"

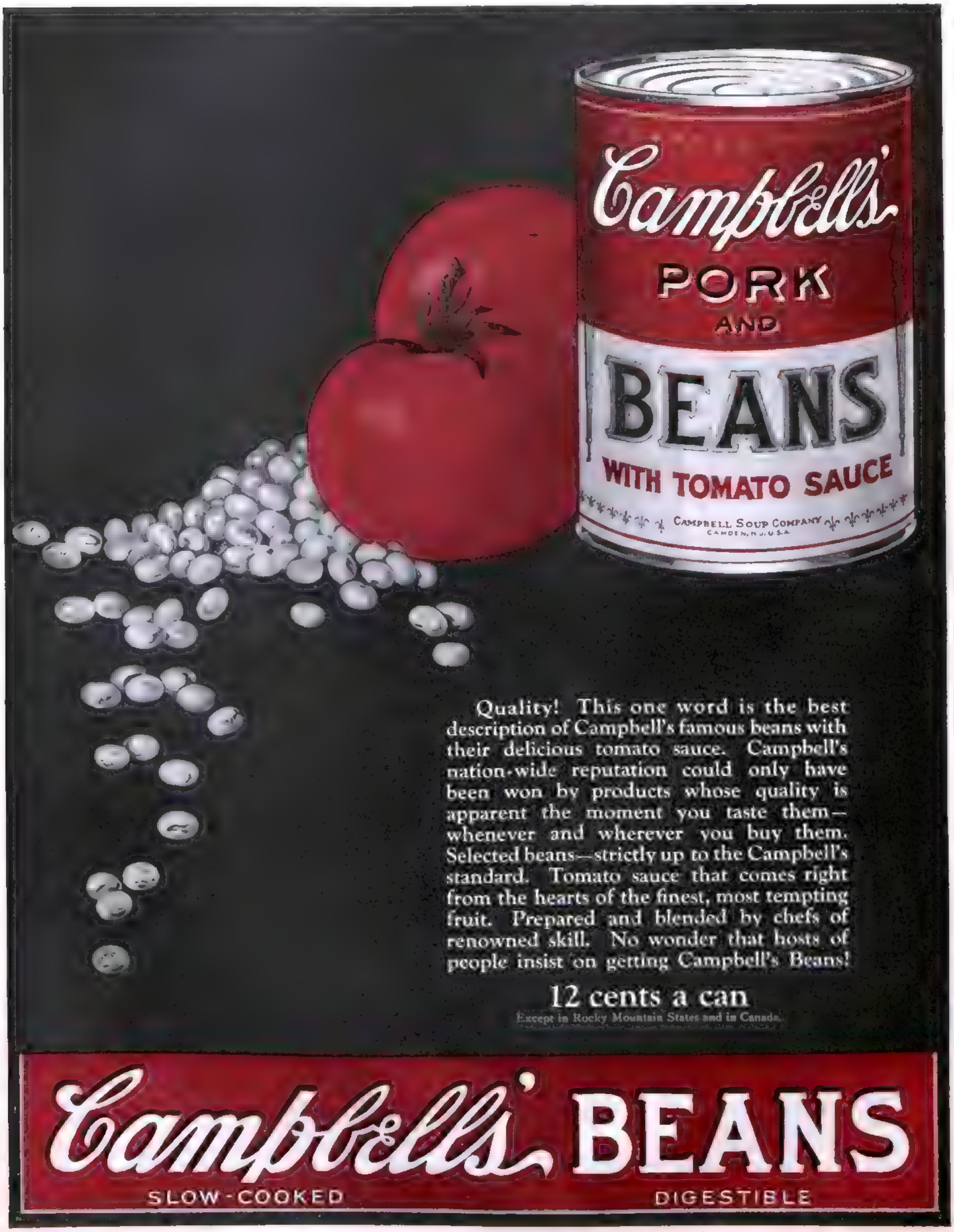
A public bonfire was held, in which all the current textbooks were destroyed. An act making O'Brien's History of the United States the official textbook was passed. The following extract from it tells of the discovery of America:

"In 1492 an Irish Democrat named Chris Columbus announced that the earth was round. In spite of the sneers and ridicule of the English and Republicans, who maintained that the earth was flat, he persisted in his belief. Finally he enlisted the aid of Isabella, wife of Brian Boru, the King of Ireland, who pawned her jewels to raise funds for him to finance his voyage. Amid great enthusiasm he sailed from Dublin Harbor. . . ."

The following year the Republicans regained control.

"Look how the glorious facts of our history have been garbled," declared Representative Koplik in a passionate oration. "Where would this country be today if it had not been for Czecho-Slovakia? Have we so soon forgotten that great Czecho-Slovakian, Lafayette, who risked his life and fortune for American independence?"

(Continued on Page 102



Quality! This one word is the best description of Campbell's famous beans with their delicious tomato sauce. Campbell's nation-wide reputation could only have been won by products whose quality is apparent the moment you taste them—whenever and wherever you buy them. Selected beans—strictly up to the Campbell's standard. Tomato sauce that comes right from the hearts of the finest, most tempting fruit. Prepared and blended by chefs of renowned skill. No wonder that hosts of people insist on getting Campbell's Beans!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

847

MY CRYSTAL BALL

By Elisabeth Marbury

Mrs. Leslie Carter, Lillian Russell and Elsie Ferguson at an Equity Association Ball Two Years Ago

THE Castles' menagerie did not come under my direction, although to collect animals was with them a passion. Nothing that stood on four feet escaped their interest and attention. They purchased an expensive country place on Long Island, which, so far as I could ever ascertain, served chiefly as the winter quarters of their circus. I remember when Vernon Castle had gone into the breeding of police dogs they had at one time twenty-eight canines to be cared for and fed. The amount of milk required for the puppies was always a surprise to Irene and a cause of discussion with her farmer.

On one occasion, sitting in my office, a stocky-looking individual was ushered in. When I asked the object of his visit, he thrust a very crumpled and none too clean slip into my hand.

I examined it and found it was an order to pay him fifteen hundred dollars for a horse purchased by Irene as she had passed through Boston a few weeks before. There was no excuse for doubting the validity of her signature, but as she had been in Boston only between two trains I was naturally wondering how she had discovered the horse.

But the Castles, no matter how serious were their engagements, always managed to find time to buy. They were constitutional spenders. Their day was never complete unless they had bought something. Automobiles were purchased with a joyous carelessness I have never seen equaled. Fur wraps fell upon Irene's lovely shoulders like manna from heaven.

I have often been asked as regards their vogue in Paris. Their first appearance there was at Olympia, where they had been promised the sum of one hundred francs for one week's trial. They were then living in a small mansard room. No heat, no electricity, nothing but their supreme confidence in their future.

This tryout proved a dismal failure, but Vernon begged for a second week, assuring the management that they had something up their sleeve in the shape of a scene in which he was a tin soldier and she a columbine, the final moment of the set showing Irene disappearing up the chimney while Vernon fell in a heap of dismay.

This was a glorious success. Above all, it served to attract the proprietor of the Café de Paris, who offered them an additional fifty francs a week if they would dance there after supper.

Following their number, great was their surprise to see a very smart young man get up, throw a hundred-franc note on a plate and then pass it himself around the tables. The collection amounted to over five hundred francs, which was gracefully presented to the lovely Irene. The youth who had followed his generous impulse was the Grand Duke Dimitri of Russia.

Another venture into management which reveals my occasional lapses into gullibility introduced on the scene a young and good-looking man with an ingratiating manner who came to me one day to suggest a scheme which seemed a marvelous opportunity. It was theoretically so simple, and merely involved the leasing of one of the great piers at Atlantic City for Easter Week, opening with a program of artists which would surely pack it.

An Outrageous Proposal

THIS youthful impresario proposed that we should each put up fifteen hundred dollars. It was my name which was affixed to the contracts for artists, for equipment, for billing and all the rest; thus I made *myself* responsible financially. Among others who were to appear under our management was Fritz Kreisler. He was certain to draw double the amount fixed as his guaranty.

Everything moved along briskly. My profits in imagination were already in the bank, when lo, on the Saturday before the great week I awoke in New York to realize that we were in the grip of the very worst blizzard of the winter! Snow, wind and sleet combined actively during the day to tie up all traffic to Atlantic City. Every special between Philadelphia and this popular resort was canceled. Twenty hundred chairs destined to seat the large audience were either smashed or dashed into the sea. The elaborate announcements were washed from the walls. Wreck and disaster were flashed over the wires. When the sun came out late on Easter Sunday its rays warmed merely a few straggling visitors who wandered in isolation upon the deserted boardwalk.

So I had to face the heavy losses, which even the subsequently pleasant weekdays reduced in only a small degree. However, my experience was valuable, and I have never since bought an Easter hat until after Easter!

Many amusing incidents have happened in my office, for I was always blessed with a sense of humor. I remember one story which is especially worth telling. I was sitting at my desk when it was announced that a man who had called for the third time was very anxious to see me. The visitor said that his name would mean nothing, but that his business was of considerable importance.

I inquired about his appearance, age, and so on, and my secretary replied that she thought he was a near-gentleman, a description, by the way, which fitted him like the brand-new gloves he wore.

He came in with a very furtive and confidential manner and said, "Madame, I have long since desired to meet you. I have followed your career with sincere admiration." I nodded gratefully. "I see that I have been correctly informed, and that madame is a little plump." I weighed over two hundred pounds. Again I acquiesced. "Perhaps you would like to remove some of the superfluous fatty deposit?"

"Most certainly," I answered. "Can you suggest anything?"

"Ah, that is why I am here. I have just come from abroad with a wonderful remedy which I procured after months of effort. I have this for sale. There is no danger whatever, madame, in trying it. It must be applied externally."

I inquired as to the price, and my visitor informed me that the treatment cost usually five hundred dollars, but that I would prove such a splendid advertisement of its curative power that he would make a special price to me of three hundred.

He went on to state that this liquid must be well rubbed into such portions of the body as were unusually obese—"although," he said, looking at me intently, "in madame's case the lotion would have to be very generously applied over a considerable surface."

Again I nodded my head in acceptance of this tragic fact.

"I presume," said I, "that you will give my maid instructions as to the method of the application."

Then approaching me, he lowered his voice and said, "Ah, madame, I would not intrust the treatment in your case to anyone. I should have to apply this reducing fluid myself. I am ready to begin at any time suited to your convenience."

I jumped from my seat, threw open the door and exclaimed, "You miserable peddler! You insolent impostor! How dare you propose that I should pay you three hundred dollars for the privilege you have the effrontery to mention!"

I was so convincing in my attitude of outraged propriety that the poor creature fled down the hall, his coat tails flying and his bottles knocking together in his pockets.

Broadway's Alliance

I WAS in the habit of poring over every advertisement and rejoiced in inclosing stray dollars for telescopes which were made of window-glass, for bird whistles which became mute in my possession, for blocks of wood which would kill potato bugs provided you put the insects between them, and for a hundred other articles which though moderate in price were still more moderate in merit.

To fill in coupons to be mailed has always been a passion with me. It is a harmless and fairly inexpensive amusement which may doubtless have put heart into many a despondent Mr. Wallingford who was waiting for replies from just such easy marks as myself.

And think of the good laughs I have enjoyed at my own expense. These alone have been well worth the money, for a laugh is of priceless value, beating all other rejuvenating processes.

An experiment into which I, Anne Morgan, Elsie de Wolfe and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt plunged with no little enthusiasm was to establish and operate under our personal supervision a respectable dance hall where we introduced a cafeteria, then a novelty in the East, and where we anticipated prohibition, as only soft drinks were purchasable on the premises.

It was this last ruling which proved our financial undoing, for despite the fact that in the beginning people crowded in hundreds to be served corned-beef hash and apple pie by volunteers of distinction, despite the fact that we had a splendid jazz band, a fine floor, moderate prices and attractive diversions, it was not long before the crowds became familiar with our conditions and before we were deserted for similar resorts where real beer was served instead of lemonade.

Broadway and Booze had formed an alliance which nothing could break.

We finally sold out. The place was taken over by a professional cabaret manager, the lid came off, the doors were flung wide open, and the money we had lost was swiftly recovered and increased by our successor.

When I next sidetracked in business it was as the producer of musical comedies, which venture met with considerable disapproval on the part of my friends, while certain managers hailed it with delight. The fact was that the building of theaters had outstripped the building of attractions. Thus I became associated with F. Ray Comstock and with Lee Shubert in that form of entertainment which has been so successfully imitated ever since—namely, a comedy with music in which each extra girl became an individual, dressed according to her personality and not given a uniform costume. We had only twelve young women, who were especially selected for charm and distinction. Many girls made their début with me, and how often do I see a name heading a program only to recognize it as one of those whom I discovered and to whom I gave a first chance.

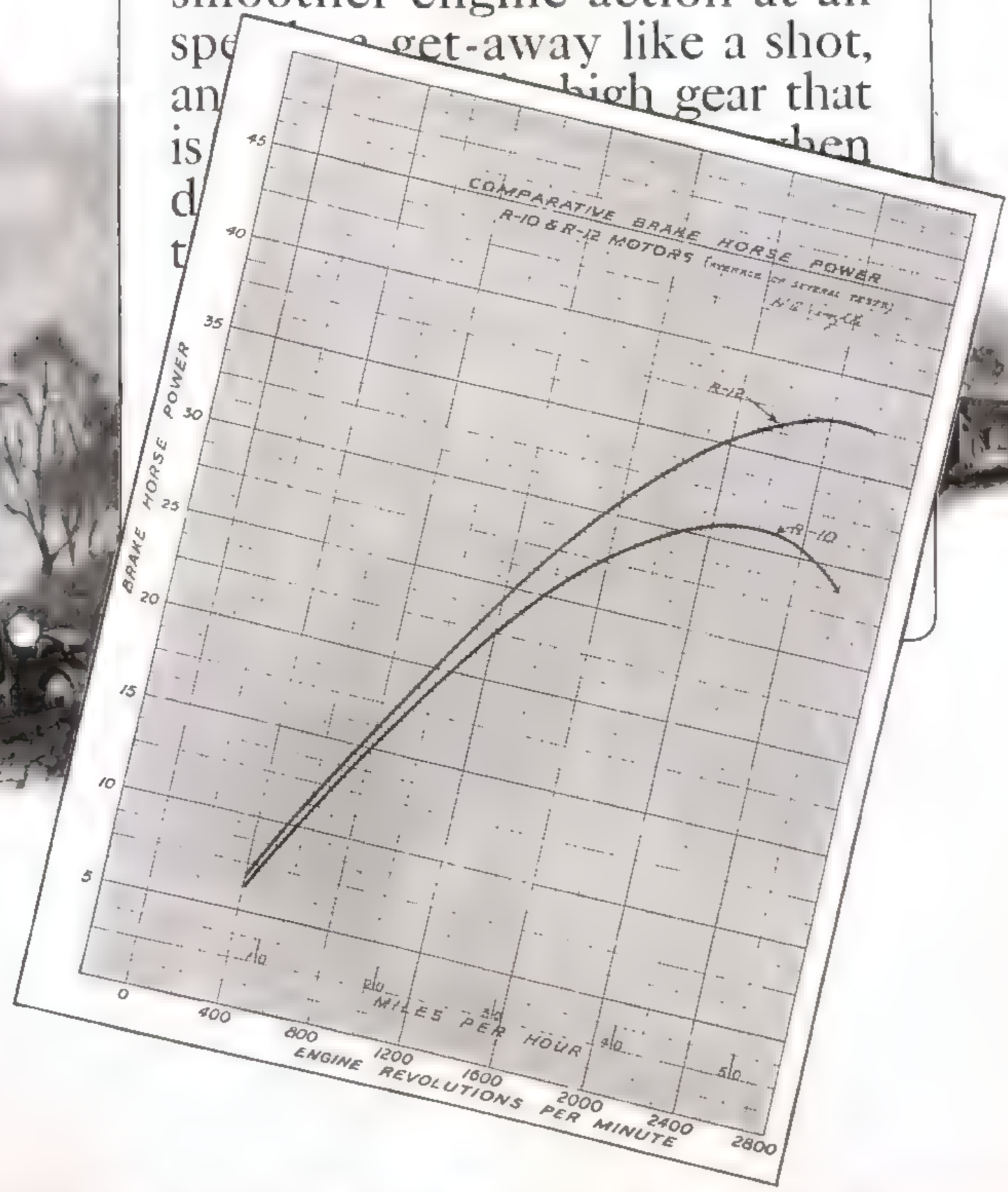
I prided myself on selecting for my girls gowns of such modish refinement as would allow them if necessary to walk from the stage into any drawing-room. My decorations were also selected with an infinite attention to taste and to detail. In fact, musical comedy lost its commonplace atmosphere, and through the joint efforts of my associates

(Continued on Page 32)

The New
Hupmobile

MUCH greater power accounts for the magnificently improved performance of the new Hupmobile.

Not only greater speed, but smoother engine action at all spe… get-away like a shot, an… high gear that is… …hen d… t…



The power curve chart reproduced above represents a very close approach to the engineering ideal in the development of power by an automobile engine.

You will note that the upper curve—which records not one test, but the average of a number of tests with the new Hupmobile—shows a steady increase in power up to a speed of 50 miles per hour.

Moreover, this maximum power is sustained, as the curve shows, over a range from about 2300 engine revolutions per minute to about 2600 revolutions per minute.

The upper curve means a more complete elimination of vibration and other physical forces which tend to interfere with full and free power development.

A heavier counter-balanced crankshaft, larger bearings, lighter pistons and connecting rods—these are some of the engineering refinements which make it possible for the new Hupmobile to develop its greater power so easily and so smoothly.

Never before have we built such an engine. Never before has any Hupmobile—fine as they all have been—given its owners such splendid results in all the performance-abilities which make or mar the owner's satisfaction.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 30

and myself it was raised from the ranks into the realm of a different and better form of entertainment.

Another thing of which I am justly proud is that Jerome D Kern's first score, Nobody Home, was our opening production. This was followed by Very Good, Eddie, and Love o' Mike, which in turn established a series of successes for which Kern was musically responsible.

Myron T. Herrick, United States Ambassador to France

We had put a certain deserted theater upon the map, we had introduced a novelty and had popularized a composer. We had brought Guy Bolton, P. G. Wodehouse and Philip Bartholomae together in our librettos. We had proved that a small, intimate, clean musical comedy, devoid of all vulgarity and coarseness, could be made financially successful.

After a few seasons, satisfied with my experiment, I quit, and thereafter refrained from making any further productions. There were several reasons at the time which determined my choice of the material with which I was identified. Plays were then being so well done that I did not feel that I could improve upon them, whereas there were many new ideas to be infused into the lighter form of amusement. I felt an impulse to contribute these ideas. Another influence to which I yielded was that I thought I might possibly do something towards improving the status of the chorus girls. I had good reason to believe that very little consideration was given them, so I determined to become their friend as well as their manager.

I did not wait for the Equity Association to see that they were paid fair salaries, that they were compensated for rehearsals, and that they were treated as human beings. With me they were never called chorus girls, but small-part members of our cast. I inspired each and every one with pride in her work, no matter how meager her opportunity.

These young impressionable girls are most of them chameleons. They are too often reflections of the atmosphere around them. Let this be one of refinement, and they will quickly respond to it. Their hearts are young as well as their faces. They should be given the freedom of choice as to what their lives are to be. They have more claim upon the chivalry of men than those of higher social position who are perforce better sheltered and protected. Their work is hard. They should find joy and happiness and understanding in it. They are not of a coarse fiber; on the contrary, they are incipient artists, with all the sensitiveness which that implies. They are just girls, if you will, but believe me that the majority of them are, first and foremost, human beings with arms outstretched to the sunlight and with souls looking heavenward for that something better which we all want to find.

Physical Comforts for Players

THE men employed by us in the direction soon had to accept the fact that I would stand no bullying, no coercion, no swearing and no blackmailing. No girl would be held up so as to assure her advancement in the company. No personal equation would be introduced to terrorize her. The chief regret I felt in ceasing to produce was that I thus resigned my opportunity of helping those in the profession who might benefit through my understanding of their needs. I had an infinitely larger field for studying the human equation when a total of fifty or sixty were being employed than I could ever have had with the average number making up a dramatic cast.

It was all a most interesting and educational experience. To produce a play after a musical comedy is an easy task. The one is simple, the other is involved. The detail necessitated through the combination of costumes, scenery, orchestra, book and lyrics, the staging of the numbers, the inventing of the dances, the experiments with the lighting; in fact, the many angles, each one of which must be carefully worked out before there can be any semblance of unity, are complex beyond belief.

Rehearsals are many and exhausting. Prior to the opening it is not unusual to call them day and night, and it is no uncommon thing to have them last from seven in the evening until eight on the following morning.

In this connection let me say that another thing I insisted upon was that hot bouillon, coffee and sandwiches should be provided for the members of the staff, company and stage hands, when these long hours engendered all this physical strain and fatigue. I was dealing with human beings and not with machines. All the men and women we employed were entities and equals. If this spirit had always prevailed in our theaters there would never have been any need of the Equity or Fidelity association and much of the present friction would never have existed.

A great deal of misapprehension has been formulated regarding the immorality of the stage. This popular conception is exaggerated and absurd, for the average of respectability and decency in the ranks of the profession is high, and I do not hesitate to state would compare more than favorably with the lack of ethics condoned by modern society. There is much less license within the theater than within the drawing-room, and the manners and deportment of the average show girl would often put to shame the conduct of the débutante.

But where reform is sadly needed in our theaters is in their actual construction and in their inadequacy as regards air, hygiene and creature comforts. The dressing rooms are frequently a disgrace. Little or no attention is given to physical needs. One room with a certain pretense to luxury often is set aside for the star, while the rest of the company are treated with practically no consideration whatever. In my opinion dressing rooms without outside windows should be forbidden by law; elevators should be provided to avoid the eternal and fatiguing climbing of stairs. Showers and well-ventilated toilets should be insisted upon. A proper rest room attractively furnished should be accessible to the company.

In fact, though I have never had any ambition to build a theater for the sake of art, I have been sorely tempted to do so in the name of health, and I firmly believe that a building of this kind, constructed under the personal supervision of sanitary authority, would be a godsend to the community. We have had enough theaters financed by the impersonal millionaires. We have had enough movements started in the name of art. What we do want is a man of vision and of knowledge who will build a theater in the name of humanity, who will direct it with a due recognition of the ethical and physical requirements of the men and women who are to work within its walls, who will regard those he employs as members of one great family, and who will take into consideration the fact that the artists who perform on the stage carry their sensitiveness with them off the stage, that the gifts which they lavish so generously before the public spring from the identical elements of character and of temperament which should therefore be nurtured and not crucified.

Gilding in the decoration, marble columns supporting the proscenium, excessive luxury in the auditorium might all be profitably exchanged for a wider and more intelligent recognition of the just requirements of those who are prodigally pouring out their best on the other side of the footlights.

Business began to weigh heavily upon my shoulders. I had through success encouraged many competitors. Agents sprang up like mushrooms. Many who were seeking clients went about literally with their offices in their hats; nevertheless, there were a few who were serious rivals. I was single-handed to all intent, so when it was proposed to me that I should join forces with a few others in establishing a general agency I was very glad to accept the suggestion. After many weeks of meetings with lawyers and after many debates as to the best way in which we could operate, the American Play Company became established as an active organization, and to it I turned over my then existing business.

That I was to have my desk in the new headquarters was understood. My name was retained as vice president of the company, but when I went abroad in the early spring of 1914 I went with a sense of freedom, facing the first real holiday I had known in many years. Little did I anticipate how long my detachment from active business was to be. Little did I realize that we were on the verge of a catastrophe such as the world had never seen. Little did I think that months and even years would elapse before I should again do desk work.

That I was in the mood of shifting my responsibilities after the long period of persistent effort was only natural. The conditions in the theatrical business were changing day by day. The older managers were being driven to the wall by those younger who had come upon the scene. Everything was growing. Men who until then had enjoyed a monopoly of power were struggling to maintain their prestige.

No one more disturbed the old order of things than did three brothers who drifted to New York City from upstate. They were mere striplings, dark haired, dark eyed and determined. These lads, whom I knew from the outset, were Lee, Sam and Jake Shubert.

The Vicious Circle of Extravagance

THEIR first enterprise of importance was the leasing of the Herald Square Theater. I knew that they would go far, for each in his own way possessed qualities which pointed to success. Lee Shubert, like Charles Frohman, had his early education been different, had he had any substantial background or any helpful direction, might have drifted into Wall Street, there to become a power.

The larger profits are made through the theaters themselves and not through the attractions which occupy them. The gross receipts are shared, but not always equally. The percentages to be divided vary. The theater takes few chances, and as a rule plays safe. Frequently its share is first deducted to insure the rental. The producing manager must wait for his money. Where the value of the attraction is in doubt it is not unusual for the owner or lessee of the theater to protect himself by insisting that a large deposit shall be made in advance before the opening.

Today the profits in the theatrical business are being materially reduced as the cost of operation has so perceptibly increased. Organized labor is more exacting in its demands. The musical union grows more drastic in its methods. Taxes are heavier. Heat and light have become very serious items. So far as the producers are concerned similar conditions prevail. Salaries are augmenting. Scenery, furniture and properties can no longer be suggestive of economy. They must be correct and lavish. The public insists upon the very best. Each manager vies with the other to excel. Interiors must demonstrate taste and knowledge. Costumes must set the fashion. It is not unusual to have dresses of even the extra ladies cost many hundred dollars each. It is therefore no wonder, in the face of all this, that the prices for seats have so increased. The public demands more, therefore it must pay more. Personally I can see no solution. It is a vicious circle which can be broken only by mutual consent.

Margaret Anglin in Iphigenia

Though the authors' and agents' scales of royalties and commissions have remained the same since prewar times, still it must in justice be admitted that as the gross receipts are larger than formerly, the authors and their representatives have thereby been benefited.

This whole control of theaters, though influencing the general standard, does not, happily, exclude individual managers and producers. It would be disastrous to dramatic art were such the case.

There is always room for the man who has enough money with which to introduce ideas, and probably nowhere else in the world is the theater so rich in promise and so ripe in fulfillment as today in the United States.

(Continued on Page 34)

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THE great advancements in fine car building which Buick has contributed for 1924 find fullest expression in the new six-cylinder seven-passenger Buick Sedan. New in chassis and body design, this model also provides a greater roominess and luxury thoroughly in keeping with its impressive and distinguished appearance. Its ingeniously designed auxiliary seats can at need comfortably accommodate three adults. A powerful 70 h. p. Buick valve-in-head engine imparting greater smoothness, speed and flexibility and proved Buick four-wheel brakes, assuring the greater safety of instant car control, are among its outstanding mechanical features.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

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Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

(Continued from Page 32

Such men as Winthrop Ames, Sam Harris, those heading the Theater Guild, Arthur Hopkins, Edgar Selwyn, Gilbert Miller—not to speak of their many able associates would deserve high recognition in any country. Young talent in our theater is developing rapidly, while we can still feel proud of such older artists as Margaret Anglin, who stands preëminent in her profession, Minnie Maddern Fiske, that peerless comedienne, Julia Arthur with a voice of liquid gold, and Mrs. Leslie Carter, whose recent return to the stage was a dramatic triumph. A rare galaxy of stars indeed, yet these are only a few who are entitled to our admiration and indorsement.

And now a last word to those pessimists who always look to Europe for their inspiration while eternally chanting a solemn requiem over the products of their native land

Let them study our own theater with an open mind. Let them keep for a while this foreign miasma from their brain. Let them realize that a nation must create its own expression, that it must produce what is indigenous to its soil, that though it may be a faithful student it must not become a servile imitator, that its dramatic art should be the spontaneous reflection of its people, its customs and its tastes. Let them remember that the exotic in our midst is caviar and should never be substituted for the health-giving foodstuffs which grow in our own fields of grain.

A Brilliant Lawn Fete

IN THE early summer of 1913 we gave a fête at the Villa Trianon which was long remembered for its beauty and originality. The combined taste and imagination of Elsie de Wolfe and of Comte Boni de Castellane, who has since succeeded his father to the title of Marquis, produced a result which was most charming. There were covers set for forty at small tables upon the lawn. Rows of tiny lights marked the flower beds. Garlands of electric bulbs dripped from the trees. Festoons of roses hung from the roof covering the terrace. The fountains played, illuminated by the variety of colored lights. The paths from the villa to the Pavillion of Music led past sweetly odorous shrubs. Concealed were wind instruments which at intervals gave the signals so familiar to huntsmen, the notes resonant at first, then slowly dying until lost in the whisper of the wind. At the foot of the rose garden was the best orchestra to be engaged in Paris.

Fortunately the night was perfect. The stars were shining, the silver moon peeping through the branches, and the air soft and caressing. No conditions could have been more perfect for an entertainment of the kind. The guests who dined were all distinguished—the choice, one might say, of the diplomatic corps and of the real aristocracy of that Europe so soon to be dismembered. Looking back I can see not only our own ambassador, genial and gentle Myron T. Herrick, but the official representatives of Great Britain, Greece, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Germany, Austria, Turkey and Russia. The lions and the lambs were to eat together! Two or three monarchs in the making, one of whom was subsequently assassinated, lent an emphasis to the atmosphere of the occasion.

After the dinner there was a carefully selected program of music composed of the chansons of the eighteenth century. These were interpreted by gifted members of the grand opera. About forty more guests had been invited to the concert—owners of neighboring chateaux and American friends who had come over for the season.

As my crystal ball reflects the passing figures of this brilliant group, I see creeping across the corner a dark shadow which slowly but surely was almost to efface this memory of wit, gayety and laughter, for even then there was a strange and sinister vibration in the air which made conversation pause and which forced optimism to hesitate.

None dared to formulate the dread that was in the mind while the cymbals of a false mirth clashed the louder, while dancing became an orgy, while extravagance was rampant and while debauchery and sensuous indulgence were the order of the day and night

The whole world was mad!

The Magic City was crammed to the doors, while the churches were deserted and empty. A great lady would pay five francs, to find as her partner her friend's footman, who had to hurry home to serve a dinner at which she herself was to be present.

The Comtesse Grefuhl, that eternally beautiful and distinguished leader in Parisian society, was giving receptions which served as a meeting ground for those whose hands held the fate of Europe. Statesmen, politicians, historians gathered in her salons to discuss the possibilities and to determine the potentialities. It was kaleidoscopic and thrilling. Unconsciously one was swept along, afraid to think and dreading to prophesy. In every serious soul the tocsin of fear was ringing, in every mind the shadow of terror was lengthening.

The mills of the gods were grinding slowly but surely until that day when humanity was to be crushed between the stones. In June, 1914, came the first rumble, followed by the universal query: "What will happen?" yet the work of the world moved on in superficial normalcy.

Toward the end of July, Anne Morgan and I went to do our annual cure in Brides-les-Bains, a little village in Savoie, a few miles from the border of Italy and a short distance from the Col du Petit Saint Bernard, which leads to Aosta. We had motored down as usual, and as we neared our destination, in the neighborhood of Albertville and Moutiers we had met, tramping along the roads, contingents from the Alpine regiments. We naturally imagined that they were training for the autumn maneuvers; the only thing that seemed to us unusual was the fact that they carried equipment, which as a rule signified the exigencies of war.

We had been in Brides but a few days when the news from Paris became very disturbing. We followed the march of international diplomacy, which was making every effort to avert the catastrophe. Our confidence in the skill of Sir Edward Grey was boundless. Most of us believed that he would triumph. We, like many others, thought that war was impossible.

Miss de Wolfe, who had been in Baden, was coming through Chambéry en route to Spain, where she intended passing the time while we made our cure. We motored over to dine with her, and even then, on the first day of August, dismissed the possibility of any very serious cataclysm. As we wished her a pleasant journey how little did we imagine that before we three met again we should all have passed through days of anxiety and of frightening preliminaries.

On the fourth of August we were sitting in the courtyard before the little hotel, sipping our coffee, when suddenly we heard a clatter in the street above, and distinguished the voice of a crier who was rushing from village to village announcing "War is declared! War is declared!"

For several seconds our hearts seemed to have stopped beating. The silence was like that of Nature before a great storm. We dared not break it even by comment.

Then the bells of the village church began to toll. This was the cry to arms, which the inhabitants had not heard since 1870. The older folk remembered it. The past became their present. Grimly they climbed back to their huts hanging upon the mountainside. None were so ignorant as not to ask themselves the question which was to decide their local problem: "Will Italy be an ally of Germany and Austria?" As the peasants looked eastward the Italian snow peaks seemed hideously near, and the mountain passes ominously direct. My first preoccupation was the thought of my friend Miss de Wolfe. How far had she gone on her way? With her were her maid and her two Pekingese dogs. The chauffeur was French. His military papers were in his pocket.

Early Days of the War

AS I HAD mapped out her route I knew the name of every hotel where she would most likely stop, so I began sending telegrams of inquiry, but all to no purpose. The lines were so overcrowded that practically no private messages were transmitted. They were accepted without responsibility on the part of the operators.

Finally, after days of apprehension, an answer came from the patron of the hotel at Perpignan, who wired that a lady, maid and two dogs had left to cross into Spain, and that all seemed well with her. This message was most reassuring and was ultimately confirmed by Miss de Wolfe in a letter written from Barcelona.

It seemed that her chauffeur said that if she were willing to start at dawn and allow him to drive rapidly he would take the car across the frontier, where she could find some Spaniard who would conduct her to her destination. He could then take the express back into France and be in time to report for duty. This plan worked out admirably, so that Miss de Wolfe experienced no discomfiture until we met once more in Biarritz, facing together the inexorable fact.

In little Brides events were shaping. The mobilization went on day by day, the troops were moving as fast as possible. All passenger trains were stopped. For three weeks we were marooned. We were literally without money, for our funds had been exhausted and we were unable to get even a few hundred francs from the Paris bank. A sad predicament for a member of the house of Morgan! The supplies in the hotel ran low. No more meat, no more bread. A few vegetables, salads and potatoes became our staple diet.

Nothing mattered, however, but the one absorption. Every official communiqué was posted at the entrance of the bath establishment. What was announced one day was denied the next. These first bulletins were most carefully edited by the government. The people then, as in 1870, must be told only as much or as little of the truth as was deemed politically advisable.

The opening act of the drama brought the company together, without any comprehension of the lines they were to speak, of the plot which they were to unravel or of the incidents in which they were to be involved. The theater of human marionettes had flung open its doors. The band played the Marseillaise. The word "glory" was blazoned in electric lights while the peasants were driven like sheep to the shambles, while the womenfolk wept as they saw their mules requisitioned, while the sobbing babies clasped their mothers' knees, while the dread of the future hung over them like a pall "*Pour la patrie*" was a phrase, whereas suffering was an actuality.

Here and there was found the spirit which stood behind the poilus, the spirit of self-sacrifice and of supreme courage which has ever been the inheritance of France. I can vividly recall one scene. We were sitting in

(Continued on Page 117

The Music Room, Villa Trianon, Versailles

The First Western Migration

WHEN the Revolution was over, pioneers blazed their way across the Appalachians into Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio, in search of a better livelihood.

They brought with them, to conquer the wilderness, a cow or two each, half a dozen pigs, some sheep, perhaps; an ox, a horse, a dog; a rifle, axe, knife; courage and a love of adventure.

Next came the storekeeper. Settlements began to appear. Towns grew. Rough roads were beaten out. Boats went nosing up and down the rivers.

At first the pioneers cured their meats crudely for their own needs. Then, in the towns, they traded their surplus for merchandise.

This method was soon outgrown. Small packing plants sprang up at various points to absorb the farmers' extra live stock, and supply the people with their meats.

Some of these points had natural advantages over the others—notably Cincinnati. Here two rivers met. Roads reached out into the back country in every direction, enabling the farmer to bring in live stock easily. More and more packing plants sprang up there. Soon it became the pork center of the country—the first one—shipping to New Orleans, the East, even Europe.

The meat was "packed" in brine or pickle. Salt beef and salt pork were the staple meats.

* * *

The history of Cincinnati is the history of all pork packing centers that have developed since then. Each was the product of its environment; of the need for making the increasing production of live animals available as meat to distant consumers.

In this service Swift & Company now has twenty-three packing plants located in live stock areas. Products of these plants are prepared under the most sanitary conditions and government inspectors carefully inspect all meats. New methods, notably refrigeration, make possible the saving of meats once wasted and the complete utilization of all by-products which then had no value.

Salt beef and salt pork have been supplemented by choice fresh meats and delicately cured meats such as Premium Hams and Premium Bacon.

Thousands of refrigerator cars carry this meat and hundreds of refrigerated branch houses make it available to consumers everywhere at all times.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders

Swift & Company's profit from all sources for this service averages only a fraction of a cent per pound

Acknowledgment

Swift & Company is indebted to Mr. Rudolf A. Clemen for permission to use historical data from his book, "The American Live Stock and Meat Industry"

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STABILIZED BOOTLEGGING

By an Anonymous Bootlegger

I AM a retail bootlegger in New York City. I've been bootlegging for more than two years. In that time I've had a fling at all ends of the game, but I've settled down to safe and sane retailing. I'm making no millions. It brings me in from $100 to $200 a week, more nearly the lower figure for a long time now. I buy my stuff from a man who stands right. I sell it to some 125 business and professional men whose names, addresses, telephone numbers and good will are my sole assets.

I run no risks. Buying it where I do pretty nearly takes care of that, but I play still safer. When I get an order I telephone it to my wholesaler. Inside of half an hour his agent drives up in front of the building in a taxi. All I do is carry the hooch inside to my customer, collect the money, pay the agent and pocket my edge. It runs about $5 a case in case lots now. A year ago it was $10 to $15 a case.

I haven't even any money tied up in stock. If there's a kick coming to me at all it's the monotony of it. I got into the game in 1921 as much for the excitement as the easy money; or so I tell myself, anyway. If I wanted it badly enough I still could locate the excitement without a search warrant, I suppose, but not in my end of the industry. It's about as hectic as selling jelly beans in the five-and-ten stores.

I'm a New Yorker, "born and bred in Brooklyn," as the song goes, and like most New Yorkers, that's about all I know. Outside of some rum-running trips from Quebec, a couple of times in Washington, Atlantic City, and the Post Road to Boston, I have to take the word of Rand-McNally for the rest of the country. We hear what is going on in the provinces, and we get it straight, no doubt, but in this account I intend to stick to what I know at first hand. That's the big town and how it gets it.

In New York City Scotch whisky is the leader of the bootleg trade. Standard brands of Scotch, uncut and undoctored, in the original package as it comes from the British distilleries, is selling, as I write in early October, for $58 to $62 a case delivered at your home, office, or write your own ticket if it's in taxicab range. This is less than half what poor and watered Scotch has brought at times since prohibition; it is only about twice the pre-Volstead price, and it is half, they tell me, what the same grade is bringing in a city like Detroit, a ferry ride from Canada. That's what organization has done for us. But let me copper that brag. Our little playhouse has been upset on us before, and something may kick the slats out of it again before this gets into print.

The Two Main Spigots

THE whisky is shipped by steamer from British ports to a point offshore. There it may be transferred to a ship on station in the rum fleet, or sold direct from the steamer that transported it. Fishing craft and fast power boats bring the stuff ashore. Just now the two big ports of entry are two villages, one on Great South Bay, Long Island, the other in Jersey, on Raritan Bay, inside the shelter of Sandy Hook. So big a share of the city's supply comes through these two spigots that—well, if the dry agents should come down on both villages at the same time, the price of Scotch would double at one jump, and the stuff would be scarce until a new hole could be found in the dike. For precious little of it is stored in the city these days.

We used to hive it up to wait for the $20 rise that came around Christmas, but stored liquor eats itself up in overhead and graft charges, if it doesn't get seized outright.

From Raritan and Great South bays trucks and high-powered passenger cars deliver it into the city as it is needed. It is largely a day-to-day, hand-to-mouth supply, any surplus being buried in the salt marshes or sunk in the inlets. Now and then a storm washes a few cases adrift and Coney Island or South Beach bathers get a windfall.

Out at Rum Row the Scotch sells for $35 a case in small lots, and as low as $28 in quantities. I, you or the prohibition commissioner can buy it there. The only question Rum Row asks is "Where's the jack?" If you have your own boat you can put it ashore yourself. If not, you can hire it done. There are plenty of fishing boats about whose nets haven't been wet in weeks. They will land it for you at a charge of $2.50 or $3 a case, you to take all risks. Or if you want to spend more and risk less you can buy your supply from the fishing boats at $38 to $45 a case laid down on the wharves. That is what I used to do, and got my stuff for about $8 a case less than I'm paying now.

Neither Great South Bay nor Raritan is more than a Saturday-afternoon excursion from town, but the roads are full of bumps for bootleggers, and the smaller the bootlegger the more the bumps. Experience taught me that the $8 bonus I give my wholesaler is the best buy in the business.

There are more deputy sheriffs to the square mile on Long Island than there are marks to the dollar. Every other male inhabitant, I take it, is an honorary deputy. It must be some sort of social distinction. An honorary deputy has nothing to do and gets nothing for doing it, as I gather, but his badge is just as shiny as a professional's. The way to get a good ride to the city line, I learned, was to hire one of these deputies who was a "friendly" to travel with you.

Coming from Long Island or Jersey into Manhattan there are either bridges or ferries to cross, and both swarm with cops, in uniform and out. They are there for a lot of reasons having no connection with the enforcing of the Volstead Act, such as directing traffic, watching for stolen cars, and closing the net on strong-arm gangs after a bank or pay-roll stick-up, but in their idle moments they have a fine eye for contraband liquor.

Like all the rest of you, the police have a wild-eyed idea of a bootlegger's profits. When they stop your car and find the goods on you some of them have a way of doing a rough sum in mental arithmetic as to the retail value of your cargo, and demanding a fifty-fifty split. It would be cheaper to make them a present of the stuff.

Quick Turnovers and Mass Production

ONCE your liquor is across the bridge or the ferry you still have it on your hands and a gantlet of cops and dry agents, crooked and honest, still to run at every delivery. You have an expensive car, always liable to confiscation, to keep up. You are out your time and trouble. That's why $53 whisky looks cheaper to me laid down in a taxi at my customer's door than the same stuff at $45 at a Long Island fishing wharf. I still remember one trip in from Great South Bay in which I was shaken down three times before I ever picked up the sky line of lower Manhattan, and then fell into the arms of a bull who took my car, cargo and all.

It isn't necessary to take this bleeding lying down. Before any money changes hands a badge has to be shown. Every badge carries a number, and a glance tells that. To refresh our memories, as the lawyers say, we look up at headquarters the names the numbers belong to, and jot them down in a notebook with the time, place and amount. Reference to these data has been known to have a soothing effect on feverish fingers.

There is one big operator, who boasts that he never has put out a dime other than by check. The checks are made out to "Cash," to be sure, but they carry an indorsement when they come back from the bank, although a friendly restaurant man or such sometimes can be persuaded to do the indorsing. An interesting and valuable collection of signatures, those!

That's the bootlegging layout in the fall of 1923, the fifth phase since 1920. First the stuff came from the bonded warehouses by fraud, a winter of flavored alcohol followed, then it rolled down from Canada, next from the Bahamas, and now from Great Britain. Washington dried up the bonded warehouses, greed and winter killed the Canadian trade, greed alone did for the Bahamas.

It remains to be seen whether our present happy home is greed-proof.

This is not to say that some whisky does not leak out of a bonded warehouse illegally even now, or that the Canadian and Bahama springs have gone dry altogether, or that moonshine and synthetic hooch never touch true New York lips. I am talking about the bulk of the trade.

Greed all but killed horse racing in this country a few years back. It has put the prize ring and wrestling close to the skids more than once. It did for open gambling and the lottery a long time ago. It always is reaching out for baseball. More than anything else, it made the saloon what it was and brought on prohibition. And not so long ago it didn't come far from enforcing prohibition.

It's agreed, I guess, that it takes a considerable majority of public sentiment to enforce a law like Volstead's. That's what is lacking in New York City, but early in 1923 it began to look as if the bootleggers would present the drys with all the votes and sentiment they needed.

By June of last summer my customers had about quit drinking, and that went for the run of New Yorkers. It was no change of heart that put them on the wagon. They were afraid of the stuff, and they were sore at the traffic. The wealth we were supposed to be rolling in didn't set any too well with the folks who were paying the bill. On top of this green-eyed envy was heaped a red-eyed wrath at being gypped and poisoned. The average New Yorker was in the mood to stop his state assemblyman and his district leader, and to write to his congressman, demanding to know how long they were going to let these blankety-blank bootleggers get away with murder. And let me tell you that when enough voters do that the law will be well on the road to being lived up to.

The bird that lays the golden eggs was a sick goose. She didn't die for two reasons: First, it wasn't conscience that was bothering the public, but soreness at a raw deal; second, because the big money in the traffic saw what was happening, got wise to themselves, and switched the deal. The public forgot its wrongs, once tolerably honest whisky at a fair price began to flow into town again.

There was one way of making sure of getting that kind of whisky. That was to go direct to the British distilleries and deliver it to the three-mile limit in personally conducted excursions. The distillers were jolly well willing to sell their refreshments, but they had just as much faith in a bootlegger as you might expect a distiller to have. In their bluff British way they asked to see the color of the Yankee money in advance. So the syndicate opened a sizable account with a big London bank against which the distillers now are drawing weekly. In return they deliver their standard brands to the Liverpool docks. There it is loaded into syndicate owned or chartered steamers, as many as 20,000 cases to a cargo, and shipped direct with a syndicate supercargo aboard to see that there is no monkeying with the freight, and that the proceeds get back to the right destination. New York headquarters always has the cargo booked in advance. There's no waiting, no delay. Quick turnover, small profits, and mass production, all according to the latest textbooks of the business doctors.

When I say "syndicate" I am talking about one big group that dominates the traffic in New York—politicians, race-track gamblers and ex-liquor dealers mostly, who know the habits and habitats of the consumers, what politicians to reach, what lawyers to retain; all old and wise in crooked paths.

I'm a small potato pretty well down in the heap, and I don't pretend that they whisper all their secrets in my ears. There may be a lot I don't know about them, but there is more that I do. This crowd has come into the game fairly recently. I don't mean to say that they may not have dabbled in bootlegging from the first, but my guess is that it looked like a piker layout to them to begin with. But they can hear the crackle of a fresh $1000 note as far as a bird can the wiggle of a worm in a hole, and when they did get their eyes open to the harvest awaiting gents of their resource, and that a bunch of selling platers were taking all the purses, they moved.

Clean-Up on the East Side

THERE always will be a laugh for me in the way the wise boys guessed wrong so long. Prohibition was a joke to them until it came. Couldn't happen. When it did it staggered them so that they believed it would be enforced; lived up to, that is, closely enough to make bootlegging a petty-larceny graft. All the old liquor crowd that had enough put by to live on closed up and quit. Those who had nothing in the old sock hung on in the hope of ham and eggs, with a chance of a change in the law after a time.

It was the first and second generation foreigner of the lower East Side and other tenement districts who blazed the bootleg trail and made the early clean-ups. They don't know much, and care less, about American law down there anyway. The demand for liquor went on as usual, and there were plenty to supply it. It didn't take your Ellis Island graduate long to learn that the demand wasn't confined to his own neighborhoods, so he began to supply other localities too.

The bootleg curb opened with rye and bourbon selling at $75 to $80 a case at retail, and Scotch quoted at $125 or higher, and little to be had at any price. Only a few weeks before, in the last days before the law took effect, big firms had offered the best of Scotches for as little as $16 a case. There was a bargain ticket on every bottle in town. Some cellars were stocked, but our drinking classes, in general, let the other fellow do their worrying. They have paid him well for his worry.

The pioneer bootlegger found at once that he couldn't find, imitate or otherwise produce enough rye, bourbon or Scotch to begin to meet the demand. The only large stocks of Scotch were outside the country, but in bonded warehouses scattered around the land was a good many years' supply of native rye and bourbon. Under the law this and other spirits could be withdrawn for commercial and medical uses, but the withdrawer had to be a wholesale druggist or a manufacturer using alcohol in the compounding of his product.

Any bright little boy or girl can tell you why there was a sudden boom in the wholesale drug and manufacturing

(Continued on Page 65)

FISHER BODIES

BODY by FISHER

That Fisher products richly deserve their reputation of being the finest and most beautiful examples of coachwork is quickly proven by the examination of any motor car body which bears the emblem—Body by Fisher.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

The Groom of the Chambers

By DORNFORD YATES

WILLOUGHBY GRAY BAGOT, gentleman, sat back in his chair. From where he was he could look conveniently out of the broad windows, across the shadowy lawns, and on to the stately timber of the sheltered park. He did so thoughtfully, tapping his teeth with his pen. Presently he frowned and, leaning forward, set a sheet of note paper before him and proceeded to write:

Dear Sirs: I believe your advice to be good. I will therefore accept Mr. Harp's offer and sell him Chancery—park, residence and furniture, as it stands—for forty-five thousand pounds, on one condition.

The condition is this: The purchaser shall take into his service an individual whom I will indicate, to perform the duties of groom of the chambers at Chancery, at a wage of fifty pounds a year. This man shall receive no board, but shall be permitted to occupy the lodge at the west gate of the park, rent free. So long as he behaves himself and faithfully discharges his office, Mr. Harp shall retain him in his service.

I appreciate that this is an unusual request, but the man knows the house and its contents as I know them myself, and is deeply attached to them. The service he will give will be worth having. Yours faithfully,

WILLOUGHBY GRAY BAGOT.

Messrs. Matthew & Scarlet,
Solicitors.
Sergeant's Inn,
London, E. C.

Bagot read over his letter with tightened lips. Then he copied it carefully and, slipping the original into an envelope, sealed, stamped and addressed this forthwith. As he turned it about, the crest on the back caught his eye—a rose in a mailed fist. For a moment he stared at it; then he turned and glanced at the same emblem cut in the stone of the aged mantelpiece. Presently he sighed.

"*Sic transit,*" he said shortly and, clapping a hat on his head, rose and passed out of the room.

It was true. The glory was passing. Very soon it would have passed. There had been a Gray Bagot at Chancery since Harry Plantagenet's day. In fact, that terrible king had given a Bagot the estate in return for valor. That it was not his to give is beside the point. Men took what they could get in those days, as they do now. And now Mr. Albert Harp was taking Chancery.

Like the original Bagot, Mr. Harp owed his good fortune to his prowess in time of war. But though Gray Bagot had won Chancery at the cost of an eye, an arm and a slash on the thigh which only the bone stopped, Mr. Harp's succession was due to a judicious administration of his business, which was that of a purveyor of pork. *Sic transit.*

Willoughby had done what he could. But when he came back from the war things were in evil case. A cold rain of demands beat upon his diminished income; the stream of outgoings was like to burst its banks; over all, the cloud of a heavy mortgage, once no bigger than a man's hand, was blotting out the heaven. Of his passionate love for Chancery, Willoughby took his capital and gambled upon the exchange. The franc was bound to appreciate.

Mr. Harp's offer was a bad one, as offers go. Chancery was a show place. Charles I had stayed there, and Cromwell too. The latter had crossed the body of a Gray Bagot to gain admittance. Some of Chancery's furniture had stood in the same corners for more than three hundred years. The library had been collected by a Bagot in the reign of Queen Anne.

Mr. Harp's offer was absurd. Still, offers were hard to come by nowadays. Mr. Harp's was the first that had been made in seven months.

When all that had to be paid had been discharged, of the forty-five thousand there would remain five thousand pounds. This, safely invested, would bring in two hundred a year, and a man could live on that—even one who had been a captain in His Majesty's Household Brigade.

Sic transit.

Willoughby posted his letter and then walked round the park and in by the western gate. He passed about the lodge, marking its bulwarks. After a final look he turned slowly away.

"What a thought!" he said. "Two hundred and fifty a year and rent free. If it comes off, I shall be on panne velvet."

Two months had gone by, and Mr. and Mrs. Harp were beginning to grow accustomed to the thrilling reflection that Chancery was theirs. Their possession of the place was peaceful, their enjoyment of it quiet. But their unconcealed delight in their acquisition was almost childish. For days together they never went outside the gates. After a week or two of private revelry in their surroundings they pressed invitations upon a pack of friends and relatives, whose company they did not desire, because their pride of ownership simply had to be served. This was clamoring for the meat and drink of stares and ejaculations and bated breath. Their precious toy had to be admired. As for the groom of the chambers, not to advertise their employment of such a paragon would have been tantamount to suppressing the Koh-i-noor. He was the light of their eyes.

They had, of course, no idea that John Worcester, tall, quiet, respectful, constantly about the reception rooms, dusting, ordering, cleaning, polishing this old bureau, rehanging that picture, was Willoughby Gray Bagot. There was no reason why they should have perceived the masquerade. They certainly recognized that Worcester was no ordinary servant; but the mystery stifled curiosity, as mysteries may. One never could tell. Revelation might cost them his service, and—the best was good enough for them. They had never set eyes upon the vender before the sale, and Willoughby had spread it abroad that he was bound for New Zealand. At the lodge he lived quietly enough, his only servant being an old groom who kept his own counsel. In the village, two miles away, he had been scarcely known by sight. Such letters as he received went first to a bank, where they were redirected to Mr. Worcester. Captain Bagot had covered his tracks.

It must be admitted that the Harps' estimate was just. Willoughby gave their home a care which money cannot buy and themselves a service which they had never dreamed of. He was the last word. So far as the other servants were concerned, Mr. Worcester and all his works were naturally regarded with a profound disgust. This was not expressed, mainly because the staff profited so handsomely by his labor. But the scorn and indignation which his faithful maintenance of the reception rooms provoked were largely responsible for the concord which ruled the servants' hall.

It was, indeed, as much the unpleasant personality of the butler as the virtues of the groom of the chambers that in June determined his patrons to attempt an important change. In a few days their guests would arrive. If only they could induce Worcester to take the butler's place they would be spared the humiliation of being treated like dirt before their visitors, while their star servitor, instead of flitting into the background, would be agreeably conspicuous.

They approached him delicately, without success. The groom of the chambers was respectful, but resolute. He declined the offer gently, but definitely and without hesitation. Then he excused himself and withdrew to continue his revision of the library's catalogue.

As the door closed, "'Ell!" said Mr. Harp, subjecting his nose to violence.

"Me too," said his wife miserably. "I'd set me 'eart on that, I 'ad. 'E'd look so lovely in a dress soot too. An' now ——"

A fat tear of disappointment made its appearance and, after poising for an instant upon the brow of her cheek, fell heavily into the broad valley of her lap. Mr. Harp rose to the occasion and crossed to her side.

"There, there, me dear," he said kindly, "don' take on. We can't 'ave everything. Bowler's very tryin', in course, but ——"

"I 'ate the brute," sobbed his wife. "Anyone would. Nasty, 'ulking wretch. Laughin' and sneerin' at us 'cos we ain't gentry; and takin' our money and food 'and over fist. An' hall the rest as bad, and that impudent no one would never believe. An' the honly one wot is hones' and respec'ful, as good as in 'idin'—goes out o' the room when we comes in, comes in when we goes out—'ides. It's too crool, 'Arp, and that's the truth. Worcester's a walkin' treat. 'E puts a thousan' pound on the 'ouse easy. An' 'alf the blighters comin' 'll never know 'e's 'ere."

"I'll see they know," said Mr. Harp violently. "I'll fix that. Besides, they'll 'appen acrost 'im in the course of 'is dooties—boun' to."

"'S not the same," cried his wife. "You know it ain't. We're buryin' a talent, we are. Other folk 'as fine 'ouses, but there ain't a mansion in London wot's got a servant like 'im. 'E tones the whole show up. We ain't stylish, and as for Bowler and the rest of them rotten sneaks, they'd let a doss 'ouse down; but Worcester's a peach—an' we're buryin' 'im."

Her husband stamped to the window and regarded his smiling acres with a dismal stare. Mrs. Harp had a knack of reciting unpleasant facts with a pitiless clarity which paralyzed consolation. Presently he took a cigar from his waistcoat pocket, and after savaging the butt, thrust his quarry reflectively between his teeth. As he felt for a match the idea flashed into his mind.

Trembling with excitement, he snatched the cigar from his lips and swung round, mouthing, "Jane, I've got it! Got it in one, I 'ave! Oh, lovely! Listen 'ere! Worcester's groom of the chambers, ain't 'e? Good! 'E shall 'ave a show as'll beat the regtime band—'e an' the 'ouse and us, the 'ole year round. 'Old me, someone! I'm that excited and wrought I can't talk straight. Listen 'ere! Chancery's a show place, ain't it? Figures in the 'istories and guides—used to be shown once. Well, we'll show it again—throw it open to visitors daily from two to four. The visitors won't worry us—I'll love to see 'em. An' Worcester 'll show 'em round!"

With a seraphic smile, Mrs. Harp got upon her feet and began to dance.

A few days later it was announced that, by the direction of the owner, Chancery, one of the most exquisite examples of a medieval manor house, had been thrown open to the public and could be visited until further notice any week day between the hours of two and four o'clock.

The four Americans passed slowly round the broad flagged walk and, turning a corner of the house, found themselves once more before the main doorway. Their tour of the apartments had lasted half an hour. One of the men took out a note case, but the girl touched his arm and shook her head.

"No, no," she whispered.

The man hesitated, pointing to the back of their guide.

"Put it away," said the girl shortly.

Her squire obeyed, staring.

Willoughby Bagot turned. The moment he always dreaded had arrived. He was about to be offered payment which he could not in decency refuse. He always gave his tips to the butler and was thought a prize fool for his pains, but his patrons could not know that.

"That is all that is shown, madam."

The two women inclined their heads.

"Thank you very much," said the elder pleasantly. "We've enjoyed it immensely."

Willoughby bowed. For a reason which they could never satisfactorily explain, the two male visitors raised their hats, and the party turned towards the car, which was glittering before the lodge, two furlongs away.

Willoughby felt very grateful. From a window he watched the quartet making their way along the avenue. He had liked them, and they had made his task easy. Besides, throughout the tour he had been used as a gentleman. The girl, especially, seemed to have understood. He was faintly surprised that she had not added her thanks to those of her—her aunt, probably.

Suddenly the former turned and came pelting back. The men, who were walking ahead, did not observe her movement. Her elderly companion proceeded more leisurely. Willoughby left the window and returned to the door. As she arrived he opened this readily.

"I think I've left my bag in one of the chambers. I fancy I put it down in the picture gallery."

Willoughby led her to the staircase and she passed up. He followed pleasedly, marking her as she went. She was tall and slight and moved with an easy grace. The slim, bare hand, resting upon the banisters, was small and firm and shapely. Its trim nails shone. Her straight back, the even poise of her head, her beautiful ankles would have delighted a sculptor. Her plain tussah dress and pert little hat suited her perfectly. As for her white silk stockings——

At the top of the staircase my lady turned to the right.

"I know my way, you see," she flashed over her shoulder.

Willoughby smiled. Her face was glowing. Its fine color and the big brown eyes, the small nose and the proud curve of the lips reminded the man of a picture he once had seen. As for her friendliness, little wonder that it entered into his soul.

The bag lay in an alcove—a little delicate business of powder blue and gold. Its beads were so fine they might have been stitches of silk. The girl picked it up and turned to the man.

"I left this here on purpose," she said quietly. "I wanted to speak to you when the others were gone. You don't remember me, but I met you in Philadelphia before the war. I had my hair down then. Why are you doing this?"

"I was staying with the Stacks," said Bagot, knitting his brows.

"That's right. In 1914. But I tell you my hair was down, so you wouldn't remember. Besides —— What are you doing here? You were in the Blues."

"That's over," said Willoughby slowly. "Now I'm in service. This was my home."

"This?"

He nodded.

"I lost my money, you see, and the place had to go. They're very nice people, luckily. They've no idea who I am, and—and it serves my turn. I live at the second lodge."

"How can you bear it?" said the girl.

(Continued on Page 48)

The [illegible] on the floor is Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. [illegible]. In the 9 x 9 foot size the price is only $13.50

"Oh, I never mind, now, if Buster does drop things on the floor"

What a relief not to have to worry about spots on the dining room rug! Nothing can stain or spot a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug. A few strokes of a damp mop and spilled things vanish from its smooth "enamel" surface with never a trace.

Wherever you want to use *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs there's an appropriate pattern at your command. In softly harmonizing colors you'll find charming designs to set off living room and dining room. Then there are dainty floral motifs for bedrooms and quite the neatest blue-and-white and brown-and-white effects you ever saw for the kitchen and bathroom.

And these sanitary rugs lie perfectly flat on the floor without fastening of any kind. They never wrinkle or turn up at the edges or corners to catch busy feet.

With such exceptional features to recommend them—to say nothing of very reasonable prices—is it any wonder that these rugs are becoming more popular every day? Your dealer will gladly show you all the different patterns.

Note the Low Prices

6 ft. x 9 ft.	$9.00	The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.	1½ft.x3 ft.	$ .60
[illegible]	11.25		3 ft.x3 ft.	1.40
9 ft. x [illegible] ft.	[illegible]		3 ft.x4½ft.	1.95
9 ft. x [illegible] ft.	[illegible]		3 ft.x6 ft.	2.50
9 ft. x [illegible] ft.	18.00			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every guaranteed Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rug and on every few yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. It guards you against imitations and gives you the protection of our money back guarantee.

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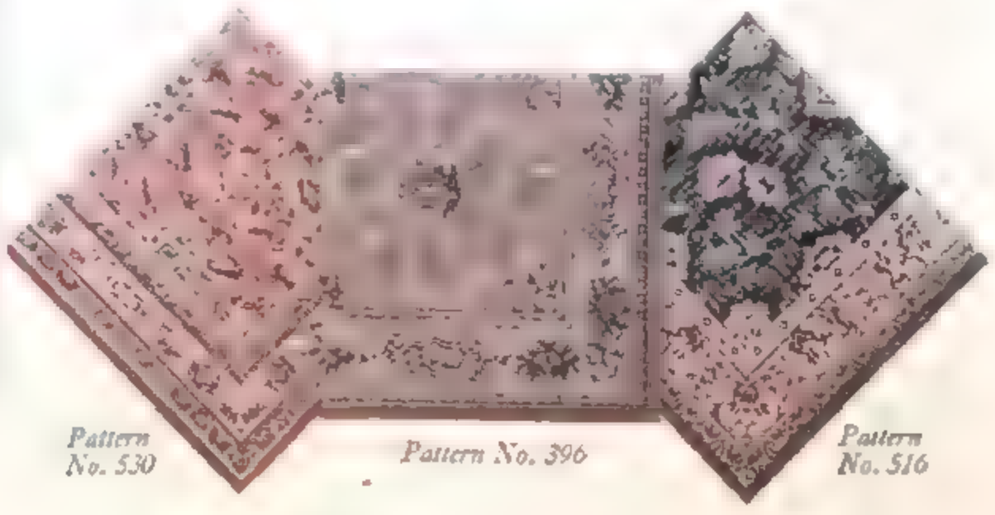


Pattern No. 530 *Pattern No. 396* *Pattern No. 516*

GROVER CLEVELAND'S LIFE IN PRINCETON—1897-1908

By George F. Parker

EARLY in the year 1896, when the trustees of the College of New Jersey were making plans for celebrating the sesquicentennial of its founding in 1746, they concluded that, in order properly to fix both in the public mind and in their own history the importance of the date which was to mark the full development of the college into the University of Princeton, the function would be incomplete without the President of the United States.

So, in February of the year in question, President Patton and Professor Andrew F. West went to Washington to invite the President to become a guest at Princeton in the following October. They went, were cordially received, but, accordant with the nature of the man with whom they had to deal, and perhaps with the proprieties and necessities, they had to return to Princeton without an acceptance. This was expected at the first visit; but the Princeton people, aside from knowing the man they had to deal with, were also used to the application to their own lives and to their college of the virtues of patience and persistency.

In June, after the President had gone to his country residence, Gray Gables at Buzzard's Bay, Doctor West made another visit. He there took occasion to present the case again and with greater emphasis. It was argued out from every point of view. When the President asked how long he would be expected to speak he was told that twenty minutes would be all that would be required of him. All his questions were answered with an intelligence and fullness that met all objections and satisfied him at every point. He accepted the invitation to go from Washington to Princeton on the twenty-first of the following October, to review the students and alumni as they marched before him that evening, and to deliver his address at the formal celebration of the sesquicentennial on the following day. In addition, he was to be accompanied by Mrs. Cleveland and was able to satisfy himself that he would not have to be away from Washington more than twenty-four hours.

Words Worth Recalling

IT WAS a busy and important time. He was just closing his second term, the presidential election was only a few days away, and as a result, being a President who never lost any time, everything had to be arranged with the utmost precision. On the day fixed the President left Washington by special train, arrived in Princeton in good time in the afternoon, so that he should not in any way be crowded, and in the evening redeemed his promise to review the students as they passed before him.

The next day, October twenty-second, was to be the day of days for Princeton. The impressive ceremonies whereby the time-honored College of New Jersey was to become the University of Princeton were to be enacted in the presence of delegates from sister universities and colleges in America and from the ancient homes of learning in the Old World. The program, carried out to perfection in good weather and the best of taste, was brought to a close by the address, which ran to thirty-five minutes, of the President of the United States. He came to preach on an old and favorite theme—the standard of plain unadorned honesty. The central thought of his address is embodied in the following sentences:

> The activity of our people and their restless desire to gather to themselves especial benefits and advantages lead to the growth of an unconfessed tendency to regard their Government as the giver of private gifts and to look upon the agencies for its administration as the distributors of official places and preferment. Those who in university or college have had an opportunity to study the mission of our institutions, and who in the light of history have learned the danger to a people of their neglect of the patriotic care they owe the national life entrusted to their keeping, should be well fitted constantly to admonish their fellow citizens that the usefulness and beneficence of their plan of government can be preserved only through their unselfish and loving support and their contented willingness to accept, in full return, the peace, protection and opportunity which it impartially bestows.
>
> Not more surely do the rules of honesty and good faith fix the standards of individual character in a community than do these same rules determine the character and standing of a nation in the world of civilization. Neither the glitter of its power nor the tinsel of its commercial prosperity nor the gaudy show of its people's wealth can conceal the cankering rust of national dishonesty and cover the meanness of national bad faith. A constant stream of thoughtful educated men should come from our universities and colleges, preaching national honor and integrity, and teaching that a belief in the necessity of national obedience to the laws of God is not born of superstition.

The President remained long enough to hear the cheering and the singing of the students of Princeton. Apprehension had been felt lest he might be hurried away, but he was not to escape the storm of welcome which he faced that day. Probably nothing in all his life was more grateful to his ears in the midst of hard work, detraction and the misunderstanding incident to the aroused passions of a national election.

Upon his return to Washington in this busy time, quite in contrast to what has now become the custom, he did not call in a group of reporters and correspondents in order to tell them how he had enjoyed the occasion at Princeton. He had acknowledged his obligations to his hosts, emphasized his enjoyment of the occasion, and otherwise assured them of the satisfaction he had received from his visit and, as was always the case, the harder it was to get him to consent to appear on such an occasion as this the more he really enjoyed it.

But he and Mrs. Cleveland had evidently been thinking a good deal. Their lease upon the White House was soon to expire, and they realized that both they themselves and their young and growing family had to live somewhere. They also knew that their experience in New York, where they had passed the four years between terms, had not been restful. Neither of them had lived before in a great city; so they had known little about the heavy draft that it makes upon the time of people above the ordinary run in prominence. Thus, emphasizing anew the fact that they had to live somewhere, and preferably in the country, and that they had found themselves so warmly welcomed there, they thought seriously about Princeton as their future home. This thinking process continued for nearly three weeks, when the President sent the following letter to Professor West:

EXECUTIVE MANSION
WASHINGTON

Nov. 8, 1896.

My dear Professor West: I want to write you a little bit confidentially; and I write to you, because I do not know a better-natured man to bother with a private matter.

Mrs. Cleveland and I, naturally enough, are casting about for a resting place where we can settle with our three babies, after the fourth of next March. Somehow for the last few days the idea has entered our minds that we might be very comfortable and satisfied at Princeton. This may be only a passing notion which will disappear when other schemes crowd in.

I think I would like to buy a house in which I may live and die if I could afford it, having plenty of room and a fair share at least of the conveniences of modern existence; and in this home I want to be free from all sorts of social and other exactions that might interfere with the lazy rest which I crave. This house must be one which can be maintained cheaply.

These personal considerations, except the last one mentioned, are not, however, so important as the following:

For my wife and children I want some ground about the house, a pleasant social life, a healthy and comfortable climate (especially in the winter) and good school advantages. The second and the last of them I consider assured at Princeton, but its weather—cold and damp, cold and dry or temperate with dampness or cold—I know nothing about.

Will you take the trouble to write me what you know of all these matters? If you happen to know of a house and lot which you think might suit us and which could be bought reasonably, I wish you would mention it. If not, perhaps you will give me the name of someone acquainted with such matters.

I fear I am asking too much from you. Mrs. Cleveland desires to be remembered, and we both are very glad we attended Princeton's sesquicentennial.

Yours sincerely,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Getting Settled at Princeton

THIS entirely new and unexpected phase of the matter was at once taken up by Dean West, who made an investigation of all the places that seemed available for such a purchaser. These negotiations were conducted with proper privacy, no word being passed to anybody as to the name of the prospective customer. It was a simple, straightforward business transaction from beginning to end, conducted by men who knew the taste and desire of the man they had to deal with, and at every turn respected his reserve. Word was soon sent him that certain houses and grounds were available. Within a short time Mrs. Cleveland made a quiet visit to President and Mrs. Patton while the negotiations were still going on. She inspected the properties offered, concluded in her own mind what would best suit her, but did not reach a decision before returning to report to the President. She came again to Princeton with the President's secretary, Mr. Thurber, and again, still later, with Colonel Lamont, the old-time friend, then Secretary of War. The bargain was concluded, the amount authorized having been very closely followed, but with some slight reduction, when the contract for purchase was forwarded to the President on Thanksgiving Day, 1896, thus closing the transaction.

Mrs. Cleveland returned several times between then and February. By that time the furniture had been taken from storage or removed from other residences, and the house was in order and ready for occupation. Mrs. Cleveland came with her children and the servants on February 23, 1897, afterwards returning to the White House to attend to the necessary work of turning it over and for the varied occasions incident to the end of an Administration. Nothing of a social character was neglected in either place, and when the inaugural exercises were over, on the fourth of March, Mrs. Cleveland came to Princeton while the President started for a short rest on a fishing excursion down the coast.

Interest in Student Affairs

AS HE termed it in a request to General Wood, he was rolled off at Princeton on March 18, 1897, his sixtieth birthday, and took possession of the house in which he was to live and die. It so happened that he landed there in one of those spells of extremely stormy March weather during which it rained incessantly for three days. His friends, especially Dean West, upon whom the most responsibility had been cast, had thought that he would prefer to be left alone while getting settled, but he himself felt otherwise, as within a few days he wrote the following letter:

WESTLAND, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, March 23, 1897.

My dear Professor: I have been here almost a week and have not seen you yet.

How am I to get on in this way?

Unless I see you within a very "brief period" I shall pull up stakes and clear out.

Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

PROF. A. F. WEST,
PRINCETON, N. J.

When he and his family were fairly settled, and everybody called, he made it a rule to see and welcome all comers. Matters moved in a routine way until in June he attended commencement, where he was enthusiastically received, and the degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon him. The students began immediately to show their interest—something as far removed as possible from curiosity. Never did they permit themselves to annoy him. Not only did he receive this attention from his immediate neighbors but from the day he had settled in his new home a flood of letters began to pour in from every part of the country. Upon these he worked assiduously, opening and examining them himself with the greatest of care, and wherever they required an answer he wrote it with his own hand. When the flood became a deluge he consented now and then to employ a stenographer, generally a student who was experienced in this particular kind of work. His mornings were thus regularly filled with a task that was exacting, but he never wavered.

He seldom went to New York and had not yet settled down to his regular fishing and hunting. In order to engage in the former he had to go long distances, and had not yet mastered the details of the latter; but this did not keep him from manifesting at the very earliest day an interest in the students. It was not long before he began to take notice of the athletics of the then newly named university. He was particularly interested in baseball, somewhat less in football. The former somehow appealed more nearly to him.

This interest in the students soon began to get much closer. He made careful inquiries among the president and professors as to the difficulties many of the students had in working their way through, and it was not long before he found methods of helping in some of the most urgent cases, always exercising the greatest care that they should never know anything about the source from which the little aid thus offered had come. A number of the students did reporting for papers in New York and other cities. Though he never could adjust himself to the formal reporter, he was always friendly to these particular students.

The story is told how one of these amateurs was instructed by his paper in New York to get a half column from him upon the Porto Rican question at a time when the peace negotiations with Spain were in a most delicate state. He received the inquirer, who, rather surprised by the greeting which he received, was still more surprised when, after he had seated himself and had been asked to take his pencil, the answer was this: "The Porto Rican question is too important to be discussed in a brief interview which is now rapidly drawing to a close."

(Continued on Page 43)

The Invisible Danger of Hands

They carry germs to mouth and nose

YOU simply can't help touching nose and mouth with your hands. You do it unconsciously.

The danger is that your hands touch things many other people have touched. Hand rails, car straps, money, public telephones are only a few of the things that many people touch every day.

And doctors agree that communicable diseases are spread by these common, everyday things which everyone touches.

Germs Are Invisible

You cannot see germs. Germs are now known to develop in people who are apparently well. These people are called "carriers." In almost every crowd you find such people.

Anything touched by these people which comes in contact with your hands may result in germs being carried to your mouth or nose and into your system.

The way to prevent contagion is to keep hands away from mouth, nose and food and purify them as often as practical.

The Health Element

Mere surface cleansing with ordinary soap is not sufficient protection. Lifebuoy contains a remarkable antiseptic ingredient which is released in the luxurious lather.

This health ingredient is carried deep down into every pore—drives out dangerous dirt, removes body odors, and leaves the skin purified.

Lifebuoy is a pure, bland soap. No finer soap can be made. Its rich oil of palm fruit and its cocoanut oil keep the skin in wonderful condition—soft, clear, radiant with health.

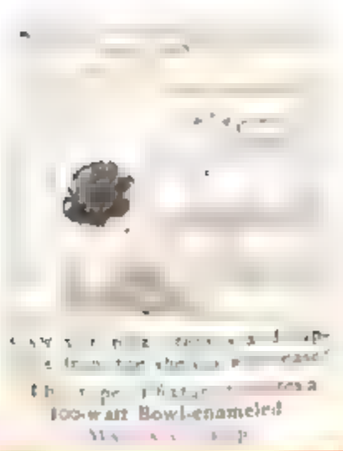
Lifebuoy should be in every health-loving home—at every place where there is running water.

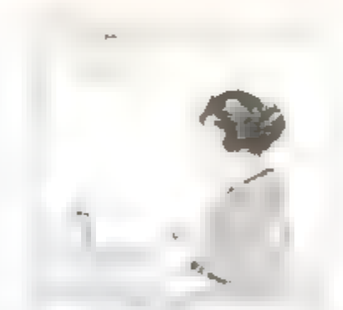
Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

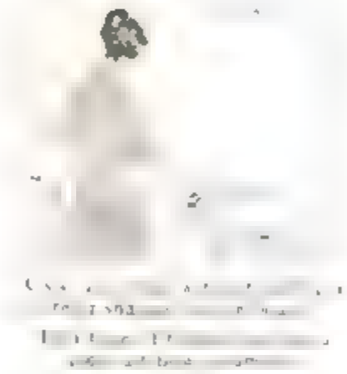
LIFEBUOY
is the **HEALTH SOAP**

100-watt Bowl-enameled Mazda C Lamp

100-watt Clear Mazda C Lamp







If wives' kitchens were lighted like husbands' offices—

HOW much easier home work would be! Glare and shadows mean tired eyes and backs; bumps, cut fingers, broken dishes and spoiled meals—too high a price to pay for poor light when *good* light is so cheap.

Better Light begins when you put the *right* lamp in *each* socket of your present lighting fixtures.

ON THIS PAGE are shown kitchen, laundry and basement fixtures in most common use and the type and size of Edison MAZDA Lamp which gives each one the best lighting effect. Make the tests suggested tonight and note especially where white or bowl-enameled lamps are required by your corresponding fixtures to eliminate glare or diffuse light evenly.

Then go to the Edison MAZDA Lamp representative in your neighborhood tomorrow and get the proper lamps, specifying type and size. He knows, too, the right lamps for the other fixtures in your home.

And ask him to tell you how the most modern kitchens are lighted. For Light is the least expensive maid you can employ; use it freely but use it *right*.

Bowl-enameled MAZDA C Lamp

White MAZDA C Lamp

Clear MAZDA C Lamp

© L. W. E. Co.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 40

Though he thus showed from the beginning an interest in the university he did not permit himself to anticipate his active official connections with it until he had become convinced that this was to be both his pleasure and his duty. As was always the case with him, he was laying his foundations with care. In reality he was doing what he promised himself—resting from labors which had been long and exacting—and was taking every possible advantage of his opportunity. He was no more idle during this period of a couple of years than he had been during all his life. He began gradually and surely to form relations with the authorities of the university, including not only the students as already described, these being his first concern, but the governing body, the trustees, the president, the deans and heads of the active work, those engaged in teaching or research, and all the various influences and forces that collect themselves around a modern institution.

His first formal connection with the university was formed when the Lectureship on Public Affairs was founded in his honor by Henry Stafford Little, who, having been a prominent figure both as an official and a Democrat in New Jersey, insisted upon paying him this honor, with the stipulation that he should be the first holder of the place. Between that time and 1904 he delivered in Alexander Hall three lectures under this foundation. As these have been published in his Presidential Problems no further notice of them is needed except to say that their influence in setting right some of the important questions he had dealt with as President has been important.

When he had finally consented to accept a place on the Princeton board of trustees he did so with a determination to study the questions involved and to find out everything he could about them. He entered into an inquiry about every phase of its life, devoting special attention to the financial conditions and management. The system which he approved, after he had studied it as a whole, still remains the basis of its financial accounting. He not only looked after these current matters but went into a careful study of the charter and the history, in order to discover for himself whether, as a whole, the university succeeding to the activities and life of the college was performing its full duty. He also showed an interest in the staff and the studies, even in the revision of the curriculum. He was not only deeply interested but, when this was discovered, he was consulted at every turn.

Social Life at Princeton

HIS most important function after he had taken up his official duties on the board of trustees was in October, 1902, when he delivered the address at the inauguration of President Wilson. The vacancy had come very suddenly. After many grave doubts had been solved the presidency was filled from the faculty. In this address he indulged in a general review of the historic obligations of Princeton, defined her mission, and proclaimed that her attitude should be made positive and unflinching and, in the language of Dean West, insisted that her attitude towards the prevailing confusion regarding standards of college education should be made clear and positive.

Among other things he said he had even thus early in his mind a strong feeling about the Graduate School, and especially in the project which was to result in what is now the Graduate College. He had long been convinced that, as had been the case during all our history, the higher education, even to its highest stages, should be strongly rooted in the humanities. He himself felt so keenly his own deprivation that he was convinced that the highest discipline, which in his view was the real end and aim of education, was to be found in the study of mathematics and the classics. He believed that the men of our early days, the makers of the Constitution and especially the authors of the Federalist and other illuminative writings, were able to write well because they knew the Bible and the classics. This feeling was so strong that he consented to become chairman of the committee dealing with the Graduate College for the highest training of our higher teachers. In this he manifested his individual interest and his official activity until the end.

The general scheme had been in Dean West's mind for many years. He had been working sedulously upon it, seeking not only the necessary support in the circles of the trustees and alumni but extending his activities into every quarter where he hoped to find both sympathy and support. He freely admits that his way was made much easier by the added prestige which came as the result of Mr. Cleveland's activities and support. His positive assurance of belief in it and of its necessity for "laying the foundation of Princeton's larger elements of future greatness, and its tremendous assurance of educational usefulness and its sure promise of a vast contribution to our national grandeur" emphasized the sureness of his position, and his sympathy and support were strong factors in the success that was achieved. Probably no educational project has been developed within the century that was brought to a conclusion so quickly as that of the Graduate College, and though his death came two years before the aim was assured and five years before the college itself was formally opened, the great result was achieved as he desired. As in the case of Jefferson, so with him; it is a striking fact that neither of these two men, who did such great things in public service and for education, had carved upon his simple tombstone the fact that he had been President of the United States.

As chairman of the committee on the Graduate College, Mr. Cleveland reported twice a year to the trustees. He kept in as close touch as possible with the living donors to the institution or their representatives. With the late Moses Taylor Pyne he maintained especially close relations. He had no differences with anybody in the faculty or with the members of the board of trustees, except with the president, Woodrow Wilson, but it is not my purpose to enter into the questions that separated them. They were fundamental and grew out of the different characters of the two men.

Mr. Cleveland found himself gradually going out to those Princeton dinners most highly distinguished for good company. Even about this he hesitated for a good while, because if there was anything for which he had a dislike it was social life; but his reserve even in these matters gradually wore off. In one well-known house, that of Mr. Bayard Stockton, the habit was soon formed of giving him three dinners a year. At each Mr. Cleveland was of course the guest of honor. These were limited to about twenty-four guests, mostly men. They comprised not only the people of the university but the best of those in the activities of the town, of the state, and even of the nation. As to the latter he avoided anything that would draw him into the discussion of the old-time politics with which he had been surrounded for so many years. On these occasions he did not illustrate anything by his own career, he did not attack the politics of anybody else or defend his own.

His range of knowledge and association had become so wide that he was not only the welcome and principal guest but he did everything possible in the ordinary acceptation of the word to pay his way. He proved himself a good listener and, as was always the case with him, talked only when he had something to say. Occasionally he would be drawn out by the breadth of the discussion either at the table or in the drawing-room afterwards. Then he would become Johnson-like, monopolize the conversation, not from any desire of his own but because practically all subjects and talk of the other guests focused these questions upon him. He always insisted in after years that nothing in his life had been more agreeable in every way than these dinners, thoroughly informal as they were. They were varied as to guests, the host taking the utmost pains not only to include whatever he could that was new to the President but to exclude anything that might in any way have been either disagreeable or uncongenial in any former guest. No functions, even in the largest of our social centers, could have been more carefully organized than these. He was thus kept in touch not only with the people that he knew, with ideas with which he sympathized, but he obtained continual command of new views on questions with which he had little opportunity to familiarize himself. Thus his time wore away during the first two years, and he became more and more familiar with the surroundings which at first were so new and strange.

This matter of formal social relations did not become a mechanical factor either in the life of Mr. Cleveland or in that of Princeton. There was every desire on the part of his friends to respect his retirement and also his nature as shown in his desire to live as quietly as possible. So satisfactory in every way were the arrangements that he never had occasion to feel that he was either overpressed or neglected. In other words, he adjusted himself to the conditions in the community in which he lived. His house not only was the resort at proper times under right conditions of people from the university and the town itself, but it became a sort of Mecca for his old-time friends and associates. The members of his cabinets, with perhaps one or two exceptions, dropped in in an informal way to spend a few hours or a night, or with the special purpose of discussing any conditions that might have had a common interest.

Shooting With Mr. Priest

AMONG those who came most frequently to call on him at Princeton were Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle, the Lamonts, Mr. Vilas, Mr. Francis, Secretary and Mrs. Fairchild and Mr. and Mrs. Bissell. The list also included many former appointees in various offices scattered over the country, so that from the political point of view it was never difficult for him to keep in touch with movements everywhere. The intimate friends from New York, Washington, Boston, Buffalo and other cities where he and his family had lived also came with perfect freedom. In a general way they did not stay long, but each felt that it was his duty at least to pay his respects to a man who lived so near the center of things. The old-time steady friends like Benedict, L. Clarke Davis and Oscar Straus, were frequent visitors, while Joe Jefferson came whenever he could, and Doctor Bryant was, perhaps, the most persistent of the visitors, due not only to the previous associations but to the close personal relation that he had borne to the President. This had begun at Albany, was continued in Washington, New York, Buzzard's Bay, and at any other summer home to which Mr. Cleveland and his family had resorted. There was every reason for the devotion that Doctor Bryant always showed to the President. During all the years of his life after leaving Washington he never would take a railroad trip, make a speech or attend a convention, whether it was a hundred or a thousand miles away, that Doctor Bryant was not both asked and expected to go with him.

One feature that particularly pleased Mr. Cleveland was the constancy with which people from the South came to see him, many of them strangers. This was gratifying because there had been periods when he was not entirely content with that part of the country, and the reaction from this gave him great pleasure. It was not political, although in some respects he had lost favor by reason of his opposition to Bryan and the silver movement in 1896.

As a result of all these features the social life that came to him could not have been more gratifying if he had had the arrangement of it. Everything was so free and at the same time so congenial that nothing but pleasure could come out of such relations. Few men in the public life of our history have had more enjoyment of life in their closing days than did Grover Cleveland.

It was not only in the performance of his educational duties and in social circles that he made his way but he gradually came into touch with the sports that had played so large a part in his life. His attachment to Nature, which had always been so strong, was never forgotten. Naturally Princeton was not the center of any great sporting interest, nor a place for fox hunts or any kind of fancy or fashionable outdoor life. He therefore had to adjust himself to his surroundings. There could be no duck hunting and he was miles away from the birds that flock along the seacoast at various seasons of the year. When he wanted to fish he had either to go to the seaside or to his favorite places in the mountains, but the absence of these did not discourage him. He started to find out what the neighborhood afforded.

He soon made inquiries for somebody to tutor or guide him in the hunting of rabbits and quail. He found this help from a local druggist, Carlton R. Priest, who was a distant relative of his wife's family. Neither of them had come into contact with the other until this need arose. Mr. Priest had made himself expert in these two forms of sport. He had reserved for himself ample tracts—one a farm of about three

Graduate College, Princeton, New Jersey

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hundred acres, owned by W. B. McFarland, known as Woodside, and the other, Rosedale, a farm of five hundred and fifty acres, owned by Capt. Foster W. Van Kirk. When the season for either form of shooting opened Mr. Cleveland was ready, always appearing on the first day. There was a sufficient supply of hunting dogs trained for these forms of sport and duly mobilized by Mr. Priest for the occasion, and Mr. Cleveland found for himself one dog that suited him. His friend Jesse Lynch Williams, who wrote about him so delightfully, though with discouraging brevity, tells the story that when, upon the arrival of the morning newspapers from New York, the children read the news that the hounds from the Cleveland kennels had been out the day before they would remark in their simple way, "Why, that must mean Old Browny."

A considerable part of Mr. Priest's job was to protect his friend from reporters, who seemed bound to see him and make note of his movements. When thus shielded he always expressed his gratitude, because on his diversions as well as in business he wanted to be left alone. He always refused to pose before the cameras of these people and was thus consistent with himself. He did not take many companions with him on these hunting trips. Doctor Bryant went occasionally, but as shooting was rather out of his line he never considered himself a great success. As the result of his Princeton experiences, Mr. Cleveland wrote those little studies about the cottontail and the quail. They were comparatively new forms of sport so far as his later years were concerned; but he adjusted himself to them so quickly that his new experiences were used as texts. Like all his writings on fishing and shooting, there is a certain charm about it. This is especially true in his later days, when he took time to record new impressions. Anyone interested in such matters will do well to hunt up these sketches and thus see how delicately he treated them. In these minor sports, as in the larger, he insisted with the utmost rigor upon manliness, and upon the fact that they should be followed as conscientiously as if they represented the larger game. Under no circumstances would he ever permit himself to shoot at a sitting rabbit, but always gave him more than a chance for his life.

His contempt for those people who permitted themselves to do otherwise was always positive and deep.

He was so interested in outdoor life that he bought a little farm of about sixty acres some miles out of Princeton with the idea originally of using it to help boys. It was not fertile land, but he kept a farmer, and upon it grew his own vegetables and had his family supplied with milk and other necessaries. He kept a few cattle and a farm team, but did not carry very far his idea of providing for boys. He soon found, indeed, that this was not practical.

The Princeton Battle Monument

When on these hunting excursions he would not talk about his public experiences, but discussed freely with Mr Priest the things around him, always insisting upon living the simple plain life as to food, exercise and company. He liked to talk with his neighbors, find out their points of view, inquire about their families and gather from them their ideas about everything except politics. He would never talk about the Presidency, and Mr. Priest says he remembers only a few words when he said, "They think the President has unlimited power, but if they knew how his hands are tied they would not be so free to envy or to criticize him."

He showed an interest in the university, and especially in the Graduate School. Mr. Priest says he himself happened to remark that the townspeople had been trying for years to get an appropriation through Congress for the monument commemorating the Battle of Princeton, saying to his companion, "But Speaker Cannon has always held it up in the House, and you are the only man who can get the bill through."

Mr. Cleveland insisted that he did not want to ask anything from anybody in Washington, but the project was so evidently on the mind of his friend and guide that against his rule he rather pressed it. So one day Mr. Cleveland agreed to write to Washington. Mr Priest insists that the appropriation for the monument, recently unveiled, which had been hanging fire for many years, was made as a result of this letter.

Mr. Cleveland always insisted that his son Richard, then a small boy, should go on these excursions, and he did so even before he was able to carry, much less handle, a gun. He was desirous that the boy should be early taught not to be gun-shy. I like this trait because it shows both the plainness and the good sense and simplicity of the man. He wanted this kind of life, but it must come under conditions that were normal and natural. He did not want to be petted or made much of, or be anything that was artificial.

Among the congenial men whom Mr. Cleveland found in Princeton was Prof William Milligan Sloane, of Columbia University. They had met many years before in New York and formed agreeable relations. At their first meeting Mr. Cleveland, then in the interim between his first and second terms as President, recalled an article which Doctor Sloane had written in defense of his pension policy, telling him that it had come out at a most interesting time as representing the opinions and feelings of a man who was fair and intelligent and at the same time either a nonpartisan or a Republican, and that it had been used effectively as a campaign document. Later he asked Doctor Sloane if he would not write a similar article on silver, and in answer to the claim that he knew nothing about the question the President said to him, "Well, this is much simpler than pensions; so there will be no excuse so far as knowledge is concerned. You have only to bear in mind that silver is a commodity like wheat or anything that a farmer or a miner or anybody else produces, and there is no other way for you or anybody else to treat it."

The Visit of Prince Lichnowsky

Doctor Sloane's renewed acquaintance with Mr. Cleveland at Princeton was as a near neighbor. He, like all others, was so reluctant to intrude upon privacy that for some time the relations were almost wholly formal. But when this hesitation passed they became so intimate that whenever Doctor Sloane wanted to see this particular neighbor he visited him just as he would any other. What Doctor Sloane noted more than anything else was the atmosphere of simplicity in which this neighbor lived. Nothing could have been more plain than the life there shown. He soon had occasion also to note the feeling of interest—almost of devotion—that the President showed towards children. His own were very young, just coming forward, and he watched every movement with all the interest that a fond father could show. Westland—which, by the way, was so named in recognition of the friendship with Doctor West, who had been so instrumental in acquiring it—became a sort of meeting place, a parliament for children. Here they played and here the ex-President talked to them, not in that patronizing way so common with most men in dealing with them, but with a recognition of the fact that though young they were interesting as human beings, with ideas, plans and outlooks of their own, and were, in consequence, the most important part of the world.

Doctor Sloane tells an interesting story in which the ex-President figures. While living in Vienna, Mark Twain had come into intimate touch with the chancellor of the German Embassy in that city, Prince Lichnowsky, who was to reach much higher fame as German Ambassador in England at the beginning of the Great War. He was a man of much delicacy and simplicity of character, more interested than ambassadors generally are in a variety of questions, thoroughly human; and when he started for a trip to this country Mark Twain, in order to make easy his way here, wrote Doctor Sloane informing him of the expected visit, practically ordering him to do whatever he could to gratify anything that his friend should want.

As Doctor Sloane tells the story, when he was playing billiards one night at the Century Club one of the colored servants came up and said with a feeling almost of awe, "Doctor, there is a prince outside asking for you." The professor, knowing who his visitor was, put on his coat, went out, and at once sought to find out what he could do. He was informed that the prince was on his way round the world; that he was an invalid; that he could not go to any dinners, attend any functions or meet any number of persons, and that he wanted only two things: To have an interview with ex-President Cleveland because of his admiration for his character; and to see the art studios of Louis Tiffany, because he looked upon his work as the greatest modern achievement in color.

He was informed that there would be no difficulty about meeting both of these desires. The Tiffany matter, being in New York, was easily arranged, and there remained only the Cleveland interview. The chancellor went to Princeton with his host, with whom he started to walk to the Cleveland residence. On the way, in a local shop, they met Mrs. Cleveland, who informed them that the President was at home and would welcome them. Professor Sloane says he never witnessed a more interesting meeting than that of the invalid ambassador traveling around the world and the man who for eight years had been President. Both were wholly at ease, and discussed questions of importance, with which they were familiar or about which they desired information, notably that of the great trusts, as intimately as if they had known each other all their lives. The ex-President was inclined to be rather critical, as he felt he had a right to be, of his own countrymen and of some tendencies he saw in the expansion of monster trade agreements. Among other matters relating to them that he impressed upon his visitor, was a favorite idea with him—namely, the difficulties and responsibilities which they, the trusts, imposed on society. In emphasizing this he said, "No doubt they cheapen goods and stabilize prices, but God help the American man."

When they left, the chancellor showed some lack of understanding of this particular phrase, whereupon his host explained it thoroughly and showed how it merely expressed the pride which the ex-President had in his own countrymen and his fear lest they might not fully meet the duties and obligations which he thought so incumbent upon them.

As I was leaving Professor Sloane I asked him the leading question, "What brought Mr. Cleveland to Princeton?"

"If you want to know," he replied, "the exact and specific reason, I cannot give it, but I will tell you what I think. It was religion and education. Here was a man who was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman who had been a student at our seminary; and I hope you know that in the olden days to be a son of a Presbyterian clergyman was the nearest thing to a patent of nobility that we have ever had in this country; and as Princeton, time out of mind, has been the center of Presbyterianism, it was only natural that a man who himself had kept the faith and was the son of such a clergyman should think of coming here. Another thing that I think was a determining factor was the natural interest not only of such a man in education but especially so in this particular case. I have seldom known a man in public life who showed so deep an interest in those larger things that promote the increase of knowledge and efficiency in human beings so far as these depend upon training. He had all the old-fashioned ideas on both the questions I have mentioned, and whatever else may have influenced him, I am quite sure that these were the impelling motives."

Mr. Ryan's Recollections

Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, when asked for his impressions of the ex-President in private life, sent me the following:

I had first seen Mr Cleveland in New York in a casual way, without an opportunity to know him, during the year of his Buffalo mayoralty, and I recall how much I was struck during this little more than a passing sight by his magnificent head and the impression of vigor in his every motion. I was not to meet him again until he became governor. I had no business that drew me to Albany, my work as a young man bearing no relation to public affairs in the state, but any active young Democrat interested in politics would have been stolid indeed if he had not been drawn to such a personality. As often happens, politics in those days had become pretty commonplace, so that a man of so much individuality who had been suddenly interjected into it could but impart an interest that was unusual.

I was more and more closely drawn to him by the time that he had completed his record as governor, and it would have been unnatural if, as an effect of my business relations with William C. Whitney, I had not enlisted early as a Cleveland advocate and supporter. I did what I could in the nomination and election campaign of 1884, and first began to watch him with more interest when he went to Washington as President. It was there that I really began to know him. When I used to call casually at

Continued on Page 46

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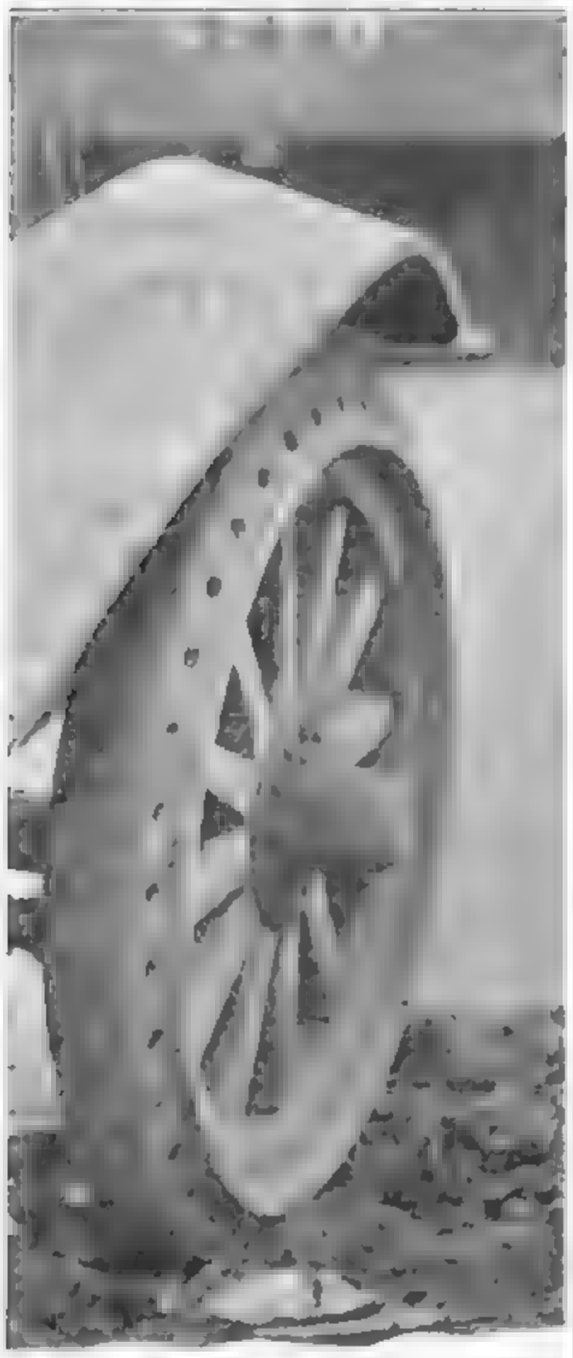

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(Continued from Page 44)

the White House it was to receive the welcome soon to become standard: "Well, Ryan, you cannot imagine how glad I am when you run in on these occasional Washington trips of yours. It is pleasing to see any man that I know does not want anything." So, while I did not come to know him intimately during his first term, I had the satisfaction that means so much to the young admirer of a great man, that he knew me, talked freely of his plans and purposes, and was desirous of finding out my opinion on some of the problems with which he had to deal. He struck me then, as afterwards, as a lonely man, who, while positive and forced even to be confident, did not profess to know everything but really felt that he needed the advice and help of well-meaning men everywhere in that recurring series of crises through which he had to pass.

I saw him mostly on public occasions, during the interim between presidential terms, but did not feel that I had anything like a large knowledge of his peculiarities until he went to Washington the second time, when, as before, I saw him without any possible desire for anything that he could give to me or anybody else. By this time my own business connections imparted to his difficulties in financial and foreign questions even more of interest, and when I saw him, still informally and as a matter of respect and assurance of support, he ventured to ask me, in a flattering way, for my opinion upon some detail, or my judgment about some act or policy of his own or of his advisers or of some man, so that I felt more and more drawn to him.

When his great public service ended and he settled down to that unofficial dignity which from the first day so became him in Princeton I still dropped in, now and then, to see him. Here I could only note an added seriousness, almost an added sadness, arising out of his absorption in the affairs of the country and the people he had served so honestly. He was not censorious about others, but the one striking feature, as it seemed to me, was his regret that he had not been able to do more and to make clearer and easier the path of those who were to follow him. I noted a growing interest in everything he said and did, so far as it promoted an understanding of all our people. After what he had passed through it would have been only natural if partisan denunciation and clamor had left their marks upon him in the form of personal enmities; but I found a constantly growing mellowness, a high development of real charity, an ability to forget the disagreeable and even the unjust things of the past, and to look for the better side of men, whatever their opinions or their past attitude towards him and his work.

It was not long before public opinion as to himself and his career took on a more friendly tone, which was reflected in his own outward relation to a world which had sometimes tended to misunderstanding and unkindness. He showed his pleasure especially when he noticed the growing good feeling among his own partisans, the recognition that after all he had tried to do his best. This came to him in that never-ending stream of letters, and it was almost pathetic to see how concerned he was that each worthy one should have that personal acknowledgment which made him, more than almost any man in our history, a slave to his pen.

It was, therefore, an interesting sight for one, so occupied with his own affairs that he could only live on the verge of politics, to see this man who had passed through so many tribulations thus settle down in the evening of life not to a mere contemplation of what he had done or tried to do but to an active and unresting but great participation in all the activities and hopes of the people in whose happiness and prosperity he was so deeply concerned.

I could give you many more recollections and impressions of these later years, but in answer to your request I only desired to pay my humble tribute to the character of one whom I so much admired and with whom, later, fate was to throw me into such intimate relations.

Although I was in official exile for a good many years I often returned home, especially after the close of the second Administration. On each of these trips my first inquiry to Colonel Lamont would be, "How is the President?"

"Oh," he would reply in a chaffing kind of way, "he is mulling over the condition of the country."

The War With Spain

This occurred on many occasions. One of these visits was made in 1896, another while the brief Spanish War was at its height, another in the year following, and still others in 1901 and 1902, against the final return in 1904. On these occasions I saw the ex-President at Princeton, spending some little time with him on the way West and returning. In fact, I kept in almost as close touch with him through these frequent visits and by correspondence as if I had been here. In each of them I found that Colonel Lamont's description of his state of mind was correct. During all the years between October, 1882, when he was elected to the governorship, and March, 1897, when he retired from the presidency, his attention had been directed so continuously and so feverishly to the state of the country as to make it difficult for him to escape from interest and concern in things over which he could have no control.

During the first part of this period of retirement the one question that troubled him was the war with Spain. He had for nearly three years staved off this event with such courage and determination as to force him to conclude that a continuance of his policy would enable the country to escape war. The patient efforts he had made to ward off this event, the honorable efforts at every point, his resentment of the methods of the yellow press and of the variety of movements which were under way to force us into an open contest, the intrigues in Congress—all showed that whatever might happen, or whatever did happen, there was at least one foreign war in this country that was not fomented or encouraged from the top. Indeed the one fear that he always expressed about a big navy was lest the country might be tempted to use it for unworthy or violent purposes.

Feelings Toward Mr. McKinley

When his term expired and the terrible responsibility which he had been compelled to take was at last relinquished, he was thrown into close relations with his successor, William McKinley. They had not known each other at all intimately, which would naturally have been almost impossible, because they were inevitably antagonists on the tariff question; but this disappeared in 1896, when McKinley was elected. There was no concealment on the part of the President in showing his resentment to the choice of a man to whom he had been so strongly opposed and toward whose methods he was so openly antagonistic, but the new President came to the old one before he went out of office and perhaps consulted with him after he had taken up his duties and had expressed, almost with tears in his eyes, the hope that he would be able to avert war.

To his dying day Mr. Cleveland never believed that the war with Spain was necessary and he never accepted its logical result—the acquisition of territory from Spain. From that day forward he was opposed to the policy of imperialism and made no concealment of this feeling. He did not push himself to the front and it was with regret that he was drawn in to take any position whatever. Whatever his difference with predecessors or successors were, he always remembered that all had been Presidents of the United States, and he had for this office a respect that has perhaps never been equaled by any holder of it. He did not look upon them as more infallible than he was himself, but the responsibility was so great that he was perhaps inclined to magnify the office.

Thus, from the time that we were drawn into the war, almost overnight, and as he continued to insist, unnecessarily, the whole situation was complicated by unexpected elements of weakness in the Executive. Personally he had an admiration for McKinley, but this sentiment perhaps defined his limits in this respect. In this case he separated the man from the office as distinctly as possible. No man more sincerely regretted his tragic end when it came several years later, but he also feared that this had been perhaps promoted by a tendency to weakness and compromise.

Few men knew Theodore Roosevelt better than Grover Cleveland, who, when he went to Albany as governor in January, 1883, found Roosevelt there as a member of the Assembly, where, young as he was—only twenty-three when he had entered that body the year before—he had become at once a force in it. He was thrown into

contact with the governor, having made himself the exponent of the civil-service-reform movement, then comparatively new. It was natural, even thus early, that two such figures should clash, and that, too, in spite of that desire for the correction of abuses which both had recognized.

Mr. Cleveland always said, while Roosevelt was pushing his way up as well as after he had arrived, that he had never known a man who was more thoroughly alive to the possibilities of any purely party political movement. Rugged as he was, he never forgot himself and he never overlooked his own future. Mr. Cleveland always believed that even thus early the idea lay in the back of his head that he would, in the course of time, come to great prominence and position; that even then he was not averse to the thought that the presidency might not lie outside his scope.

As time went on they came more or less into personal contact. When Mr. Cleveland returned to Washington as President for the second time he found Roosevelt there as chairman of the Civil Service Commission. He was restless and really out of place in such an organization, but here, as elsewhere, his personality always asserted itself. Soon after the beginning of this term Roosevelt tendered his resignation from the commission. At a cabinet meeting one day Mr. Olney, who was a sincere advocate of civil-service reform at its best estate, said to the President, "Can't you induce Roosevelt to withdraw his resignation? How can we get along without him as a member of the commission?"

The President laughingly replied "I have known Teddy a long time. He is a wonderful fellow and I like him, but if there is anyone who has an eye open all the time for practical politics more than he I don't know him. The Civil Service Commission can still get along all right, even though he is not on it."

So he was allowed to resign without protest from the President or cabinet or perhaps from any member of it, and he went on his way, to illustrate at each successive step the judgment of him as pronounced by Mr. Cleveland in this offhand way.

Government Meddling

The probability therefore is that, other than Mr. Cleveland, no man realized better what the country was to get in the way of President when Roosevelt succeeded by the lamented death of McKinley. He realized from the beginning, without having to be told, that the new President would be active every minute of his time; that nobody would have any rest; and that if there was an opportunity to use the power of his office for purposes which he deemed good and, at the same time, that had behind them practical politics, the incumbent would be found actively at work.

Mr. Cleveland was most disturbed when agitation provoked the constant and growing intervention of government in industry. He said to me, in October, 1907, during a three-hour talk upon then existing conditions:

"This constant interference has seemed to me so uncalled for as to make it mischievous to the danger point. It was this feeling that had led me, even since retirement from public life, to avoid relations with anything of a business nature that could be fairly connected with government. The insurance work, on the contrary, has seemed to me both important and exceptional, because it has been carried on without any appeal to the Government, the state or other public authority. I feel sure that if any of these had interfered the results would have been bad. But left fairly to ourselves, we have gone on, so that the country has recovered confidence in business management in general and in its own power not only to maintain high standards but to recoup losses and to correct abuses that may have crept into management.

"Naturally I have not been in responsible public life during all these years without learning how strong the temptation to those in power is thus to interfere. Sometimes, as in the Anthracite Strike Commission, upon which the President offered me membership, it has seemed to succeed, but in the long run such use of official power turns out to be almost wholly bad and dangerous. It is necessary to employ courage and foresight to put down violence, but a policy that inconveniences or brings real suffering for a time is seldom cured by official intervention. Even in this anthracite

(Continued on Page 48)

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The dictionary says that "luxury" means extravagant indulgence.

The point is—is a Mennen shave, costing one quarter of a cent, extravagant when you can use something else that won't cost more than three-sixteenths of a cent per shave?

And is it self-indulgence to enjoy a nice, comfortable, speedy shave every morning of your life and keep your skin in splendid, healthy condition in preference to less satisfactory results?

Druggists tell me that some men actually decline to buy Mennen's because they say it is expensive, taking instead some cream costing 5 cents a tube less. These men deprive themselves of the extravagant indulgence of 365 perfect Mennen shaves in order to save 15 cents annually.

I'm no spendthrift myself but I can't see the economy of using anything less than the finest shaving cream you can buy when the difference in a year won't amount to the price of one cigar.

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Probably the most scientific beard softener that ever touched your face.

A quick, close shave without a suggestion of discomfort.

A heavy content of Boro-glycerine—the remarkable emollient in Mennen's which keeps your skin in wonderful condition—soft, free from pimples or rashes and with a total absence of any drawn feeling directly after shaving.

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The firm, creamy lather never dries on your face.

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Mennen's comes in two sizes—the big 50 cent tube for home use and the convenient 35 cent size for traveling.

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Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

THE MENNEN COMPANY
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(Continued from Page 46)

matter I soon learned that just when the President finally determined to intervene the dispute was on the verge of fair and peaceful settlement. I should not like to intimate that politics or personal ambitions played a part in the failure to see this, but from what I know of Roosevelt's impulsiveness, of his apparent desire to act first and think afterwards, I cannot separate his action entirely from his gift for seeing where party and personal advantage might be promoted.

"Since I was relieved from responsibility I have watched these interferences with the course of industry with a new interest and have become convinced that if when President I had indulged even in the mildest of them I would have been threatened with impeachment. Of course with my ideas of government and its limitations such a thing would have been impossible; but I cannot emphasize too strongly my belief that if I had attempted such a thing I should have invited this treatment, and I must confess that I would have deserved it."

Naturally, having held such a lofty place, he would not permit himself to speak in a derogatory way of men in authority, even when he disagreed with their policies and methods. His trust in the good sense of the people and his confidence that such policies would fail always came to his aid. No man could be more rigid in insisting upon law and order. He deemed it the first duty of those in authority to preserve these, but when it came to turning over private properties or their management either directly to the Government or to commissions, or submitting them to drastic methods of regulation, he was firmly convinced that such a course was not only dangerous but in the end would be fatal.

I remember that as I sat thus by his bedside during this three-hour conversation, held when he was recovering from an attack that had persisted for some weeks, from the fact that I was entirely free from responsibility I was inclined to be rather more critical than he either was or could be; but as usual he emphasized anew his conviction that the good sense, the conservatism and the recuperative power of our people could always be trusted in the long run. Protesting against some of my rather Cassandra-like opinions, he said, "You should never permit yourself to indulge in such gloomy thoughts. They are not justified by the history of our people or by the conditions you now see. I admit freely," he continued, "that sometimes the case looks bad, but I adjure you when these feelings come to you, to remember that the American people are worth saving from themselves."

Birthday Honors

For his seventieth birthday the faculty and their friends in Princeton prepared a gold loving cup for presentation. He was absent at the time, but at the formal ceremonies some time after his return from Florida, he spoke with deep feeling of his relations to the university and of the happiness of his surroundings. He told them how young he felt at seventy and attributed it to the fact that he had "breathed the atmosphere of vigorous youth and of hopeful aspiring young manhood." It was, he assured them, they who created this atmosphere which through the providence of God it had been given him to breathe in these latter days, this healing, stimulating influence. The students determined to have their own ceremonial in remembrance of this day, and prepared a silver loving cup and presented it. They received even a warmer welcome than had been given to those of the finer metal.

Scattered through these years were many addresses, perhaps, all told, twenty or thirty in number, which called him here and there, always with reluctance, even with a certain grumbling, because he could never understand why people should insist that he should repeat the old, old story that life meant hard work, devotion and honesty. These subjects were his texts, as they had been not only after he had come to great public responsibility but in every action of his life.

Dislike of Publicity

In like manner he wrote for a number of newspapers. Beginning in January, 1901, and continuing until 1906, his contributions to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST alone numbered nearly twenty. They and others, perhaps almost as great in number, dealt with a variety of questions—political, business, social, party, education, defenses of his acts while President, and other topics that appealed to him at the time. He took great pleasure in these, and one of his latest acts was to send to me for reproduction, in case I continued to edit his work, a complete set of them in duplicate. They ought long ago to have been edited and reproduced, and I venture to express the hope that somebody will take up the privilege which, after much pressure upon him by friends and members of his family, he gave me to add these later contributions to his earlier discussions of public questions.

In connection with this I may say that few men have done more in so short a time to instruct, interest or advise their countrymen than did Grover Cleveland from his entrance upon the governorship in 1883 until his death twenty-five years later. These articles not only add to his fame but deserve a high place in the records of the time.

To the end Mr. Cleveland persisted in his refusal to do anything that might furnish biographical material or let anybody else do it. In 1906 or 1907 an informal meeting was held, upon my suggestion, in my office in the Equitable Building, with the idea of gathering materials for final use in a Cleveland life. It was made up of the late Richard Watson Gilder, Oscar S. Straus, John H. Finley and myself. It was then proposed that the four of us should begin to gather from the living associates of Mr. Cleveland and those who knew him best from a political and personal point of view such material in the way of estimates, anecdotes, actual facts of his life, and all other matter that could in any way contribute to the proper fixing of his position both as a statesman and as a man. A fairly comprehensive plan was adopted and steps taken to make effective a method under which it was estimated that from one to two hundred valuable contributions of the kind mentioned would be gathered from cabinet members, political and official associates and personal and political friends. This meeting was succeeded by several of a like character, and real progress had been made in getting promises of contributions from those deemed necessary to make the plan a success.

As the scheme developed, it was thought desirable to acquaint Mr. Cleveland with its purpose. It was thoroughly explained to him, and as had been feared he resolutely forbade us to continue it. Thus the purpose to collect this material and make it effective, to have duplicates or triplicates which should be deposited in safe-deposit vaults in widely separated cities, all the material to be turned over finally to a responsible or designated biographer, was rendered ineffective by its supposed beneficiary.

It was a natural and proper step to take and would have made much easier the task of writing a definitive Cleveland memoir. There has been an inevitable delay in carrying out the plan of placing him before his countrymen in the best and truest way. That this task is under way and that it will be executed with the highest credit is assured, but delay would have been avoided and the difficulties incident to it would have been reduced if he had not himself been so insistent in this matter. For years the friends mentioned, together with members of his family, had pressed him, in fairness to his own fame, to write his recollections, but this proposal met with still stronger opposition; so nothing was done. As I have explained elsewhere, he felt the same way about the collection of his later writings; thus whoever has had to deal with his life career has had to do it on his own account and with what resources he could muster, whether from memory or material or both. It will in no case owe anything to his own foresight or his consent.

Closing Years

It will be seen that the landscapes which opened out before Mr. Cleveland after he had once left the Presidency were broad and fair. Without any noise or show or éclat, with no more of pose than that which had distinguished every other phase of his life, he settled down in those quiet surroundings which were to be his during the remaining eleven years of his life, to enjoy the rest he had earned and so much needed. Here he received by letter and in person the greetings of a vast number of worthwhile people and the respect of all. Partisan clamor was stilled, misunderstanding began to disappear and the real character of the man to be understood.

With all this he never ceased to work at something congenial and useful. Part of this is set forth herein; and I have already fully described that phase of it dealing with life insurance, which many discriminating people believe to have been the greatest service rendered by him. When the end of the year 1907 came—the year that marked the completion of his seventieth year—all those who had been privileged to know much of him during his previous public life could but note his large and growing interest in the world that he was fated soon to leave. When they saw him they could not but observe how rapid was his growth in everything that tends to the improvement of mind and thus makes the completed man. At this age his mind was, perhaps, expanding at a greater rate than at any previous period in his whole life.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of seven articles by Mr Parker. The concluding number of the series will appear in an early issue.

THE GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS

(Continued from Page 38)

"Easily enough," said Bagot simply. "I couldn't let the place down."

"You speak as if it were a friend"

"It's been my people's home for nearly eight hundred years"

The girl turned to the door.

"You're faithful," she said

Willoughby shrugged his shoulders

"Time ties up the affections," he said. Then, "I'm so glad you came back. If I were still the owner I should ask you to tea."

"And if I were not a companion I should accept." Willoughby stared. "As it is, my mistress'll light into me for being so long. You see," she continued, smiling, "we're fellow bondsmen."

She put out a little hand.

"And now, good-by. I think she likes this part, and if I can persuade her to stay at Holy Brush I'll call at your lodge one evening and ask for some tea You're a Bagot, of course"

"I was," corrected Willoughby. "But that—that's over like the rest. I'm known as Worcester now."

"And I," said the girl quickly, "am known as Spring. No miss, or anything. Just Spring."

Before he could answer she was at the head of the stairs.

As he opened the great front door, "Good by, Spring," said Willoughby.

My lady flung him a bewitching smile.

"Good-by, Captain Bagot. D'you think you'll know me next time?"

"Yes," said Willoughby. "Even if you have your hair down."

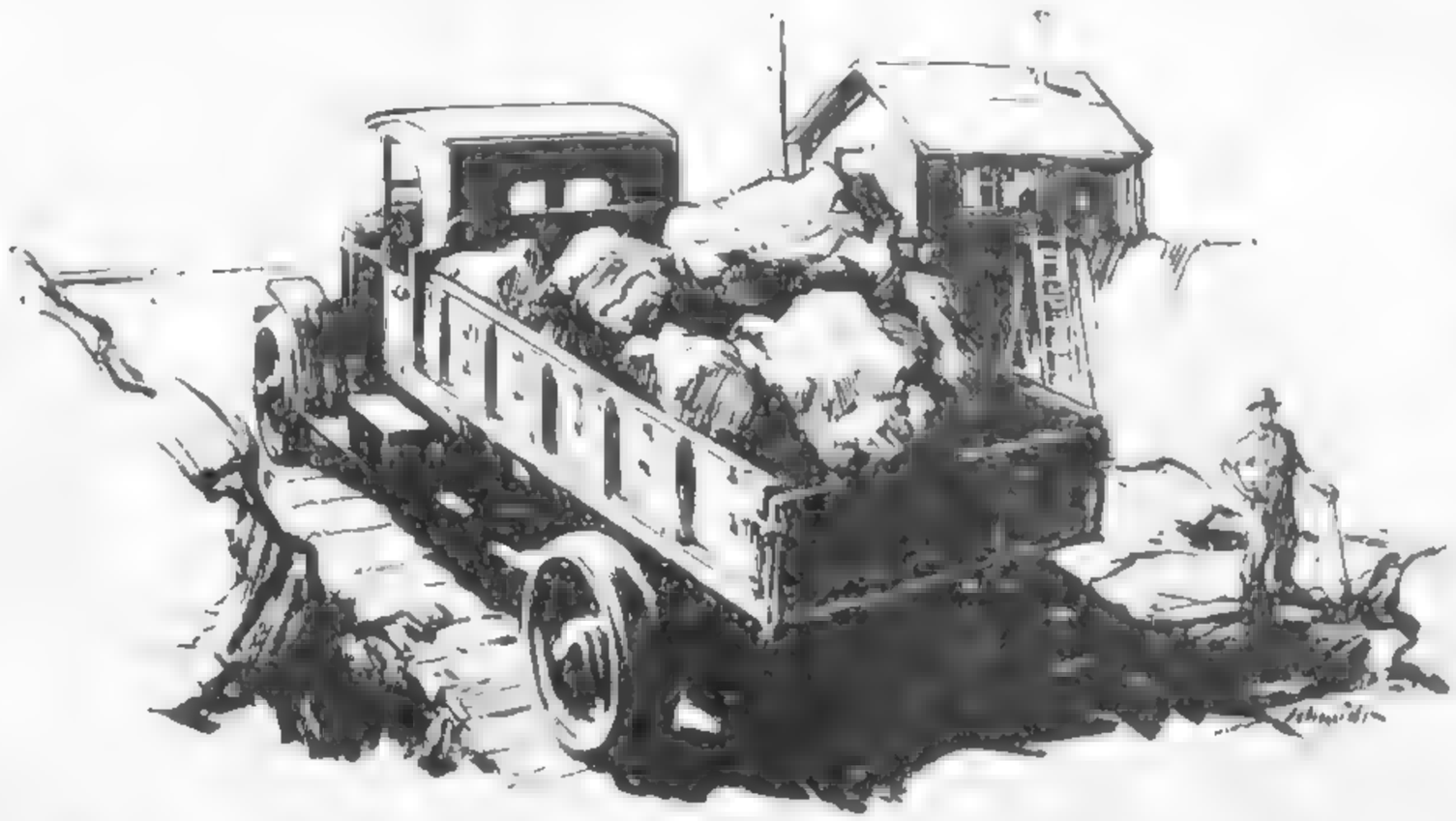
He watched her rejoin her companions.

"The Stacks had a daughter," he murmured. "But she used to wear blue glasses because of her sight Besides, you don't find paid companions worth seven million pounds."

This was quite true. Moreover, his memory was at fault. Mr. and Mrs. Stack had died childless. The whole of their fortune had been left to a beloved niece.

It was natural enough that for the next ten days the groom of the chambers at Chancery should reconstruct Spring's visit with a grateful heart. Her precious figure preceded him up the stairs, set a slight knee on this settle, stooped to observe those volumes; her laughter rang in the gallery, her voice fluted in the hall, her smile flashed in that doorway; her sympathy, grace, charm were lighting his memory with a glow which he found very valuable. In a word, the lady had wrought havoc. She had shown Willoughby Bagot something from which, for the last lean years, he had rigidly averted his gaze—the loneliness of his existence. With her little firm hands she had rammed the truth down his throat. Had her mouth been less scarlet, had her throat been less white, her form less beautiful, the light in her eyes less

(Continued on Page 50)



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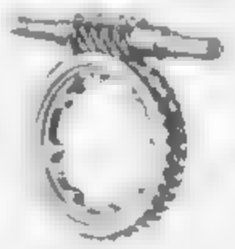

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Philadelphia Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 48)

tender—had the maid been less startlingly attractive in word and look and deed it might have gone less hard with the groom of the chambers. Bagot could steel his heart with most men. His job was to cherish Chancery at any cost. It had not been pleasant to play the servant in his own home; at the best, it had been a bitter-sweet business. Still, keeping his eyes upon the ground, he had become used to his monkhood, perceiving many things for which he had come to thank God. And now ——

They had walked in Chancery together, he and she; walked and talked familiarly in his own home. It was no more his home, in point of fact, than it was hers. And yet—it might have been his—and hers, if she pleased, too—but for ill fortune. That way lay madness, of course. Yet the place suited her. Chancery was so immemorial that it had become natural; its furniture, tapestries, casements seemed to have grown where they hung; labeling age had stolen upon it, as lichen steals upon old tiles, till the spirit of the artifice that garnished had disappeared and the house ranked with the oaks Gray Bagot had planted ere Richard was king. And Spring was natural. For all her badges of modernity—bead bag, silk stockings, nail polish—she was as refreshingly natural as Pomona herself. She fitted into Chancery as had no maid or man except his father—whom Willoughby had ever seen treading those stairs.

When, therefore, some ten days later, the groom of the chambers approached his lodge at a quarter to five o'clock of a July afternoon, to see Spring seated upon the turf beneath his window, hatless, smoking a cigarette and talking earnestly with the old groom, he could have burst into song.

Spring picked up her hat and waved, and when he came up stretched out her little hands to be helped to her feet.

"I said I should come," she said simply. "You shouldn't have asked me."

"If I remember," said Willoughby, "I didn't so far presume."

Spring raised her brown eyes to heaven.

"Which means I've come uninvited?"

Willoughby bowed.

"Queens are not asked for favors," he said. "Yet they bestow them."

"Of course, you're wasted," said Spring, turning to the miniature porch. "You ought to be in some embassy, flattering secretive dowagers. You know—duels of polished wit and sleight of tongue. Never mind. I've got a great idea. I'll tell it you over the tea I've let you in for."

Bagot put his head on one side.

"Yet she looks generous," he said. "Of course, it's a proud mouth."

"It's a thirsty one," said Spring, passing inside.

Old William served them devotedly, hissing a little with excitement from time to time. He had not waited on a lady for many a year. Besides, that his master should have company at the lodge delighted his heart. Willoughby's monkhood went against the groom's grain.

"And so," said Bagot, frowning at the weather-beaten cup which the proud mouth was using, "you managed to get to Holy Brush."

Spring nodded.

"Tact," she said. "I ought to be at an embassy too. I was most skillful. What I was really up against was that there's only one bathroom at The Jade; but I said that that was a custom which was rapidly dying out and that one day we should be proud to say that we'd used a common bath, just as some people boast of remembering inns where everybody sat around the same big dish, spoon in hand."

"Do they? I mean, shall you?"

"I hope so. Anyway, it did the trick, and now she's perfectly delighted. She's bought two gate-legged tables already, and I left her on the bowling green, telling the landlord the history of his church."

"I congratulate myself. If only a certain custom wasn't already dead—that of living and letting live—I'd put myself at your service."

"Which," said Spring thoughtfully, "brings us to my idea. If you want Chancery back, I think you may have it."

"How?"

"Go to America," said Spring. "You had a good time there before."

"I should think I did," said Bagot. "Your people are wonderfully kind."

"Well, go. Don't call yourself Worcester, you know. And use your—your sleight of tongue. With ordinary care you ought to marry an heiress within six months." She paused to take another piece of toast. "It's been done before," she added carelessly.

There was a long silence. At length ——

"I'm afraid I'm a bad business man," said Willoughby quietly.

"Perhaps," said Spring. "In fact it's fairly obvious that, commercially, the Gray Bagots weren't in it with the Harps. But why be foolish? You needn't marry the first one that comes along. They're not all Harps, you know. Some of our psalteries are quite passable."

"Would you do a thing like that?"

"I don't know. But then I'm a fool."

"Exactly," said Willoughby. "So'm I."

Spring frowned.

"Think," she said. "Think of sitting in your own library, with servants falling over one another to answer the bell when you rang, and hunters in the stables, and four cars, and royalty coming to stay with you, and money to burn, and The Wife of Willoughby Bagot, Esquire, the picture of the year, and Chancery smiling in its sleep because a Gray Bagot was up in the saddle again."

"And hatred therewith," said Willoughby, producing a pipe. "Nothing doing, you witch! I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I'm much too foolish; quite idiotic in fact. It's hereditary. After all, I've much to be thankful for. At the moment I'm thankful for your dimple. I suppose it always comes when you're trying not to laugh."

Spring covered her face and shook with merriment. Presently she sat up soberly.

"We don't do so badly, we servants, do we?" she said. "I guess our respective employers aren't laughing like that. I suppose you won't let me wash up?"

"Certainly not," said Bagot. "That's William's affair."

"Yes, but as often as not he does it with cold water. He told me so just now, and that's all wrong, you know."

"I can't help that," said Bagot, lighting her cigarette. "I like my guests to do as they feel inclined, but there's a limit to my hospitality. And now shall we go outside and sit on the grass? I want to see you against a background of box."

It was a brilliant afternoon, and the shadow of the lodge turned the recess between the gray-and-green walls into a little arbor, the mouth of which gave onto Chancery, slumbering warm in the sunshine a quarter of a mile away. What traffic used the road pounded or whirred about its business behind the close box screen, alike blind and invisible, but lending the little bay an air of privileged privacy like that of a family pew.

"My summer parlor," said Bagot, ushering his guest.

"Hereafter the servants' hall," said Spring, taking her seat upon the turf. "Well, now I'm here, how do I look against the box?"

"You kill the poor thing," said Bagot. "Your eyes are too bright. Never mind. I'll have it watered before you come next time."

"I can't come unasked again. I mean, there's a limit to hospitality, isn't there?"

"You wicked girl!" said Willoughby. "You ——"

"Why did you want to see me against the box?"

"Because good pictures should be put into good frames. I didn't choose the paper on my sitting-room walls, you know; but I never noticed how very distressing it was until this afternoon."

Spring looked up, smiling.

"Keep something for the heiress," she said.

A car slid out of the distance, crept past the gates and stopped by the side of the hedge, three paces away.

"We're not far off," said a man's voice. "I know this property here, but these corkscrew lanes of yours have tied me up. I can't remember which side the village lies. Maybe there's a porter here."

A door was opened and someone descended into the road. Before he could reach the gate Bagot was out of his garden and in the drive.

"Can I help you, sir?"

As he spoke he recognized one of the two Americans who had completed Spring's party the week before. And Spring was sitting in the arbor, with blazing eyes and her underlip caught in her white teeth, straining her ears.

The way to Holy Brush was asked and told. The motorist reëntered his car, and when this had purred into the distance Willoughby returned to the arbor with his eyes upon the ground.

The look upon his face told Spring two things. The first was that Bagot knew what was taking her compatriot to Holy Brush; the second, that he found the knowledge acutely distasteful.

"I must go," she said abruptly, getting upon her feet. "What are you thinking about?"

"I was wishing," said Bagot slowly, "that I was back at Chancery." He looked up suddenly. "And you?"

Spring looked away over the exquisite landscape.

"I was thinking that it's very refreshing to discover another fool."

For the next four days, when Willoughby returned to his lodge, Spring was seated upon the turf, hatless and at her ease, awaiting his coming. The man always assumed that she had just arrived. The assumption was wrong. On the last three days my lady had been there two hours before he came, ironing his washing and delicately mending his clothes. The care of linen was not old William's strong point. She also instructed the groom how to wash up and, shocked by his replies to an examination upon elementary cooking, gave him a written statement of the procedure for roasting meat. Moreover, she taught him to deceive so cunningly that when later he volunteered that he had bought an old iron for sixpence and had been trying his hand, his master wholly believed him and praised his discretion. William's ears burned.

On the fifth day Spring did not come. When Willoughby, approaching the lodge, could see no sign of the lady, for an instant his heart stood still. Ridiculously enough, he had come to expect to find her beneath his window. Hoping against hope, he quickened his pace.

Except for William setting the table for tea, the lodge was empty. Willoughby tried to believe that Spring was late. He washed and changed and made a dozen excuses for not taking tea. He gave her half an hour—three-quarters, while he smoked in the little garden or strolled in the road. Finally tea was served at six o'clock. Long after that he listened to every footfall; not until half past eleven did he retire to rest. And all the time he knew that she was not coming, that he would not see her that day.

Thinking things over in his bed, he became frightened. He would see her again, of course; he hoped, many times. But a day had to come—already it was set in fate's diary—when he would see her no more, when their idyl would be definitely finished, to be presently bound in memory and go up to the shelf of time. The thought shocked him. Till now he had never realized how pleasant she was. Her company, her ways had become a necessity to him. Not in four days, of course. That was absurd. Custom is not so rapidly delivered. It was not a question of custom. Spring had become a necessity in half an hour. The gap she filled had been yawning for months and years, but until it was filled he never had known it was there. And now he did know, and its emptiness would gape upon him. Could he have quitted the place, changed his way of living, flung himself into some pursuit, had he but gone to her and she not come to him—it would have been different. As it was, so long as he cared for Chancery, dwelt at the lodge, always between five and six he would miss her excellence turning his lonely parlor into a gallery of dreams.

For Willoughby, there lay her magic. She was his dream lady. She had come to him as dreams do come. Their instant understanding, their immediate intimacy, their full-grown fellowship—things which should have been impossible, and yet were natural as the day—were stuff that dreams are made of.

Finding his legend good, he took it further, recklessly. He made her mistress of Chancery, loaded her with presents, taught her to ride. The hopelessness of such fantasy did not matter at all, because it was founded on fact—a breathing, sweet-smelling fact that sat beside him on the turf, all apple-green frock and white silk stocking and tiny tennis shoes. With her perfume in his nostrils he could afford to be extravagant—with her perfume in his nostrils. And now ——

Sic transit gloria mundi.

My lady's absence was deliberate. Spring was as wise as she was fair. She wished to discover whether Gray Bagot's

Continued on Page 52

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 50)

steady eyes counted with her as much as she thought they did; whether she was losing her head instead of her heart. She was not expecting for an instant to be able to read her own soul, but she was more than hopeful of extracting a valuable hint.

Her hope was realized. By the time her aunt and she had dined she had become so *distraite* as to provoke that usually imperturbable lady's indignation, while, retiring at ten o'clock, she remained awake for one hour, immersed in the distasteful reflections that time can in no wise be recalled and that they who fling opportunities in Fortune's face can hardly be surprised if their future relations with the lady are rather strained.

At last, picturing Willoughby, she fell asleep. Let us use her heavy brown eyes as the delicate ranks of lashes are closing up.

Tall, spare, soldierly, the descendant of the old Gray Bagot was good to see. His hair was fair and close cut; his complexion clear and fresh; his nose aquiline. His mouth was well shaped, his voice pleasant, his gray eyes set far apart. It was indeed his steady gray gaze which was so notable. He always looked you in the face and expected to be so regarded. He liked to see and was perfectly content to be seen. If you did as he expected you had your reward. His character, his various emotions were spread before you in such print as a child could read. If he liked you, you saw it in his eyes, and there was a friendship made in a second of time. If he disliked you, you saw it, and that was that. But he never disliked anyone without just cause. As a matter of fact, he was generous to a fault. He looked his best, I fancy, upon a horse; but so does many a man. He had a fine upright carriage, and his shoulders were broad. Honest, unassuming, dignified, he did his blood credit. That Chancery suited him is indisputable; his looks, his bearing, his ways agreed with it; and Chancery was a show place.

Willoughby tried not to hasten upon the sixth afternoon. His working hours were from seven till four o'clock; but since the measure he gave was always good, he seldom left the apartments till nearer five. Today, however, there had come no visitors to interrupt his labors, and by a quarter past four there was no more to be conveniently done.

It follows that he reached the lodge rather before he was expected—in fact in comfortable time to witness the delivery of a pair of pajamas, four soft shirts and six handkerchiefs by his *repossesseur*.

"Hullo," said Spring cheerfully. "I guess you never dreamed I could iron." She turned to the groom, who was standing upon one leg. "That's all today, William. The other two need mending, so I'll do them tomorrow."

"Very good, m'm."

With an apologetic look at his master William made good his escape.

"You will do nothing of the sort," said Willoughby. "If I'd had the faintest idea ——"

"Live and let live," said Spring. "It amuses me and it doesn't hurt you, so why deprive a poor servant of her innocent fun?" She slid a cool arm through his. "And now take me into the garden and give me a match. By the time you've changed, William will have brought us some tea."

Willoughby did as he was bid. It was when the meal was over that Spring put her elbows on the table and knitted her brows.

"I want your advice."

"That's very easy," said Bagot. "Let sleeping suits lie and grooms of the chambers do their own dirty work."

The red lips tightened.

"Thanks very much," said Spring. "Perhaps I ought to have said that the advice I want is upon a matter upon which I value your opinion."

Willoughby considered his finger nails.

"I've got an awfully good answer to that," he said. "A regular winner."

"What?" suspiciously.

"Can't think of it for the moment," said Willoughby. "But ——"

"Oh, but you will before I go. We shan't go before next Friday. In fact I can't. You see, I only get off in the afternoons, and William says there's a waistcoat ——"

"I can't wait," said Willoughby quietly. "Friday? In three days' time? Is Mrs— or Mrs ——"

"Le Fevre."

"—— Le Fevre weary of Holy Brush?"

"Not that I know of," said Spring. "I want your advice."

"Yes?" said Willoughby.

"I have been offered another situation."

"As companion?"

"Yes."

Bagot took out tobacco and started to fill a pipe.

"First of all," he said slowly, "are you happy with Mrs. Le Fevre?"

"Very. She's awfully sweet."

"Then I take it the new situation would be an improvement financially?"

"Yes," said Spring shortly, "it would."

"D'you think that you'd have as much freedom?"

"I know that I shouldn't."

"You might be happier."

"I might," said Spring. "I am not at all sure; but I might."

Willoughby frowned. Then, "Might you be less happy, Spring?"

"Easily."

The man slid his pouch into a pocket and rose to his feet.

"My dear," he said, "unless the increase in salary is too big to be ignored, my advice is to stay where you are."

There was a pause.

At length, "I think I ought to say," said Spring slowly, "that the offer was made by a man."

Willoughby's heart gave one bound.

For a second he hesitated. Then, "That alters everything," he said.

"Why?"

"Because companions, like grooms of the chambers, do not figure in the table of relative precedence, whereas ——"

Spring stared out of the window and into the park.

"You've seen him," she said—"twice. But then you knew that."

Willoughby nodded.

"I should say," he said quietly, "that he was one of the best."

"In fact if I don't accept I shall be selling a bed of roses for the second *a* in smoke?"

Willoughby set his teeth.

"Dear Spring," he said, "I can't advise your heart—only your head. But I'm bound to say that, placed as you are, you should do what your head tells you if you possibly can. Think of the future."

"I do," said Spring. "That's what worries me so."

"Supposing Mrs. Le Fevre were to die and you to fall sick."

"Supposing my husband treated me like a dog."

"I'm quite sure he wouldn't," said Bagot.

"He wouldn't do it twice," said Spring sweetly.

"The point is," said Willoughby, swallowing, "that companions can be given notice, but wives can't."

"Wives can't give notice either."

"I've heard of its being done."

"Then you advise me to take my precious offer and thank my stars?"

"How can I? But I can point out that a girl in your present position is up against it. You can't get away from that. Think! You depend for the bread you eat upon somebody else's whim. I bet you've never saved. You haven't had time. And so, you see, it's vital that if you can improve your position—scramble on to firmer ground—you should. Well, you've got a roaring chance. He's rich, of course, and a white man—two pretty good points, you know. I don't suggest that if you were not a companion you couldn't have half London at your feet; but as it is, my lady, you don't get a show. So that this chance that's come your way may never come by again. If you were rich I should tell you to please your heart. As it is, you don't dislike him, you've no reason to think he won't do you slap up—I'm perfectly certain he will—and so I simply suggest you should please your head."

"Which do you do?" said Spring.

"I'm a man."

"Exactly, and you jolly well please your heart."

"Not at all," said Bagot. "I ——"

"I imagine you could do better than serve the Harps. I mean, you weren't born or bred to fix parlors; but because you're mad about Chancery, you just do."

This was unanswerable.

After a moment's reflection, "A male man," said Willoughby, "can shift for himself. If he likes to buy trouble he can. He can always get through."

"And what," said Spring, ignoring his careful evasion—"what about my suggestion that you should marry a wife? You wiped the floor with it. But the instant the position is reversed I must swallow my

(Continued on Page 54)

DODGE BROTHERS
COMMERCIAL CAR

Merchants are growing more and more particular about the appearance of the delivery cars they send to their customers' homes.

The reason is perfectly clear to anyone who has ever analyzed his impressions on seeing a handsome, dignified delivery car draw up in front of his own, or his neighbor's door.

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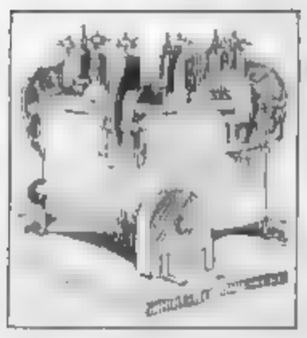

This remarkable machine gives rubbers the same kind of wear they get in actual daily use. In it, sections from the sole and heel of "U.S." Rubbers are tested for wear to the finest fraction of an inch.

On the left is shown one of the many remarkable machines for measuring wear used in our Testing Laboratories.

The construction of "U. S." Rubbers is the result of 75 years of experience—from the making of the first successful rubbers ever turned out down to the manufacture of the "master brand" that bears the "U.S." trademark today.

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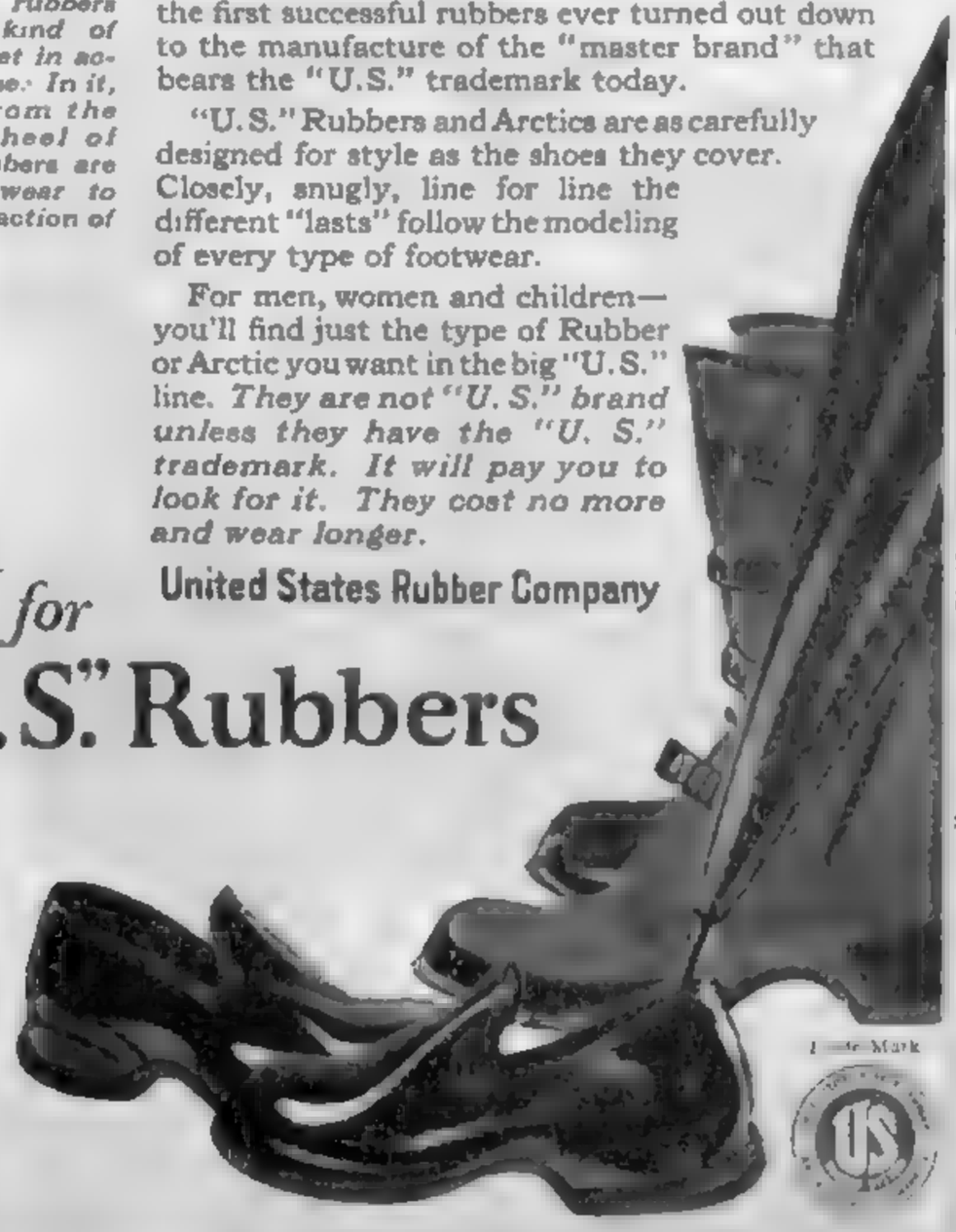

(Continued from Page 52)

feelings and follow my head. What if you are a man? Men aren't immune from sickness. Don't say that you've got William or I shall scream. If William's as good a nurse as he is a seamstress, you wouldn't live twenty-four hours. And look at the women there are who are up against it. They don't go under because they're not on concrete."

"I don't suggest that you would. But some of the roads of life are pretty bad. If one can avoid the roughest, it's—it's just as well. Spares the frame, you know."

"Don't I look strong?"

"You do. I'm sure you're as hard as nails, but nobody's any the better for being hammered."

"And so, although the sun's shining, I'm to dive into the subway of marriage, in case one day it may rain."

"At least there's a station here," said Bagot doggedly.

"In other words, I mayn't get another chance. Go on. Say it right out. You've been hanging around trying to hand me the statement for a quarter of an hour."

Willoughby gasped.

"You wicked, ungrateful child!" He raised his eyes to heaven. "For sheer barefaced perversion, that breaks the tape. Never mind. I'm through, I am. I've done my best and I'm through. As some poetaster has said, 'You can lead a girl to the altar, but you can't make her think.' Or is that out of Paradise Lost?"

With that he seated himself upon the table and felt for a match. He was really ridiculously relieved. Spring gave a little laugh.

"My dear," she said, with her eyes upon his face, "I was only playing you up. I think your advice is sound and provident, and you've perfectly satisfied me that if I don't take it I shall be a brass-bound fool."

The punch was unexpected; but, to Bagot's eternal credit, the hand that was holding a flaming match to his pipe never wavered. The man knew how to lose. As for Spring, she was so proud of him that she had much ado not to burst into tears. Before she had time Willoughby had laid down his pipe and picked up her hand.

"That's right," he said, smiling. "For your sake I'm awfully glad and I believe you'll be very happy." He kissed the cool fingers and turned away. "And now that's settled, let's go into the servants' hall."

He had, to my mind, done well, had this groom of the chambers. He was, of course, desperately in love with Spring. More—by taking the office he held he had made himself outcaste. He never could marry, because he could never allow any woman to forfeit her own degree by becoming his wife. The possibility of finding a woman whom he could love, who also was outcaste, had been too ridiculously remote to be considered, and now this very thing had come about. Exquisite, dazzling, Spring was within his reach. Whether she would have married him is beside the point, which is that he could have wooed her with a clear conscience. Yet because of her chance of marrying one who was not outcaste, his wonderful, shining occasion must be renounced. Willoughby renounced as he loved—with all his might. The man was resolute. No passing flash of pity must be permitted to affect the case, no tear of sympathy for him fall into the trembling scale. For Spring to suspect that he loved her would have been unearthly sweet. That it would actually embarrass her was most unlikely. What was a broken-down Bagot, haunting the home of his fathers like a seedy ghost—what was such a man to her? Still, the slight risk must not be taken. If she could possibly do it she must marry her wealthy swain. To Bagot, Spring's happiness was everything. His own did not count.

To my mind such love was worth having, and Spring thought likewise.

"I must be going," she said.

Willoughby bowed. In silence they passed through the garden and out into the drive.

As he opened the wicket gate, "Tell me one thing," she said. "Why did you say you were sure he was one of the best?"

"Because I knew that if he was not you wouldn't have considered his proposal."

"But I didn't," said Spring with a positively blinding smile. "I turned him down last night."

"You turned him down?" shouted Bagot.

Spring smiled very sweetly.

"I thought I told you," she said, "that I was a fool."

She left him staring and pelted down the road.

Spring came the next afternoon, but was gone before four o'clock. Then came Thursday. Willoughby found her framed in the little porch.

"Change quickly," she said. "I mustn't stay long today."

"Packing?" said Willoughby quietly.

"Yes."

They ate their tea without laughter. The spirit of parting was hovering over the meal. Afterwards they sat by the window, for though the sun was shining, it had rained a lot that morning and the world was wet. Spring sat like a child, perched on the deep sill, peering at Chancery out of the leaded panes.

"You will remember it all?" said the groom of the chambers.

"Yes—all."

"It's like a tale, don't you think? A slice of a fairy tale. In the distance the shining castle, and here, on the fringe of its domain, the little cot."

"Where the poor boy dwelt, who was really the rightful heir, with one old retainer to whom he was still the lord."

"And one day a princess came, with hair as dark as night and eyes that were unfair, they were so big, and—and silk stockings, and all. And she recognized the poor boy, and because she had a nice soft heart she came and had tea with him instead of visiting the castle."

"And the silly part of it was," said Spring, "that she wasn't a princess at all, but an ordinary poor girl who was ——"

"She was a princess," said Bagot. "She hadn't got the riches or the court she should have had, but—oh, anyone could see she was a princess."

"Anyway, the boy treated her like one, which was very nice for her, and when the time came for her to go ——"

"The boy lost his wits," said Bagot steadily, "and made a fool of himself." Spring turned and looked at him. "You'll never guess what he did. He forgot that he was no longer lord of the castle. It wasn't altogether his fault, because the presence of the princess had made his cottage all glorious. Be that as it may, he thought how wonderful it would be if only—the—princess—didn't—go. And when he came to his senses and saw what a madman he'd been, the idea was so precious that he couldn't get it out of his head. You see, she'd seen what his life was, and she seemed to understand, and she did like Chancery, and he had two hundred a year, as well as his wages, and he could be home by half past four every day, and there was a bathroom upstairs, and ——" He stopped short there and clapped his hands to his temples. Then he burst out tempestuously: "Oh, Spring darling, why did you ever come to dazzle my wretched eyes? You couldn't stick it, I know. It's absurd, grotesque, comic. The clothes you're wearing are worth more than I earn in a year. I'm mad—raving." He sank his head upon his chest and put out his hand. "Give me your blessed fingers to kiss before you go, and then—go as you came, my sweet, like a breath of air, like a perfume out of the night. I'll try to think it's been a dream—a wonderful, golden dream which the good gods sent me to make my memory rich. You know. When first you wake you could weep to think it isn't true; but after a while you're grateful for just the dream."

Spring put down her face and kissed his hand. Then she slid off the sill and put her arms round his neck.

"Why d'you think I came back that day? Why d'you think I left my bag in the gallery? Why d'you think I've come here? Because I love you, Willoughby—loved you before you loved me. I don't care what you've got or what you haven't. I only want to share your life."

"My wonderful darling," said Bagot, and kissed her mouth.

Miss Consuelo Spring Lindley became Mrs. Willoughby Bagot ere August was old. The wedding took place one morning at Holy Brush and was extremely quiet.

Mr. Worcester obtained one day's leave without arousing suspicion, and the quick congregation consisted of a tearful Mrs. Le Fevre, that lady's solicitor, who gave the bride away, and William the groom. For the dead I cannot answer, but if polished brass and marble may be believed eleven Gray Bagots slept through the simple service beneath the cold white flags.

The following morning Benedick was back at his work. This, however, was destined to be disturbed. Shortly before ten

(Continued on Page 58)

You Can't Ignore the Experience of 2,000,000 Car Owners

The judgment and experience of 2,000,000 people with Gabriel Snubbers is not to be taken lightly.

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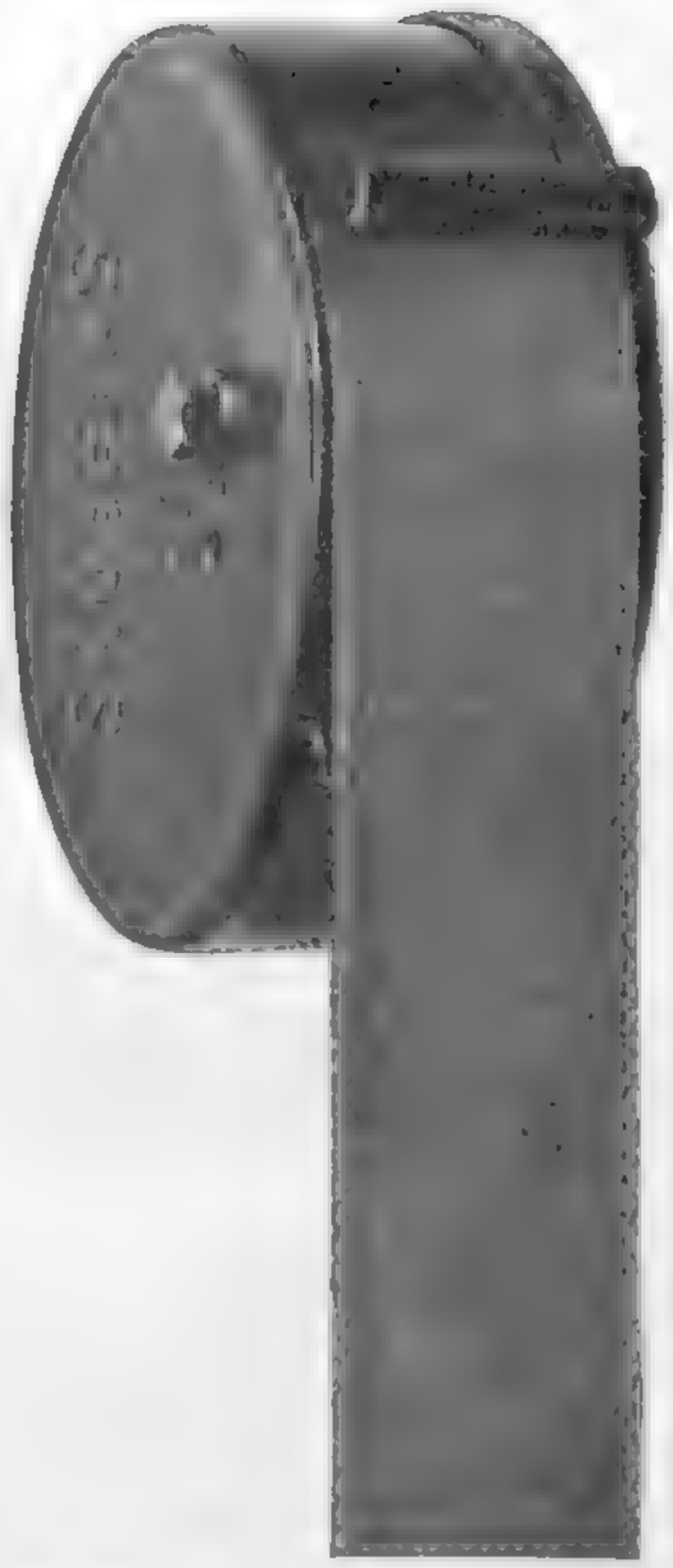

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(Continued from Page 54)

o'clock his employer summoned him to the library and bade him close the door.

"Worcester," said Mr. Harp, "I 'ave some very queer noos. In fac', I'm all of a shake—never 'ad such a night in me life, wakin' up all of a sweat and tossin' and tryin' to think till me brain rebelled against me." He sighed heavily, holding a hand to his head. "As for Mrs. 'Arp, she's that struck and bewildered she's stayin' in bed."

Willoughby regarded his employer and then fixed his eyes upon the floor.

"Yes, sir?" he said steadily.

"Yesterday afternoon, I 'ad an offer for the 'ouse." The groom of the chambers started and then went very pale. "Lock, stock and barrel—just as I bought it meself." Mr. Harp paused as if seeking for appropriate words. Suddenly he smote upon the table and let out a cry. "They might 've offered me twice—free times what I gave and I'd 've 'ad 'em shown out wiv a flea in their ear. Forty-five thousan' I paid, as p'raps you know. Well, I can't 'ardly believe it, but they offered me ten times that!"

"Four hundred and fifty thousand!"

"Four 'undred and fifty thousan'," said Mr. Harp. He slapped his breast. "I've a banker's draft in 'ere for a quarter of that 'undred an' twelve thou five. I 'ave to keep takin' it out to believe it's true."

"You took the offer, sir?" ventured Bagot.

"Why, man alive," screamed his master, "wot else could I do? You can't turn away money like that. You 'aven't the right. I tell you straight, I'm dotty about this place, but business first's my motter, an'—an' it's pretty nigh 'arf a million," he concluded absently.

For a moment, blinking, he scrabbled figures upon the blotting pad, his lips moving, his eyes fixed. Then he sat back in his seat and covered his face.

"Two o'clock they come, and give me till four to decide. Immediate possession, in course. I 'ad to take it or leave it by four o'clock. I never 'ad two such hours in all me life. One thing I said: I asked if the buyer was British, for I couldn't 'ave sold to a foreigner, come wot might. 'Yes,' they says, 'British.' So I signed her away at this table wiv tears in me eyes. I s'pose we'll 'ave free seats now an' do the grand, but shan't be never so 'appy as we've bin 'ere."

There was a long silence.

"When am I to go, sir?" said Bagot.

"I mentioned you," said his master. "I didn't forget. I said as I 'oped you'd stay with me and Mrs. 'Arp, but if you didn't do that, maybe you'd like to stay 'ere. I said you was a groom in a million an' did the work o' five, an' that wot you didn't know about the place could be counted out. The fellow listened and took a note o' your name, but 'e said that he 'ad no authority to promise to take you on. 'Owever, the purchaser's comin' this afternoon at free. You'll show 'im round, in course, and it's Lombard Street to a norange 'e'll jump at the chance. Mrs. 'Arp and me'll be out. There ain't no call for us to stay, an'—an' we'd rather not. The deal's to go through nex' Monday at twelve o'clock."

There was nothing more to be said. Chancery had passed.

Five hours and a half had gone dragging by and Bagot was in the gallery oiling an aged hinge and wondering how to word his *communiqué* to Spring.

Suddenly the throb of a bell came to his vigilant ears. The can went into a locker and the groom of the chambers descended into the hall. He tried his best to be calm, but his nerves were taut. A good deal depended upon this interview—their tiny home, their living, their — —

With his hand on the mighty latch, Willoughby moistened his lips.

Spring was standing alone on the broad flags, very smartly dressed, looking ridiculously girlish and inspecting her thin gold ring with her head on one side. Behind her, in the hot sunshine, was gleaming the gray and silver of a magnificent coupé. Husband and wife regarded each other with beating hearts.

Then, "Please, may I see over the house?" said Spring. "It—it belongs to my husband."

Willoughby put a hand to his head.

"F-four hundred and fifty thousand!" he stammered. "Then ——"

"Yes, dear," said Spring, entering and closing the door. "We might've got it for less, but I didn't want to take any risks. You see," she added, setting her back against the oak, "in spite of all your protests you took my advice. In fact you married the first one that came along."

Willoughby tried to speak, but no words would come. Suddenly he began to tremble. In an instant Spring's arms were about him and her cheek against his.

"Willoughby, my darling, my darling!"

So she comforted him. Presently he picked her up as one picks up a baby child.

"I never dreamed," he said slowly—"I never dreamed —— I didn't know how to tell you, and I was going to ask the people if they could see their way to keep the groom of the chambers on." A shy smile came playing into his face. "Do you think you could madam?"

Gravely his sweet wife regarded him.

Then, "You must ask my husband," she said.

JUNK À LA CARTE

FOR many years I have been the victim of the antique virus, and all its other victims will, I am sure, agree with me that there is an antique germ just as there is a typhoid or a diphtheria or an influenza germ. The only difference in the bugs is that the antique bug is beneficent, kindly and pleasure-giving, which is scarcely true of the others. Unfortunately, of late years I have been unable to gratify my cravings for stenciled chairs, duck-foot tables and the like, owing to a large family and a small pocketbook. But in the good old days when one could buy a banister-back chair for fifty cents, my purchases were many and varied.

The four-post tent bed in which I now sleep I bought at a country auction twenty years ago for a dollar and a quarter, and, alas, knew so little then that I stained it mahogany of a somewhat pinkish tinge. In spite of this ruthless treatment, age has not been able to wither nor custom stale its beauty, for no stain could mar the grace of those posts. After the bed had been knocked down to me at the auction, I crept under the eaves in the attic of the old house where for a hundred years it had lived, and my search was rewarded by finding one-quarter of its curved tester. After that it was an easy matter to have the other pieces made, and a muslin canopy and a modern spring have made the bed a joy and comfort ever since.

But the days of dollar-and-a-quarter four-posters are long past, and the ubiquitous flivver with its persistent dealer-driver has brought a knowledge of the commercial value of our forefathers' furniture into the homes of even the most remote hamlets of New England, and bargains are seldom secured. As a friend of mine said to me lately, "I can buy better antiques for less money and infinitely less trouble on Charles Street, Boston, than I can in any out-of-the-way farmhouse, where the most terrible Empire atrocities are, in the eyes of their owners, worth their weight in gold."

As I began by saying, I have had the antique bug a long time, and one of its first manifestations was when a friend of mine, well versed in such matters, suggested that I should collect old ship models, and added that he would give me thirty dollars for every old one that I found. This seemed to me an enormous price to pay for those broken-down dust catchers, and this shows how little I knew in those days.

Living by the sea, I felt confident that any number of old ships could be picked up with a minimum of trouble. I was much mistaken, for in three years I found only twenty; but these I sold, some in the condition in which they were found, and some rerigged, for prices many times as high as that first offer of thirty dollars. But the work of hunting them up was tremendous, and the rerigging of one frigate took my husband seven months of odd hours in the evening. So that the money paid for those little ships seems to me not at all exorbitant. When one thinks of the hours and the patience that some sailor, perhaps going

(Continued on Page 58)

Rachmaninoff composing at his Steinway

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

ALONE, in his study, Sergei Rachmaninoff, greatest of living Russian pianists, becomes Rachmaninoff, the composer. Here, in this quiet room, are born the brilliant effects which distinguish his musical creations. And here, just as it is amid the glamor of the concert stage, his constant inspiration and companion is the Steinway. . . . Thus is written another golden chapter of Steinway history. . . . Since Richard Wagner dreamed to immortality at his Steinway, each generation of musicians has held this one piano in highest esteem. The Steinway was beloved of Rubinstein and Berlioz. It is the piano with which Paderewski rose to greatness. It is the choice of Hofmann and Friedman, Levitzki and Cortot. You who love the music of the masters, would you not choose for your companion the piano of the masters? To play an instrument as perfect as that which Paderewski plays! To hear, in your home, the tone that is the inspiration of Rachmaninoff! . . . To bring you this happiness four generations of the Steinway family have striven. It is for this that you may buy a Steinway miniature grand or upright which embodies every point of Steinway excellence. It is in your home that the greatest purpose of Steinway manufacture is fulfilled.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a cash deposit of 10%, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

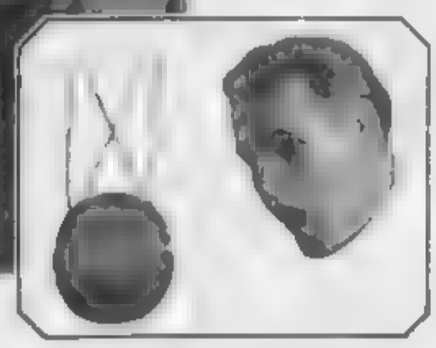
Prices: Upright, $875 and up; Grand, $1425 and up; plus freight

Prices somewhat higher in Canada

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall, 109 East Fourteenth Street, New York City

Broadcasting Experts Agree on Them

Willard B Battery installation at WOAW, Woodmen of the World station, Omaha, Neb



Talk to the radio engineers in the 61 broadcasting stations listed at the right, if you want to know how Willard Rechargeable B Batteries will improve any receiving set.

These radio experts use Willard B Batteries for clearer and more distinct broadcasting—and you will get the same increased clearness by using them with your receiving set.

Willard B Batteries cut out noises due to electrical leakage, internal action or subnormal voltage.

They hold their voltage for months without recharging and can be kept always at top-notch efficiency.

They save you money because they last for years.

They are always brand new and ready for use because they are shipped fully charged and bone dry. Don't deteriorate in stock. Ready for service instantly.

Willard A and B Rechargeable Radio Batteries are sold by Willard Service Stations and Radio Dealers everywhere.

Ask your dealer for the free book, "Better Results from Radio" or write to Willard Storage Battery Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

These 61 Broadcasting Stations Use Them

WSB, Atlanta
WSY, Birmingham
WNAR, Butler, Mo.
WKAA, Cedar Rapids, Ia
WDAP and WMAQ, Chicago
WLW and WSAI, Cincinnati
WHK, WJAX and WTAM, Cleveland
WDAO and WFAA, Dallas
WOC, Davenport, Ia
WWJ, Dearborn, Mich
AA-3 and KLZ, Denver
WGF, Des Moines
WCX and WWJ, Detroit
WBAP, Ft. Worth, Texas
WEV and WCAK, Houston, Texas
WDAL, Jacksonville
WOS, Jefferson City, Mo
WDAF and WHB, Kansas City
WSAH and WFAV, Lincoln, Neb
KFI, Los Angeles
WMC, Memphis, Tenn
WHA, Madison, Wisc
WQAM, Miami, Fla.
WIAO, Milwaukee, Wis
WBAH and WLAG, Minneapolis
WOR, Newark, N. J
WCAG, New Orleans
WJAG, Norfolk, Va
WCAL, Northfield, Minn
WOAW, WAAW and WIAK, Omaha
KGW, Portland, Ore
WTAG, WEAN and WJAR, Providence, R. I
WHAM and WABA, Rochester, N. Y.
KFBK, Sacramento, Cal
KDYL and KZN, Salt Lake City
WOAI, San Antonio
KSD, St. Louis
KDIB, Seattle, Wash
WCAR, Shreveport, La
WDAF, Tampa, Fla
CFCA, Toronto, Ont
WHAZ, Troy, N. Y
WJH and WCAP, Washington, D. C

A

Willard A Batteries sell at a range of [illegible]. They include the Willard A Rubber Battery with Threaded Rubber Insulation. It's the finest A battery made. Five sizes, 20 to 125 a. h.

B

Willard B Batteries are made in 24 volt or 48 volt [illegible] jars enable you to see condition of battery at all times.

Willard Rechargeable Batteries for Radio

(Continued from Page 56)

around the Horn, put into his whittling of the little hulls, one feels that they are not dust catchers only, but impregnated with the spirit of the old salts who carved their joys into the hulls and wove their hopes and fears into the rigging.

My first model was bought from an old sea captain of eighty-five, who had whittled it out on a long voyage which he made as cabin boy at the age of thirteen. The little ship was an exact replica of the big one of whose crew he had been the most humble member, and in spite of the lapse of seventy-two years the rigging was still trim and taut and the painted hull in fine condition. It is almost impossible to find authentic old models now, and the modern ones have never been of interest to me.

Another symptom of my antique mania was when I saw a marvelous doorway from an old colonial house, built in 1800, lying on a junk pile in the rear of the house, which was being made over into a tenement. A sad sight this seemed to me as I watched from the shelter of my umbrella the rain pouring down on the poor old doorway, now lying on its side in the back yard of a tenement house! Had the doorway been a human being how sad would have been its thoughts—thoughts of the changes wrought by a century of time from its early days as the portal of a grand mansion of the aristocracy to these later days of being thrown in the dump heap of an Italian tenement house!

I rooted out its owner and paid the price he asked, buying also five mantels from the same house. My doorway I had temporarily placed on my own piazza, in order that it might be photographed, and curiously enough, a personal friend of mine who collected for one of the largest museums in New York happened to drive by. He at once left word—I being out—that I should telegraph him if the doorway was for sale. To make a long story short, the New York museum did not get the doorway, but it was sold in Rhode Island, as it seemed more fitting that a Rhode Island doorway should end its days in the state in which it was born.

A year ago I decided to put into practical use my love of old furniture and to run an antique shop for one summer, feeling sure that it would be not only delightful but lucrative. As soon as this decision was made I began haunting the real junk shops, and none was too dirty or too remote. Those first days of following the lure of the antique as a business were filled with pleasure far beyond the ken of those who have never had the fever. I really think that at that time I was in an antique trance. Oh, the trash of a small kind that I bought for my shop! And oh, the groans of my family that greeted me when daily I returned to my evening meal, dirty and tired, but triumphantly bearing in my hands plates, more or less cracked; pressed glass, always called Sandwich; battered pewter; old bottles! And oh, the waste of gasoline, tires, shoe leather, my own nerves and those of my long-suffering family, for things of no real value! Even now I don't know much about antiques, but how infinitely more than in the first days of my apprenticeship!

Setting Up Shop

My next step as a business woman was to rent three very large rooms and a piazza in a tumble-down house on the main street of the seaport town in which I live. As a compliment to my first antique love, I called my venture The Ship Shop. I pride myself it was not Ye Olde Shippe Shoppe. My sign was a painted ship upon a painted ocean, and was most effective, and lured many within my doors. It was aided by its neighbors, the warming pans, ship lanterns and kindred objects, and the orange cambric curtains at the many windows also played their part in stopping the passing motors.

At the beginning of the summer my idea was that, having a perfectly good husband who has never shared my antique craze, although most patient with its manifestations, and six children of varying ages, I was not justified in being an actual saleswoman, on account of the time it would take from my large family.

This was my idea at the beginning of the summer; but before the end, when I was a frazzled wreck from overwork, I found that my business necessitated all my time, even though I had procured the services of two most excellent saleswomen, both of whom knew much more about antiques than I did. To these women was due a large part of the success of my short business career, and if anyone who reads this thinks of starting out as I did, let me strongly advise her to have one or more clerks to do the actual selling.

As this article is written in the hope that it may be of help to someone else, I am going to give some financial details, which I trust will not come amiss. To begin with, I deposited in a special account at the local bank five hundred dollars, which was the extent to which I felt I could stake myself. On this I drew for the furniture, which I bought outright, and for my overhead expenses, which were absurdly small. They consisted of a very low rent, part of a telephone, and the services of the saleswomen for three afternoons each a week from one until six.

Were I to do it again, I should have the shop open in the morning also.

Having collected more or less of small things before I started, I then bought from some old houses a few chairs, tables and bureaus, enough for a beginning; also I spent one wonderful day at a real country auction, and drove home at night with my car loaded down with every sort of junk, and I had spent only sixty dollars! Of course real auctions in the country which are not stacked with city dealers' things are a great bonanza to the amateur dealer. Even at these, however, the big dealers always appear with wallets bursting with greenbacks, to the great envy of the small fry who cannot compete with them. The day after this country auction I went to a farm whose owner often sold me vegetables from his wagon, and whom I considered a real friend.

"Mr. Smith," said I boldly as he approached barefooted from the barn, "may I go up into your attic?"

"Lor', marm, what for? There ain't nothin' there."

"Perhaps you think so, Mr. Smith, but I am going to have an antique shop and I may like what you don't."

Raids on Local Attics

So he let me climb the steep stairs, and what treasure-trove I found under those eaves! A carved four-poster—its feet were cut off, but I found them hidden away on the second visit; a shelf clock with a lady in hoop skirts adorning the glass at the bottom—of course the wooden works were no good, but the case was a beauty; old iron andirons, whale-oil lamps, a sea chest. All I hauled down those stairs. Finally I paid him a price which he insisted I should make, and which he considered enormous, so much so that when I left, the man's daughter whispered to her mother, "Is the lady crazy?"

In this connection I must say one thing which I think really contributed to the success of my venture. Whenever possible I got the owners of furniture to make their own prices, and if I could not afford it I simply said so, but never haggled about it. In many cases I was asked what I would pay, and invariably paid the highest price I could and still be sure of getting a profit on reselling. I never took advantage of the fact that the owners of the furniture knew less of the commercial value than I did, and in several cases I paid more than the price asked, knowing that even then I could make a large profit. Of course this lack of bargaining did not apply to dealers of whom I bought things and who knew much more than I did of their value.

Soon I found that it was necessary to buy very little outright unless I wished to, and as my five hundred dollars was rapidly shrinking, I didn't wish to unless I had to.

People of all sorts and conditions began coming to see me and telephoning me to see if I could sell things for them in The Ship Shop. After that began, most of my mornings were spent in haunting hot attics where I would gaze delightedly at furniture which the owners did not consider nearly so desirable as the mission pieces adorning their parlors.

I couldn't begin to keep up with the demand for my presence in hot attics and barn chambers of my own and surrounding towns. I know that many of the proud old New England women who wished to turn their old things into good money for their actual needs would not dream of letting a real city dealer in their houses. They had known me from a baby and felt sure that they could trust me to get the most money

(Continued on Page 60)

Planting for to-morrow

THE lumberman followed the settlers westward. He served a people that demanded immense quantities of wood products in an unprecedented social and economic development. Naturally, he was concerned with present profits. As soon as one vast timberland had yielded to his axes and saws, he moved onward. What if he did leave desolation behind him—"slash," in whose burning the last vestige of greenery often disappeared! There was, for a time, always new timber ahead.

Now comes the forester. To him the forest is a sacred trust, for to-morrow's population will still need wood products. He cuts merchantable timber, but he leaves the smaller trees to become the giants of the future. He sets out seedlings that in thirty years, or fifty, or perhaps a hundred, shall furnish boards for buildings, pulp for paper and timbers for ships. The forester plants for to-morrow!

Business has its lumbermen and its foresters. The one is interested in the immediate gain alone, discrediting the importance of the future, believing that his market will always exist and be as profitable as he finds it at the moment. The other looks beyond this year's balance-sheet. Through advertising he cultivates the buyer's good-will as the basis for further sales. With each passing year his advertising plants impressions that grow to sturdy preferences and end in towering demands for his product.

Through advertising he converts barren territories into healthy woodlands of sales. His method reaches from the present into the future. His market is continuous and ever-growing. While he harvests he is also planting!

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

When a radiator won't get warm—invest $1.60 in an Airid Air Valve

LAST WINTER thousands of people found how to make cold radiators hot. They answered an Airid advertisement like this one.

Says a Superintendent of Schools in Minnesota:

"We had a lot of trouble with our radiators before we put on Airid Air Valves. They solved the problem entirely. The air gets out, the radiators heat up quickly, there is no hissing or noise, and best of all, there is no water running over the floor."

You are wasting a large part of your coal money, if the air valves won't let your radiators get warm. Airid will prevent this waste and double your comfort for only $1.60 a room.

Try Airid on your coldest radiator

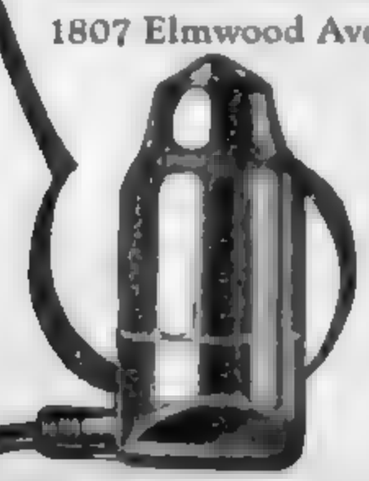
Just try one Airid Air Valve in your coldest room. It is on sale at $1.60 in the stores of Heating Contractors and Plumbers everywhere. It can be attached to any radiator in a moment by anyone—without tools—without adjustment. If your dealer happens to be out, mail us the coupon below.

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need

1807 Elmwood Ave. Dept. S-71 Buffalo, N. Y.



AIRID Air Valve

Rids the radiator of cold air

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY Dept. S-71 1807 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

This coupon with $1.60 will bring you an Airid Air Valve. We are willing to let Airid stand or fall by what it will do for the coldest radiator in your coldest room.

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 58)

possible for them to be turned into the winter's coal. I always allowed these consignors to put their own price on things if it were within reason, and told them quite frankly that I should charge anything over that I chose. In other words, I did not stick to the usual 20 or 25 per cent commission, except in the case of expensive things, but for the more moderate-priced things charged a much larger commission. For example, a glass saltcellar or a ginger jar, consigned at one dollar each, would take as much time and strength to hunt up as a Chippendale chair, and would certainly not be worth bothering with unless I got a much larger commission. My consignors understood all this perfectly, and it made no difference. They were only too delighted to have me as an outlet for what they wished to sell, and they knew the things would surely be sold in The Ship Shop. In some few cases I allowed the things to be consigned at too high a price and they did not sell, and so had to be reduced or returned.

Generally speaking, the good things made short visits in my shop, being snapped up by the knowing ones nearly as soon as they were brought in. Of course I made a lot of mistakes, one of the worst being about some of those ridiculous cup plates. They seem to me the must absurd and uninteresting things to collect, but as every antiquarian knows, people go crazy about them, and will nearly barter their souls to get the real ones. I made a rule to make a one-dollar profit on each one sold. One day three Ringgolds were brought in. I thought they were worth about ten dollars for the three, and sold them for that, only to find that they were selling for forty dollars apiece in New York. I was very sorry in this particular case, as the owner was an invalid who needed the money. However, she thought the seven dollars she received for them a fine price. The story soon got around and I was beset by collectors asking me if I couldn't get some more Ringgolds. The climax was reached when I discovered that the owner had thrown away nine, thinking of them only as chipped glass butter plates.

Mistakes to Avoid

I could go on indefinitely telling stories of my experiences, amusing and pathetic. Many sorts of people consigned things to me. My rich friends, at a small price, to give me a chance of making a good profit; my friends, rich and poor, who were thankful to weed out what they had discarded; my friends, and even people I had never seen before, who wanted to make some money; real antique dealers, who were perhaps the best friends I had, for they not only consigned things to me at a fair price but they gave me a vast amount of splendid advice, for which I am very deeply grateful. No one took advantage of my dense ignorance, and I cannot feel that antique dealers are a shady lot or that they do not earn their profits by the hardest sort of work. A grocer can order a thousand pounds of sugar by a minute's telephone conversation, but think of the effort required by an antique dealer to make the same amount of profit that the grocer does on his sugar.

I tried to run my shop in as businesslike a way as possible. Every single thing was tagged in plain figures, and my saleswomen were not allowed to reduce those prices. Of course if a personal friend came to buy when I was there, I often reduced the price, although seldom asked to do so. But the main thing was that they should see no private marks, but plain figures on the tags. I learned many things during my months as a business woman, and for the help of other women I am going to tell a few of those things. If I were starting out again I should never do the following things: Buy Empire furniture, no matter in how good condition; buy broken or cracked china or glassware unless of the very rarest variety; buy really broken chairs unless very handsome and capable of being repaired; buy dinky and trashy things, even though assured that they were over a hundred years old. I should get a few good pieces, and, of course, no reproductions. One of my worst mistakes was when I bought a lovely Hepplewhite card table, which I sold immediately at a good profit, only to find from the owner that it was not more than fifty years old. Of course I told the purchaser that she need not keep it and if she did do so, it must be at a much smaller price. But she—wonderful woman—said that it was worth all that she had paid for it, no matter what its age, and sent me my check. My shop was open for four and a half months and most days were very profitable, although in one week of bad weather we took in only one dollar—and that for a broken stopper—which was certainly discouraging.

A Profitable Summer

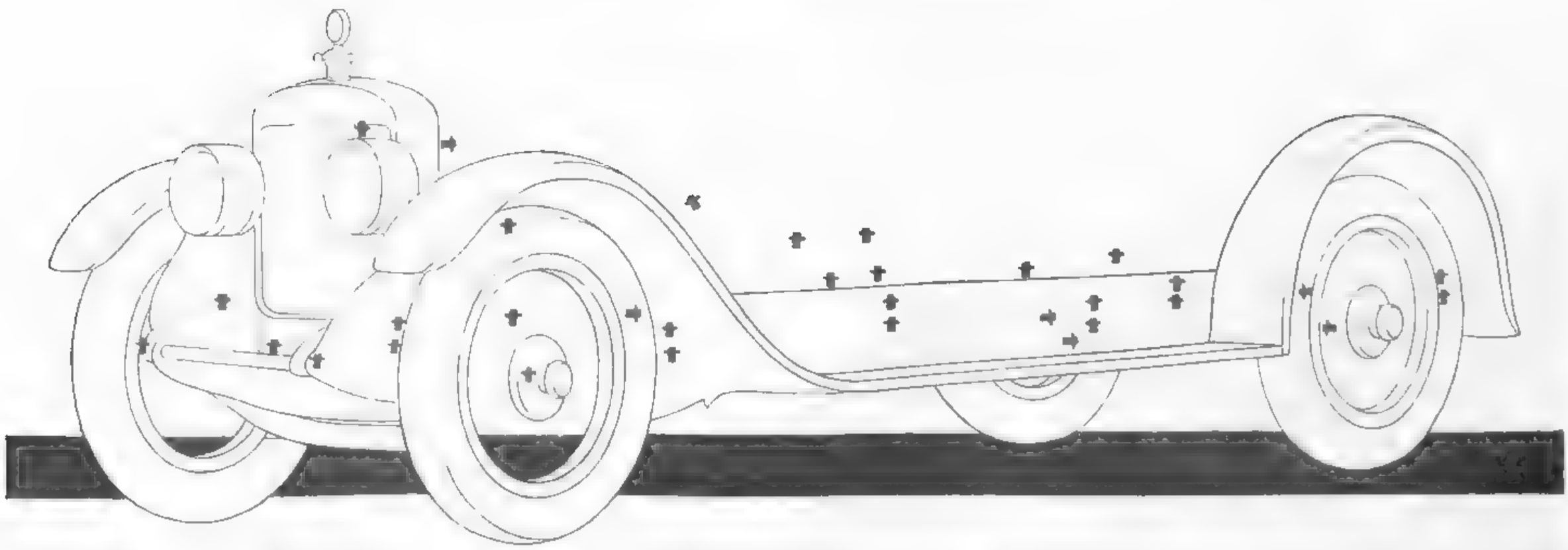
We closed at the end of the season with a big auction, at which I disposed of all my own things and nearly all the consigned things, the remainder being returned to the owners. Before the auction I sold many of my own things to women dealers at cost price.

Five hundred dollars was invested in this business, and during four and a half months over nine thousand dollars was paid in by purchasers. Of this I paid out over five thousand dollars to consignors, in that way doing for them the same sort of service that a women's exchange does, as well as making money for myself. After my auction I had in the bank, not having touched my profits until then, three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, which, deducting the five hundred dollars invested, gave me a net profit for my summer's work of two thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. Everyone who knew said that that was a great deal for the first year. I forgot to say that I did all the bookkeeping myself by means of a card catalogue, and by a strange system much laughed at by my friends, but which I understood. Were I to live over last summer, my first step would be to get a secretary for that sort of work, to which I was totally unaccustomed, and to which was added a large amount of longhand letterwriting, much worse to me than digging in hot attics.

I am an antique dealer no longer, although my baby, just learning to talk, always says "Mumsey's junk" whenever he sees an antique; but I would not have missed the experience of being one for anything in the world. I gave it up because it took too much out of me and I did not feel that the money made was worth it. I loved feeling that, untrained as I was, and having led a so-called sheltered life, I was able to be a successful business woman; but more than all, I loved the feeling that, should the necessity arise, I have up my sleeve the possibility of earning a very good living.

It is hard work being a junk dealer, and requires physical strength and the giving to it of all that is in one; but the rewards aside from the pecuniary one are many, and I know of no pleasanter pastime than hunting up old tables and chairs and studying and reading about them and their makers; and I know of no excitement greater than finding on the top shelf of a pantry some bit of china or pressed glass tucked away as something of no account, and probably replaced by a "hand-painted" plate or some real "cut glass."

Being a business woman is not all cakes and ale, but the agreeable part of it far outweighs the disagreeable, and my experience leads me to believe that a pleasant smile and a cheerful manner are the very best assets for the amateur antique dealer, and that there is no truer saying than "There are more flies caught with molasses than with vinegar."



Vital spots to watch
if you want to save repair bills

GASOLINE and oil are not the largest items of expense in operating a motor car—by any means.

The greatest costs are those unseen. The insidious waste that comes from the grinding wear of friction. Your car runs well, apparently, then after six, eight, or ten thousand miles you find the sudden need of repairs. Or when you trade it in, you find depreciation greatly increased because of worn parts. All due to lack of *proper* lubrication.

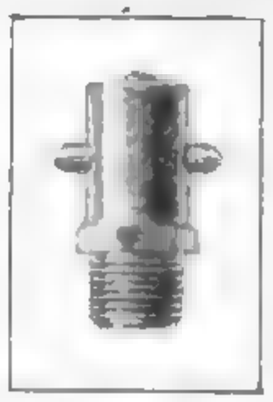
Ask Any Repair Man

You cannot overestimate the importance of this—if you care about repairs. For any garage or repair man will tell you, if he looks over his books—that the cause of 80% of all repairs on moving parts (barring accidents) is due to lack of the *right kind* of lubrication. Used car merchants say, for example, that a $1,500 car of standard make will bring $150 more on resale if it has always been properly lubricated, than one which has been neglected in this important respect.

Cause of Neglect

Most motorists take good care of the motor. That is easy. It is the hard-wearing parts of the chassis that need lubrication most, which have been neglected because they have always been difficult to reach.

Now it is practically as easy to lubricate the chassis as it is the motor. For most good cars now come equipped with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. (Nearly 4,000,000 cars now equipped.) With this system every bearing is equipped with a hollow fitting with the cross pin shown at the right. You snap on the Alemite bayonet coupling. An easy turn of the compressor forces in the lubricant—under 500 pounds pressure. You know it reaches the bearing surface. Old grease, rust, grit and dirt, you *know* are forced out. High pressure insures this. All done in a few moments. Or, if you like, any dealer is equipped to do it for you quickly—and at nominal cost.



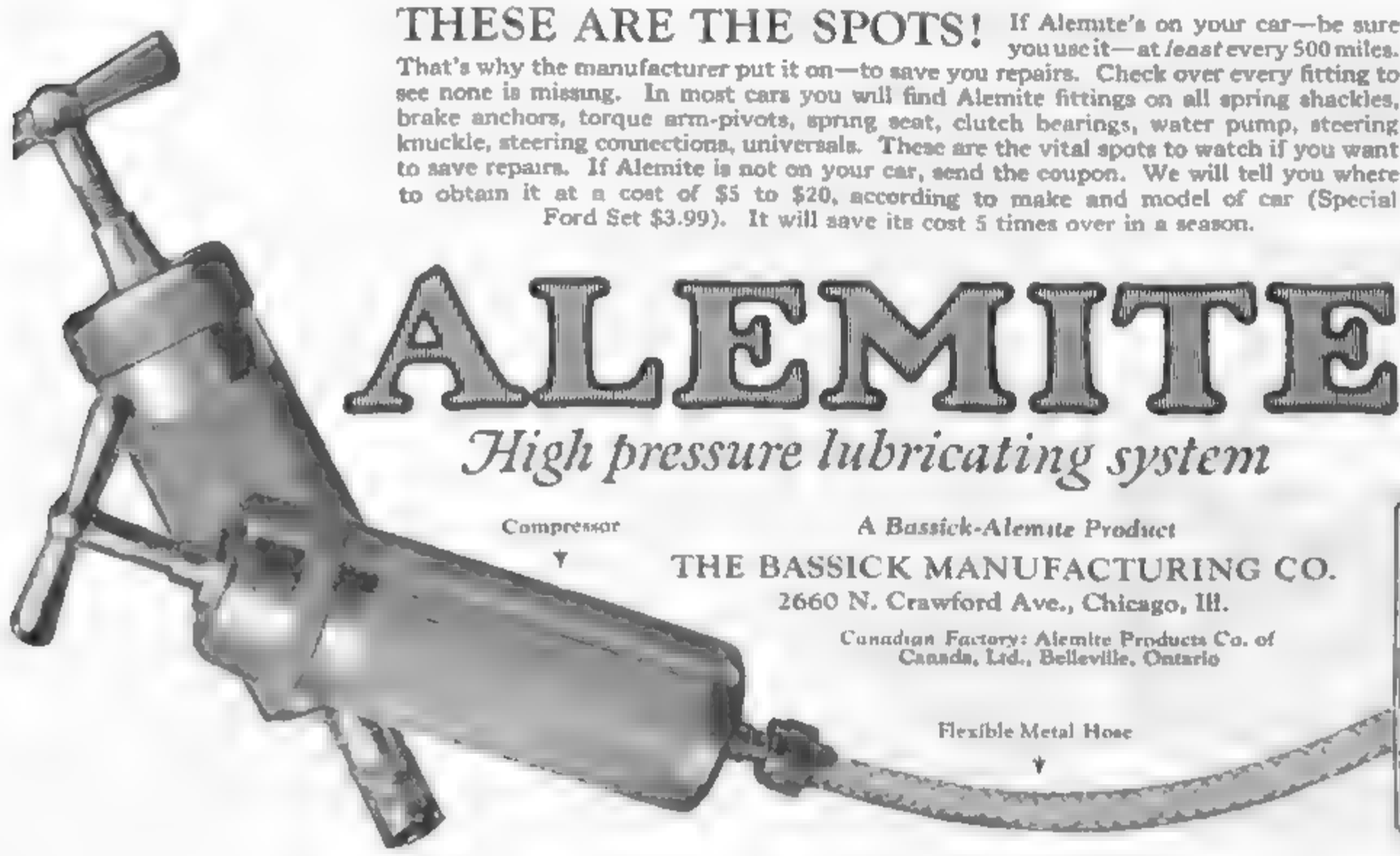
This is a drawing of an Alemite Fitting—showing the patented cross pin. It locks onto the bayonet coupling with a quarter turn. This positive lock assures you that the lubricant is actually forced under high pressure directly to the wearing surfaces of a bearing

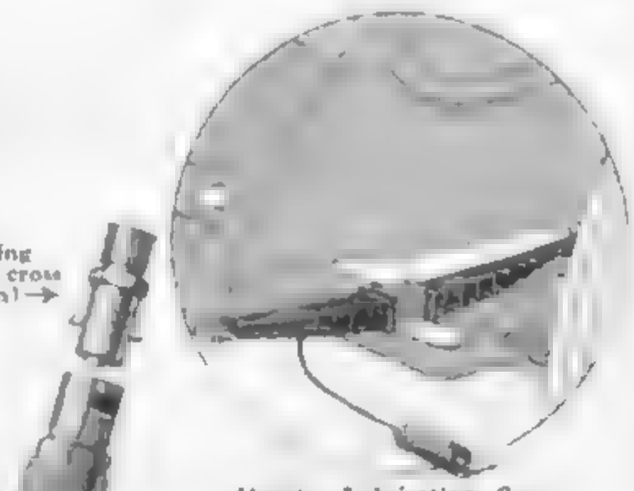
OIL OR GREASE

The Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System can be used with either oil or grease. But for best results, we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure solidified oil especially adapted for our System—has all the virtues of oil, but is sufficiently solid to "stay put."

THESE ARE THE SPOTS!

If Alemite's on your car—be sure you use it—at *least* every 500 miles. That's why the manufacturer put it on—to save you repairs. Check over every fitting to see none is missing. In most cars you will find Alemite fittings on all spring shackles, brake anchors, torque arm-pivots, spring seat, clutch bearings, water pump, steering knuckle, steering connections, universals. These are the vital spots to watch if you want to save repairs. If Alemite is not on your car, send the coupon. We will tell you where to obtain it at a cost of $5 to $20, according to make and model of car (Special Ford Set $3.99). It will save its cost 5 times over in a season.





Alemite Lubricating Spring Covers make any car ride easier

ALEMITE

High pressure lubricating system

A *Bassick-Alemite Product*

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO.
2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2660 North Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen
My car is is not Alemite equipped. Please send me complete information regarding the use of Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System on my car.

Name

Address

Make and Model of Car

Dealer's Name

Tomorrow you may learn the cost of pipe corrosion

UNTIL your home, your office or your factory becomes the victim of pipe corrosion you'll never know the cost of leaking pipes. Then only will you realize that the plumber's bill is but a small part of the expense.

First there's the interruption of the office routine—the loss of production in the factory—the confusion in the home. Next come the plumber, the plasterer, the paper hanger or decorator. Then come the bills, with the inventory of losses which only fire or water can effect.

Yet there is a safeguard against corrosion—a genuine wrought iron pipe that resists the gnawing action of rust. A pipe with a life two to three times longer than steel—and a "per year" cost one-half to one-third the price. Leading architects, builders, factory owners and countless home owners specify it by name—and look for the name "Reading" on every length.

Write today for our interesting and instructive booklet—"The Ultimate Cost." Then when you build, remodel or make pipe replacements, insist upon the use of Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe—the pipe that endures.

"'Reading' on every length"

READING IRON COMPANY
READING, PA.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, Fort Worth, Los Angeles

READING
GUARANTEED GENUINE
WROUGHT IRON PIPE

Bugaboo Natural History

By HAL G. EVARTS

THE well-known propensities of the stork constitute perhaps the first bit of natural history that is handed to each infant, and these accounts of the long-legged bird's activities are no less authentic than a great many other details that are swallowed as natural history by adults. Many men, having once formed a conviction, cling to it under the assumption that any alteration of their views may indicate a weak and vacillating mentality. A man will smile tolerantly as his infant prattles on about the customs of the stork, but he will wax indignant if another smiles at his own belief that the porcupine shoots its quills, that if the woodchuck sees his shadow on ground-hog day it guarantees six more weeks of rough and stormy weather; and so on indefinitely.

In view of the fact that we are a nation of hunters and of outdoor enthusiasts, the amount of misinformation we have amassed is truly astounding. It narrows down to the fact that Old World superstition has peopled the wood lots of our New World with banshees and will-o'-the-wisps the same as it has peopled every deserted house with hants; that the majority of people prefer to hang their faith on fables rather than give credence to facts.

The myth of the eyes that shine in the night is an apt illustration of popular belief in sheer fallacy. Many a novice—having heard such tales and fearing that the account of his own first camping trip will fall flat unless adorned with similar picturesque embellishments—has come back from the woods and entertained his friends with a graphic recital of the glowing eyes that followed him through the hills on that awful night when wild beasts stalked him. A first camping trip does not seem complete unless one has been besieged by a circle of glowing sparks, and these shining orbs always run to one of two colors—either a fiery red or a lurid green, occasionally being now red, now green, with a sort of changeable silk effect.

The fact that orange eyes or those of purplish hues are never reported in addition to the standard red and green indicates a surprising lack of originality. In cold truth an animal's eyes never shine at night except when reflecting a direct ray of light. Then, of course, they do. Thousands of motorists can testify to the fact that if a cat, dog or rabbit crosses the road, and turns to gaze into the headlights of the advancing car, the eyes catch and reflect the light, glowing weirdly long before the shape of the body becomes apparent; but a score of these same cats might be liberated in a darkened room or in a wood lot at midnight and not one pussy in the lot would deign to switch on a single incandescent beam.

Bobcats and Catamounts

If you would try this out for yourself, just tour any country road at night, pick up the eyes of a cat or dog in your headlight, then switch off your lights and see how quickly the eyes fade out. It will immediately become apparent that every one of the ten thousand tales of shining eyes that stalk men through the hills at night is a sheer fabrication. We may then classify every chronicler of such a myth as a plain old-fashioned prevaricator or charitably suspect him of being merely an excitable soul who mistook a firefly festival for the now-red-now-green eyes of ravenous beasts.

The catamount of legendary ferocity is another bugaboo. Ever since infancy we have been crammed with catamount stories, but when one tries to locate the habitat of this monster it is only to discover that the creature lives somewhere else; perhaps in the next county, where one has been reported recently, or possibly "back where we came from." However, the catamount germ has never been isolated, as there are no specimens in any museum. In some places the name has been locally applied either to the panther or the bobcat, in which case it should automatically eliminate the idea that the catamount is a fearsome creature, since neither of those animals is dangerous to man.

Many tales hinge upon fights with wild cats, tales that have convinced practically the whole of our present-day population that this animal is a man-killer, whereas in reality it is about as harmful as a horned toad as far as man is concerned. Even the dreaded Lucy V of our childhood fiction—which name applies to the Canada lynx, a larger edition of the bobcat—is harmless to man, and I doubt if there is one authentic case of an attack by this animal. The coyote is not considered fearsome, yet he can and does kill bobcats and is a far more powerful and able killer.

Few will believe, even in the face of overwhelming evidence, that the panther is not dangerous to man. The puma, panther, cougar and mountain lion are all one and the same animal, the names varying with locality. Even to this day there are frequent newspaper yarns dealing with panther attacks; but these forays occur only in the brains of the writers thereof, not in the hills. There is but one authentic account of an attack by one of these big cats within the last quarter of a century. A cougar wandered into a school yard in California and clawed one of the children. The teacher believing it to be a stray dog, attempted to drive it off with a stick and the animal turned upon her and clawed her so severely that she later died of the wounds. When the cat was killed a few hours later in the outskirts of a small town, it was discovered that both its eyes had been blinded by cataract growths. The animal had blundered into the school yard by accident just as the children congregated to play.

The Rolling Hoop Snake

In fact, out of all the countless tales of unprovoked attacks by wild beasts, scarcely one in ten thousand contains even a grain of truth, and the rest are pure fabrications. A friend once related his meeting with Dr. Carl Akeley and of his asking the celebrated explorer which wild beast he considered the most dangerous. Doctor Akeley replied without hesitation, "The most dangerous wild animal in America is the domestic bull."

The joint snake is another creature of some fame. If one strikes him with a stick the reptile is shattered into fragments, but the joints creep back together at sundown, assort themselves in their respective positions, and the reassembled serpent goes on about its business, no worse for the experience. It has always struck me that it would be a particularly clever scheme to put one joint in my pocket and secrete myself until sundown to witness the meanderings of the other fragments, thus foiled in their process of reassembling; but unfortunately I have never found a joint snake with which to experiment. This myth undoubtedly sprang originally from the glass snake, whose tail is very brittle and most easily broken into several parts; but there is no record of these parts wandering on in search of the departed trunk and rejoining it.

The hoop snake is no less well known, the name derived from its odd custom of seizing its tail in its mouth, forming its body into a hoop and rolling downhill upon its victims or to escape pursuit.

Mr. Volstead is to be congratulated for largely exterminating both these animated bicycle tires and the reassembling joint snakes, but in every locality there lingers some Ananias of the corner grocery who slew the last of each of these creatures in the neighborhood.

The porcupine is quite inoffensive, a peace-loving creature whose quills are merely a protection against attack, the points growing up through the coarse hair where they will lacerate the mouth or paw of any beast of prey that strikes them. The short tail, too, is armed with these barbs and the animal jerks the member against any assailant, embedding the quills in the flesh, the loosened shafts remaining there. Nevertheless, it is common belief that the porcupine shoots his quills and the tales are such that we might suspect the porcupine of being a sinister beast that lurks in hiding to discharge a cloud of quills into the anatomy of the unwary.

The list could be extended indefinitely, as much of our popular natural history is unnatural history. A fable that is accepted as gospel is somewhat like the belief that a beheaded snake will not die until sundown—only worse, for the fable may be blown to atoms at sundown, but comes to life in the morning.

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The lowest priced car to operate and maintain now becomes the lowest in first cost, in its quality class.

Four-wheel brakes as optional equipment are offered at a moderate additional cost.

"165,000 Miles Exploring in My Marmon

24 hour a day service with never the hood lifted"

By J. GOEBEL, President, J. Goebel Co.
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"MY MARMON'S HISTORY began with the war, and since that time I have driven it upward of 165,000 miles.

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"It was often used for weeks at a time, driven 24 hours every day, by three different engineers. The engine was never allowed to cool, and I would swear that, except for normal tire trouble and putting in gas and oil, the hood was never lifted or an adjustment made. Also the car was never towed or under repair at any time during this trying service.

"My chauffeur recently said: 'Mr. Goebel, this Marmon gets better every six months!' I have been asked to turn it in but I am satisfied that no matter how many improvements you have added to later models, no new Marmon could give me better satisfaction than my present car.

"I have told this story to my friends and know that I have sold dozens of Marmon cars, and every one is just as delighted with his Marmon as I have been with mine.

"To say that I am satisfied and that you have created something superlatively fine is putting it mildly."

M A R M O N

The new price of $2785 is for the 7-passenger Phaeton, f. o. b. Indianapolis, without Government tax. Corresponding reductions have been made on all other models

One half of your lifetime, and more, is spent in hosiery. Your constant and intimate traveling companion! It is an important part of your personal protection and embellishment. The world buys more Phoenix hosiery than any other kind, because it has *downright elegance* and a tenacious wearability that makes it a substantial economy. For men, women and children, it is the *standard* hosiery throughout the world.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY
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STABILIZED BOOTLEGGING

(Continued from Page 36

perfume and extract trades. In one central location some twenty-five new drug jobbers went into business on an equipment of $100 worth of secondhand office furniture and, say, $1000 worth of drug staples such as liver pills, sodium bicarbonate and Epsom salts.

The retail-drug trade began to entertain a parade of salesmen who were giving away standard goods. All the salesmen asked, in return for a gross of some always salable proprietary remedy, was that the retailer courteously sign a receipt. The receipt was a long order form with the lone item at the top, and no date. Back at the new wholesale drug stores the blanks would be predated unevenly and filled out to represent bulky legitimate drug orders. When the jobber had enough of these to run his bluff he was ready really to do business.

The law allowed him to withdraw 1500 cases of spirits a week, each withdrawal to be made on a form supplied by the Government. Actually he withdrew not a case. What he did was to sell his signature at the fixed price of $18 a case to a bootlegger.

That $18 for the flourish of a pen had to feed other hungry little mouths, however. First it was cut even and then one of those halves was cut three ways.

From Amateur to Professional

Fifteen hundred times $9 was $13,500 a week, almost net, to the fake drug jobber. This should have let him hold up his head with a genuine war-time profiteer, but if he still wasn't satisfied, forged and stolen withdrawal permits were to be had at a price. I have known a jobber to withdraw as many as 5000 cases in a week and get away with it.

Meanwhile the bootlegger paid the bonded warehouse $35 a case, added the $18 graft charge, the $6.60 internal-revenue tax and, say, a fifty-cent transportation tax, and got his whisky at about $60 a case. He turned it over at a profit of 15 to 20 per cent to the public. The demand was heavy, everybody was getting quick action on his money, and the game looked safe.

It was early in this first reel of the bootleg serial that I bought a stack of chips and sat in. I was doing office work for a firm that had large dealings with the theatrical profession, and I had come to know a good many actors and actresses. An old college chum—oh, yes, I've been there—whose father had been a legitimate importer of wines and liquors for the Italian trade, dropped in one day and asked me to introduce him around this crowd.

"They're looking for the stuff," he said, "and I can get it for them. You can do me a favor, and they will call you blessed."

He must have sold $30,000 worth of hooch in a month through these introductions, and all I got out of it was an occasional complimentary case. What could be fairer?

It was pretty well noised around, naturally, that I knew where to get it. That was a time when the consumer was begging the bootlegger to take his money. Someone gave my name to a member of a club who wanted 150 cases of Scotch against the long drought. Instead of turning the deal over to open-hearted Otis, my college chum, I located the Scotch and delivered it at the club at a net profit of $15 a case. There I met the steward. The members were pestering him for liquor and asking him what a steward was good for anyway, while he had been unable to make connections. I got a big order from him.

My first customer gave me the name of a broker who lived in an upper Broadway hotel, and was in the market. In delivering this order the hotel clerk on duty spotted me, took me to one side, and hinted that the broker was not the only guest with a thirst. Men boasted of having a bootlegger in those early days, and passed his name along with the same air with which they would invite you out to the Long Island place for the week-end. Every customer sprouted more.

The first week I made $1000 clear, and I had a long list of gilt-edged patrons, every one of whom had been vouched for before he got on the list. That tasted like more to a $50-a-week office worker.

The clubs and Wall Street were my best bets. At a time when most men did not know where to get it, booze was both a social and a business asset. Every brokerage house has a few big customers who spend most of their time from ten A.M. to three P.M. for five days a week sitting in front of the firm's quotation board. That's dull dry going unless you are making big or losing bigger. No matter how large an account is, too, if it isn't active it doesn't produce much revenue for the house. The firms that laid in an assorted stock of wet goods in their customers' rooms, and kept it flowing, thereby livened up not only the customer but his account. A tidy slice of this trade went to me on those recommendations of the first few weeks.

The stockbroker isn't the only fellow whose customers don't thank him for free tickets to the Woolworth Tower and advice not to go out after dark. Whether they come to buy a gross of neckties or to float a $50,000,000 bond issue, the visiting firemen usually look to New York for diversion. Diversion, as I get it, is something you can't or don't care to do back home in Meridian. The necktie buyer may be satisfied with chop suey and a couple of sniffters of synthetic gin, and the Minneapolis magnate may yawn at anything less than vintage wine and a yachting party, but in either case it is the New Yorker who is expected to stir up the festivities. It needn't surprise you that, after the brokerage houses, some of the banks were my best customers. They didn't keep the stuff on the premises often. More likely they had it delivered to the hotel, club, or wherever the prospect was stopping or being entertained.

The blow-up on the bonded-warehouse withdrawals came in October, 1921. Whether the odor finally got too strong for Washington noses, or whether the Government had just discovered that there was dishonesty in the world, I can't and don't say, but I plainly recall that one day a flying squadron of dry agents, headed by an incorruptible party who had been told by headquarters not to worry whose toes he mashed, descended on New York, and the next day the town was arid. The fake wholesale-drug jobbers sold their quinine and Seidlitz powders back to a legitimate house at a loss and quit, and the price of rye skyrocketed to $110 to $120 a case.

Easy-Going Rye

As a side light on bootlegging, it may interest you to know why I talk so much about rye and so little of bourbon. There probably was as much of one as the other in the warehouses, but rye had the call, not with the drinker but with the bootlegger. Rye is an easy-going whisky that can be cut and doped to the quick and still hold much of its flavor. Add just 10 per cent of water to bourbon and a freshman will know the difference. Ask a chemist why; I only know that it does. There is just a chance that there is some connection between this scientific phenomenon and rye's popularity with the boys.

There was no Scotch in the bonded warehouses. To supply this demand there had been some smuggling from Canada and by sea from the beginning; enough to bring the price down to $85 to $100 a case at the time rye jumped above $100. But in October the roads from Canada already are snowing up, and the Atlantic has begun to play rough. The result was a winter of bad liquor, the public drinking pretty much what was given to it. If the stuff had a kick it was salable.

Denatured alcohol—grain alcohol made unfit for internal use—sells for fifty cents a gallon at the distillery, and pays no tax. To buy it you must have a permit, and the Government checks your sales. But it doesn't take a college education to pretend to sell it to imaginary house painters, and really get $2.25 a gallon from bootleggers.

Various chemicals are used in the denaturing process, from something that tastes like a spoiled cantaloupe to actual poisons, and there are as many processes for making it respectable again. My own observation is that the chances of failure are always there. This restored alcohol sold for $5 a gallon, and was the basis of much of the so-called gin and whisky sold that season. A little juniper extract made it gin, burnt sugar and a coal-tar flavor gave you rye, add a dash of creosote for the smoky taste and you had Scotch. And always water it to make it go further. Pure grain alcohol was hedged about with more restrictions, and carried an internal-revenue tax. If you preferred not to risk the chance of poisoning an occasional client, you paid

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ScotTissue Towels provide a fresh, clean towel to every user, every time—at a cost everyone can afford.

Their whiteness and freshness prove their safety. Their instant drying-power explains their popularity.

Keep a generous supply on hand for use in the home, office, factory, on the train, automobile and garage. They're easy to get, convenient to use.

You can buy ScotTissue Towels, 150 in a dust-proof carton for 40c (in Canada and parts of the Rocky Mountain zone 50c)—or at a much lower price by the case of 3750 towels (25 cartons).

Price per case is $6.15, F. O. B. Factory, Chester, Pa. Weight 60 lbs. per case. Prices even less for 5, 10 and 25 case-lot shipments.

If your jobber or dealer cannot supply you, send us your order and we will see that you are supplied promptly. If you need fixtures, we have them moderately priced to meet all requirements.

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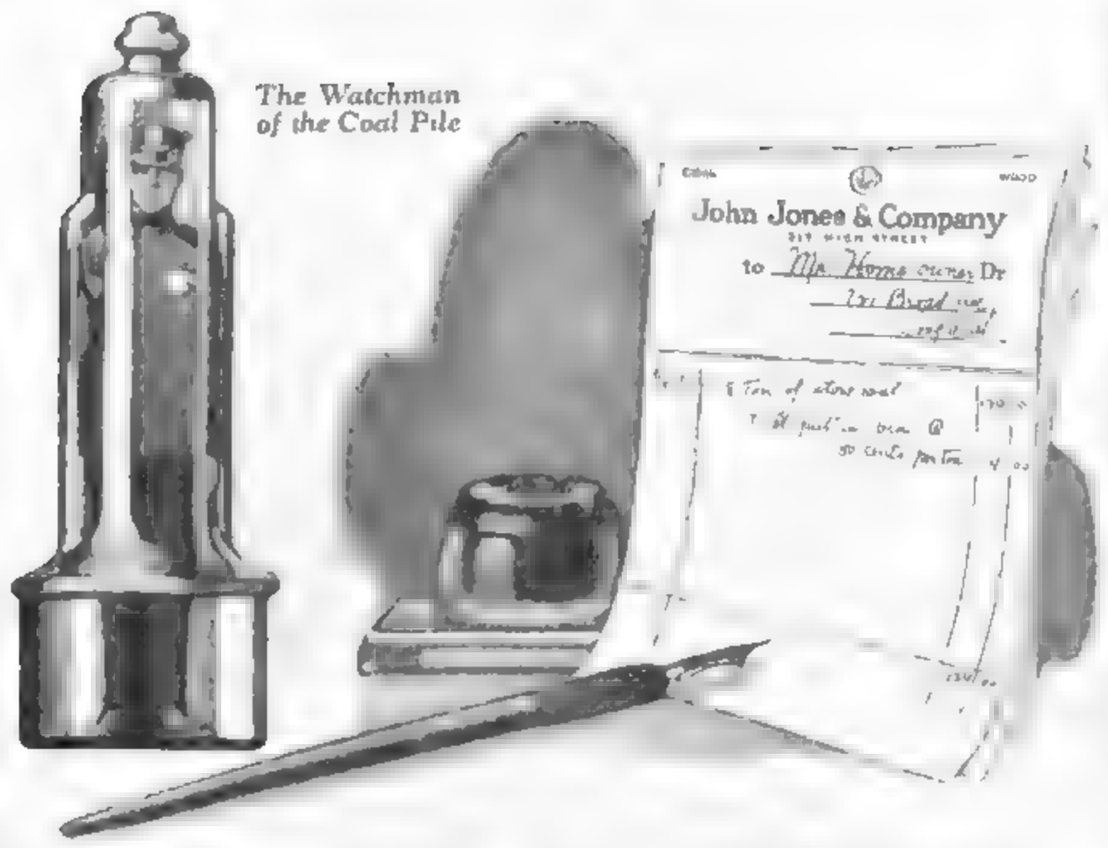

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The little air-valves on your steam radiators are the most important factor in determining how much coal you save—or waste.

Their function is to rid the radiators of all air; steam and air cannot occupy the same space at the same time. If the valves fail to vent air, steam is prevented from entering the radiators or only partially fills them. The result is a chilly, uncomfortable house and a large part of the fuel burned is not producing any heat where it is wanted.

Not many years ago, banging radiators and leaking, sputtering valves were regarded as necessary "annoyances" of steam heat. But today, heating-experts know that these "annoyances" are not only unnecessary but they mean that fuel is being wasted. The surest remedy is to replace the faulty air-valves with Watchmen of the Coal Pile, No. 1 Hoffman Valves.

You can rely on Hoffman Valves

First: They employ a principle in their operation which is patented and cannot be used by any other radiator-air-valve. Yet this principle is *basic* and *must* be used if an air-valve is to operate *perfectly*.

Second: In the ten years of their manufacture, Hoffman Valves have always lived up to their promise.

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Every Hoffman Valve is guaranteed in writing to give you five full years of satisfactory service.

Get one Hoffman Valve from your Heating-Contractor and test it on your worst radiator. If he can't supply you, use the coupon to send for one direct. Then, when you're convinced of the merit of Hoffman Valves, equip all your radiators with them and forget your heating troubles.

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☐ Enclosed is $2.15 for one No. 1 Hoffman Valve. If it doesn't convince me that Hoffman Valves increase heat comfort and save coal, I can return the valve and receive my money back without question.

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$9 to $10 more for the grain alcohol, and followed the same recipe.

Even now the gin New York drinks is this synthetic product. The price may tell you whether it has been made from grain or from denatured alcohol, $18 to $22 a case for the latter, $28, $30 or more for the better stuff. All is not Gordon that is gin, despite the pretty labels and the square bottles.

On the East Side they developed a side line of homemade Bacardi rum, vermuth, Kümmel, three-star Martel brandy, and charged apple cider posing as champagne. The Kümmel was awful. Let it stand overnight and an inch of sugar would be precipitated to the bottom of the bottle. You had to shake well before taking if you wanted to fool yourself. The Italians, in particular, made enormous quantities of wine, selling it within two weeks after pressing, and fortifying it with raw alcohol for the American taste. That was a season when every hip flask at a party carried something different from the others, and the combination of any three was good for a strait-jacket at Bellevue.

Gunmen and Hijackers

In the West and South, so they tell me, most of the stuff since prohibition has been raw moonshine, distilled from corn mash or sugar. Every few weeks some exploding still busts the landscape wide open in New York, so I gather that moonshine isn't unknown here, but it never has been a real factor in the local trade. In a city like New York it is cheaper and easier to buy alcohol made by licensed distilleries.

The coroners and the homicide squad had a stretch of overtime while this lasted. Don't get me wrong. The victims were bootleggers, not customers, and the death record usually read "by gunshot wound inflicted by person or persons unknown," not "by wood-alcohol poisoning." Too many grocers in one block usually calls for bankruptcy notices; too many bootleggers may call for death notices. In other words, cutthroat competition isn't always a figure of speech on the East Side. With the traffic utterly disorganized, and each café an independent and ambitious source of bad booze, private war broke out in those crowded streets east and south of police headquarters, culminating in fifteen murders in almost as many days. Before they could kill each other off the scene shifted.

The third reel really began with the spring of 1922 and the thawing out of the roads from Canada. The Government was caught off its guard in this sudden shift in the source, and was overwhelmed. A flood of Scotch followed and has been our staple ever since. The whisky was to be had at $3.40 or $3.50 a bottle, called a fifth. At the outset the New Yorkers went north in high-powered cars and ran the stuff through from the St. Lawrence themselves. That wasn't so good. The New Yorkers didn't know their roads, they got hung up at the border too often, and a passenger car carries little and costs high.

When a group of border men who knew the country as I do Times Square began to offer to lay the whisky down a few miles inside the American line at the Canadian cost price plus $5 a case transport charge, we didn't quarrel with their price. Summer was coming on, and with it a continuous parade of tourists across the line, every car loaded down with baggage or camping equipment or both. The customs guards and dry agents, honest or crooked, had to take most of the cars on faith. The liquor came in packages of six and twelve bottles sewn in burlap. The runners piled as many of these as they dared in their fast cars, covered the heap with a camping-outfit camouflage, mixed in the tourist stream and slipped through. If they were caught it was their loss. Some farmers along the way who counted it a good year when they cleared $1500 for twelve months' work didn't have to be coaxed to lend barns and feedlots for storage space and terminals at as much as $500 a week.

From these Northern York State farms the liquor rolled into New York City in caravans of six to ten big motor trucks traveling in convoy. Only movement in quantity paid. Two hundred cases could be packed to a truck, but only 125 to 175 were loaded. In the spare space rode East and West Side gangsters, spoiling for trouble and equipped to manufacture it. A fast touring car carrying more guards loafed along, sometimes behind, sometimes ahead. Village constables and city police didn't need much fixing. They found it healthier to be looking the other way.

The city gunman is the most dangerous criminal six thousand years of history has produced. Believe it or not, the Wild West bad man was a sweet girl graduate alongside him. I don't doubt that he shot straighter and quicker, and that he had more courage, but he was human. The city gunman isn't. He is a drug addict always. Hop him up, and murder is no more in his prematurely old life literally than drop the handkerchief. He is neither brave nor cowardly; he's just a hophead. Those who use him keep him in food, clothing and drugs, and toss him some change now and then. No sane man plays with the electric chair for these wages.

All this to the contrary, the caravans weren't safe from hijackers. The latter were apt to be birds of the same feather, and sometimes the guards and drivers double-crossed the shipper, but however many times it changed hands on the road, the booze came down to New York just the same.

Hijacking is a sport that came out of the West—the Oklahoma oil fields, I'm told. It is, as I suppose everyone knows by now, the sticking up of the stick-up man, or, otherwise, the process of one criminal taking away by force the spoils of another criminal. It is, again, piracy, with the victim unable to call a cop or his Government's gunboats. Applied to bootlegging, it may mean either the loss of your liquor, your life or your capital. The last, being even more liquid than liquor, is greatly favored. Seize a rum-running steamer and murder the crew, and you still have the prize to turn into cash. How much simpler the following incident taken from the police records:

Two bootleggers were to make a trip to the rum fleet to buy stock. As they would carry several thousand in cash with them, they hired two gunmen as guards. One of the bootleggers got drunk the night before and failed to show up. His partner had the poor judgment to put off with the two guards. The guards came back alone the next day. Their employer had had the bad luck to fall overboard, they reported. His body was picked up several days later. Not a jitney was found on it.

Truck Shipments from Canada

To get back to Quebec: The open season on bootleggers being 365 days of each calendar year, the Canadians started cheating. It was a pretty petty graft, but it was enough to put the trade on the bum. In each burlap bundle they took to substituting, in many instances, one bottle of cheap wine worth forty to seventy cents, and pocketed the difference. They sometimes wrapped cheaper brands of whisky, too, and charged for the better. As it wasn't practicable to open the packages until they reached the retailer in New York, the switch couldn't be proved on the employes of the sellers.

To the retail bootlegger, operating on a 15 to 20 per cent margin, that one bottle of cheap wine in six made a big hole, and he let out a wail of anguish that reached the big fellows. They turned a roving eye toward the West Indies, already a secondary source, and the Canadian trade slumped. At the first snowfall it rolled over and died, nor did it burst into leaf again with the maple trees in the spring. They may be pumping the stuff across the border in pipe lines in some places these days, for all I know, but it isn't coming into New York in more than dribbles.

Not to be too rough on the distillers at the outset of prohibition, they were permitted to export without tax any amount of the great stocks in the bonded warehouses. That is, the Government said: "You can't sell it at home any more, but if you can persuade the besotted alien to buy it we will knock off the internal-revenue tax."

It was when speculators discovered that the $6.60 a gallon saved on this tax would come close to meeting all the charges of shipping the whisky away and smuggling it home again that the curtain rose on the West Indian trade in earnest.

Once more the rye flowed from the bonded warehouses. It all was highly legal this time. The exporters virtuously refused to bribe anyone. Not so much as a nickel cigar for the boys. The whisky really moved from warehouse to pier, and went sailing away past the Statue of Liberty just as if it expected to start life all

(Continued on Page 69)

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Get this, men—

A complete assortment of the world's finest smoking tobaccos — sent to any smoker anywhere — *on* 10 *days approval*

A new idea for Pipe-Smokers: 12 famous tobaccos, packed in a handsome Humidor shipped to you direct to help you find the soul-mate for your pipe.

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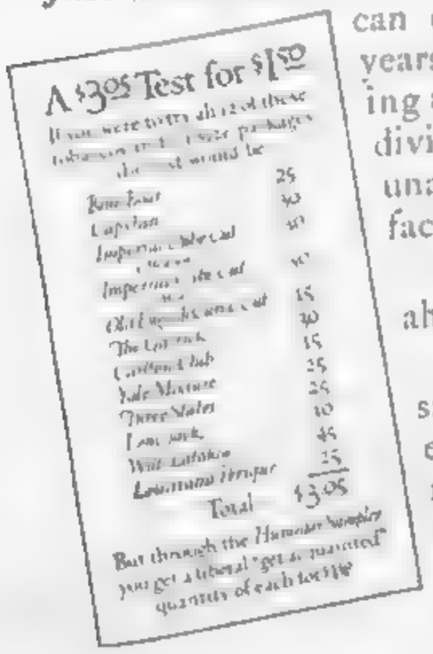
MOST men have written their John Hancocks on a lot of "dotted lines." But, if you're a pipe-smoker, we'll wager that you've never signed a fairer, sweeter contract than the little rectangular coupon at the bottom of this page.

Just a few strokes of your pen—and you can end your quest of years for a perfect smoking tobacco—drawing dividends for life in unalloyed pipe-satisfaction.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If you were to buy all of these tobaccos in full size packages the cost would be
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The average pipe-smoker is the greatest little experimenter in the world. He's forever trying a "new one," confident that some day he'll find the real affinity for his pipe.

Knowing smokers as we do—and knowing tobaccos as we do—we felt that we'd be doing a friendly turn for everybody if we found a way to settle this question once and for all, to the satisfaction of every smoker.

So we created the *Humidor Sampler*.

Into a bright red lacquered humidor case, we have packed an assortment of twelve famous smoking tobaccos—covering the whole range of tobacco taste.

To test these 12 tobaccos is to go the whole route in delightful pipe tobacco experience, trying out every good flavor and aroma known to pipe connoisseurs.

There are myriads of different *brands* of smoking tobaccos on the market. But of them all, there are 12 distinctive blends which, in our opinion, stand in a class by themselves for superlative individuality of flavor, aroma and smooth, sweet, even quality.

These twelve decisive blends—the twelve "primary colors" of tobaccos—have been selected for the Humidor Sampler. When you have tried these twelve, you have tried the best; if your tobacco-ideal is to be found anywhere, it must be one of these.

Ten-Day Approval Offer

We are eager to send the Humidor assortment to any smoker, anywhere, on ten days' approval.

Send no money. Just sign and mail the coupon. That will bring you the Humidor assortment direct from our factories to your den. When the postman brings the package, deposit $1.50 with him, plus postage.

If a ten-day try-out of these tobaccos doesn't give you more real pipe pleasure than you've ever had before, besides revealing the one perfect tobacco for your taste—the cost is on us.

Simply return the Humidor, and you'll get your $1.50 and the postage back *pronto*—and pleasantly. The coupon is your obedient servant; use it

Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

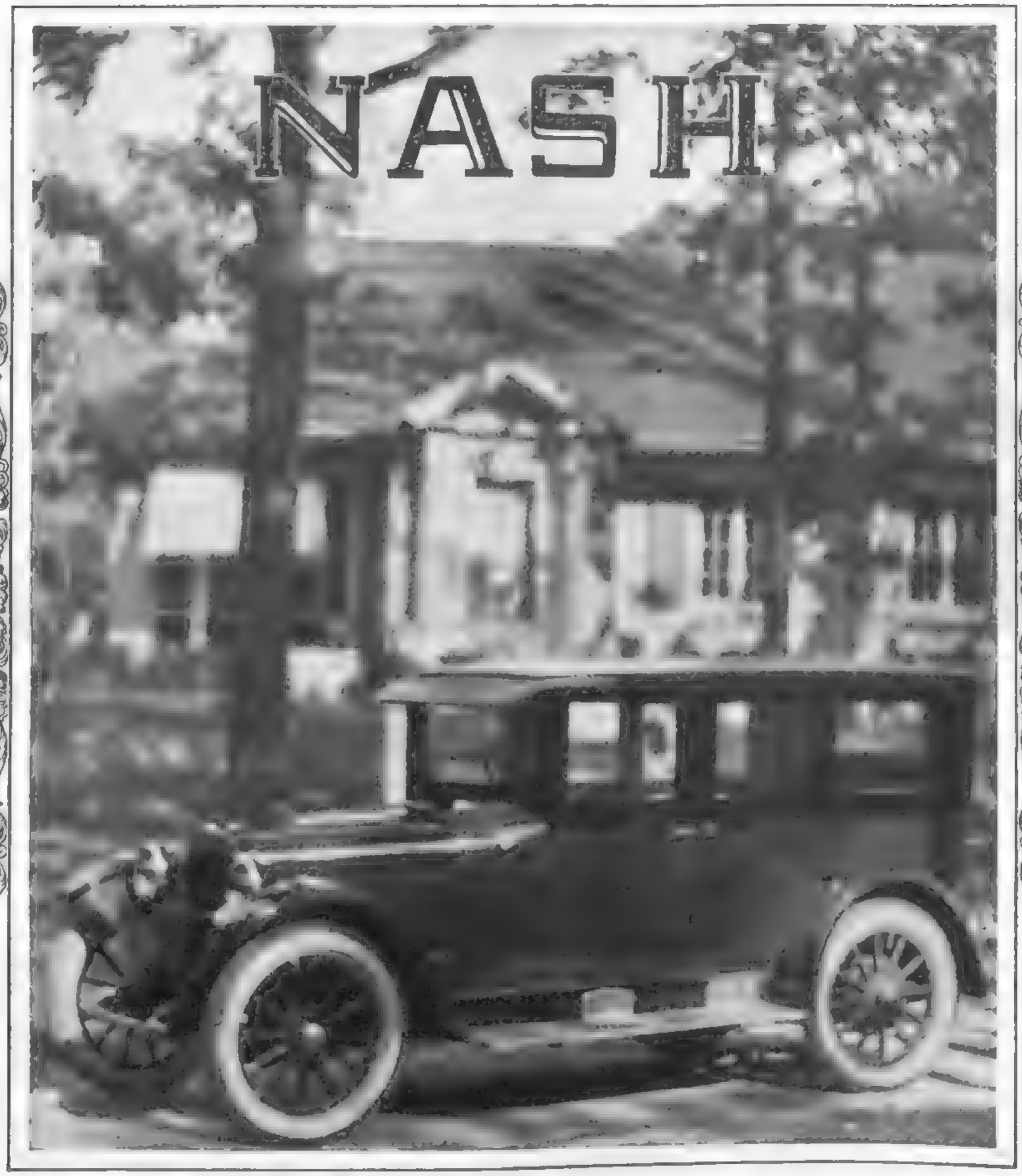
The American Tobacco Co., Inc.
Marburg Branch, Dept. 3,
Baltimore, Md

Please send me, on 10 days' approval, one of your Humidor Samplers of twelve different smoking tobaccos. I will pay postman $1.50 (plus postage) on receipt—with the understanding that if I am not satisfied I may return Humidor in 10 days and you agree to refund $1.50 and postage by return mail.

Name_____

Address_____

Note—If you expect to be out when postman calls you may enclose $1.50 with coupon and Humidor will be sent to you postpaid



Here is a Notable Four Sedan

As you proceed to compare and contrast the season's offering of four-cylinder enclosed models the conviction steadily deepens that Nash, with customary progressiveness, has produced a car well away and apart from the usual.

Nor is this distinction confined to the body of the Four Sedan, although that in itself is of pronounced importance since it is the design of a group of artisans whose work for generations has been singled out for its originality and beauty.

You will find Nash has expended exceptional effort in dressing the interior with expensive tastefulness and providing the Sedan with equipment that contributes very directly to your convenience and comfort.

And, finally, in the quality of its performance, in the supple smoothness, the brisk liveliness, the sustained regularity and quietness of its power-flow, there is the clinching evidence as to its greater value.

Features and appointments: Low-set, attractive body roomily arranged for five passengers. Finished in lustrous Nash Blue. Fine mohair velvet upholstery. Deep upholsters. Compact arrangement of spark and gas control. Kick plates. Windshield wiper. Sun visor. Heater. Increased brake efficiency. Unusually quiet power-flow. Heightened flexibility. Added rigidity of frame due to additional cross member of tubular type. Robe rail. Foot rest. Arm rests. Putnam finish hardware. Silk curtains. Dome light illuming the interior with soft radiance. Greater economy in operation.

The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin

(213a)

(Continued from Page 66)

over again in Rhodesia. But it was gone no longer than the summer tourist. Sometimes the bills of lading read to the Bahamas, and there it went. Sometimes the clearance papers were for Europe, and still the cargo got landed in the islands. And sometimes ships that passed at sea swapped cargoes. It developed that a bootlegger had no more respect for marine law than for the Eighteenth Amendment. Manifests, registry and clearance papers no longer meant anything, and bootleggers became good customers of the radio concerns. The net result of all this tricky work was that our old friend, rye whisky from the bonded warehouses, appeared in New York again at a cost less than in the days when we had to pay the internal revenue collector $6.60 a case tax, and the fake jobber $18.00 for his John Hancock on the withdrawal permit.

Watered Stuff From Nassau

Fast power boats with low carrying capacities, often sub-chasers bought at auction from the Navy, brought the liquor up from the islands, dodging through the Narrows at night, and discharging at dawn at some Brooklyn or Manhattan pier. But not for long. What happened is an odd slant on law enforcement. The possible profits in dope smuggling make bootlegging at its best look like fishing for pennies in a Subway grating. The bigger the game the bigger the shake-down it will stand for. I leave the problem to the class in ethics, but with the bootleg industry buying up city, county, state and Federal officers here and there, and at no very fancy price, the dope runners never have been able to corrupt the customs service and the antinarcotic squad. The latter is a branch of the local police department, the former are Federal men, and both are sure poison. About every other rum boat that got through the Narrows fell into the arms of one of these patrols, lost both ship and cargo, and got nominated for Atlanta.

A quarantine sign went up on New York Harbor, and the runners turned to Long Island. Some worked into inlets on the Atlantic shore, others rounded Montauk Point and came down the Sound. It is a hundred miles from Brooklyn Bridge to Montauk, and all the island except the fifteen miles nearest the city, is sparsely settled. It served the bill very well, but just as hauling hooch from Quebec to New York a few cases at a time in fast cars ran up too high an overhead, so gasoline-devouring sub-chasers with little cargo space proved uneconomical at sea. The sub-chaser's speed was wasted except in the final dash for cover. Why not bring the stuff up from the islands in slow cheap craft with big holds, either sail or steam; stop offshore where the American law doesn't run, and let the speed boats come out and get it? Rum Row was born, and still flourishes.

Bootleg history, like any other, has a way of repeating itself. The stuff that came through at first was sterling Scotch, real Bacardi rum, bonded rye coming home again, and the like. The Bahamas were as flush as a boom oil camp. But a dirty dollar always is a greedy dollar. Natives, beach combers and visiting bootleggers all had fingers that itched the more they were scratched. They watered the stuff, 10 per cent, 20, 30, then 50. When the formula reached half and half the dilution was jazzed up with alcohol. This last, distilled from Cuban cane and Jamaican molasses, was as cheap as beer in Milwaukee in 1910. There was a big plant, I understand, ready at hand in Nassau. Within six months it was possible to fabricate a shipload of whatever you liked overnight, with bottles, labels and corks that all but fooled themselves. The records are in the Nassau customs office. The colonial government had slapped an export tax on all liquors, thereby, incidentally, clearing up a deficit of long standing. Its own books probably show that five times as much booze was being exported toward the last as was coming in from Europe, Cuba and the States. Yet the Bahamas, presumably, were only a transfer station.

Finally the New York worms turned over in a body, and we had to pass out free samples before we could coax them back after the syndicate had turned to England direct. Not that samples mean much to the average drinker. His only test is whether or not he is able to crawl out of bed the next morning.

Every man I ever sold whisky to believed he knew more about its fine points than Johnny Walker and Johnny Barleycorn together, and not one in thirty can do much more than distinguish it from milk. Any salesman needs a sense of humor, but a bootlegger needs six senses of it.

Every day I have to play the same old comedy through. The customer opens the bottle, pours out a drink, takes a sip, rolls it over his tongue and lets it trickle down his throat with the sage look of an expert blender or a veteran tea taster. If he smacks his lips it's an even-money shot that the stuff is no better than so-so; if he chokes, spits and accuses me of scabbing on the Poisoners' Union, as likely as not it is old 100-proof liquor.

Few drinkers ever knew much about whisky, in my opinion, and they know less since prohibition. They have got so used to cut and doctored stuff that the genuine tastes wrong. I do a good business in the office where I used to work. Last summer I delivered an order there. The buyer sampled a bottle, choked and jumped me for selling him embalming fluid. The whisky was the very best Scotch. In a hip pocket I happened to have some low-grade stuff that I knew had been cut.

"How do you like this, then?" I asked, and poured out a shot from the flask.

He let it slip down his throat, cocked an eye, and said: "Uh-huh! Holding the real article for yourself, eh?"

Not for me to educate him. I sent around a case of the watered hooch, and charged him for the best.

I'm not always the fellow to make the last profit. A customer has a neighbor who never has learned where to get it. He asks me to deliver an order to the neighbor's office or home, and pays me in advance. For all I am supposed to know, this is only a neighborly act, but someone in the office usually tips me off. One such customer collected $18 more on the case from his neighbor than he had paid me. He's welcome to it. I charged him $72, $7 better than the market.

The Electric-Needle Yarn

This ritual of testing the stuff doesn't end with tasting. The first move the buyer makes is to turn a bottle up and look at the bottom. He has heard that electric-needle yarn. According to this fable the bootlegger takes a bottle of the real stuff, cuts out the bottom with an electric needle, drains off the genuine whisky, refills the bottle with wood alcohol flavored with rattlesnake venom, resolders the bottom of the bottle with the electric needle, and fares forth seeking a buyer. Apple sauce! I'm here to bet a year's profits that it can't be done, even as a scientific feat, but whether Harry Houdini knows the trick or not, no bootlegger ever saw an electric needle. That would be shooting squirrels with Big Berthas. With cork pliers I can take the cork unmarked from any bottle. I can remove the genuine label with salt water and vinegar without running the colors to any eye, or I can buy all the counterfeit labels, bottles, corks and seals I want.

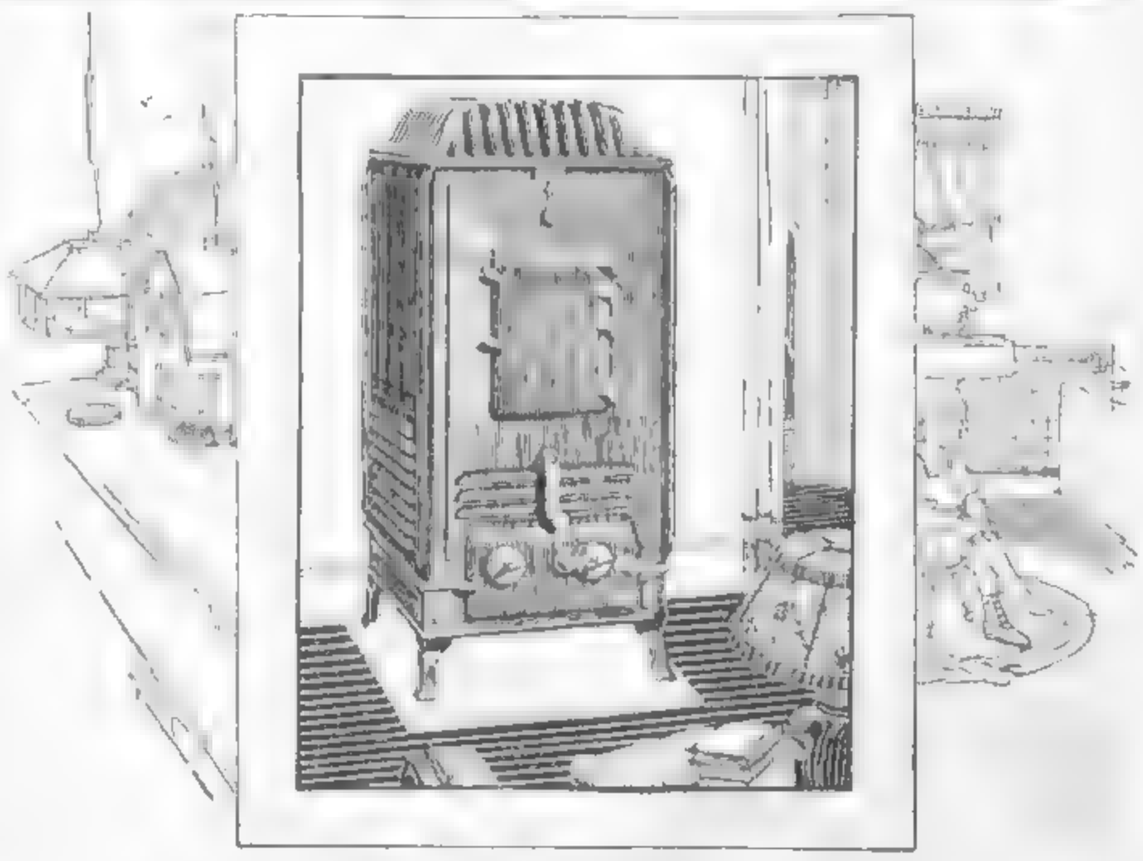
I can do everything but convince my customers. They are on the lookout for scratches and ridges on the bottom of the bottle. If you will glance at the next ten bottles you come across you will note that the scratches and ridges usually are there. They are made that way.

Yes, sir! You have to rise early in the A.M. to fool your wise New Yorker. He is an expert on more things than flavor and electric needles. He holds the bottle up to the light and tells you that the glass hasn't the right tint for the brand. He runs a knowing finger over the label and announces that it is merely printed, not engraved, as a genuine label should be. He alone knows where he got that hokum; from calling cards, maybe.

If you want to get the raspberry, tell him that you are hard up and need to turn a quick deal. A bootlegger broke? Ha! Ha! You make $400 on every $20 order if you listen to him. Doesn't he know someone who knows somebody who is a second cousin of a man who brings it in? Tell that hard-luck story to Sweeny!

Just as you used to ask the bartender to have one with you, now and then, nowadays, when the bootlegger delivers an order you open a bottle and ask him to join you. I ask you if I can be taking a drink with every customer. I wouldn't be able to tell the elevator from the mail chute by noon. You remember that the barkeep used to

Furnace Comfort for Small Homes



All Rooms Warm This New Way

Furnace Comfort for Small Homes, With or Without Basements

WE spent thousands to perfect a new way of heating small homes. And now we are spending thousands to tell you about it.

It costs you nothing to get the facts. And if you do so now, you can enjoy a winter of real comfort. Note the coupon below and mail it.

New principles

The name of our heater is the Estate Heatrola; a practical and efficient warm-air heating device. You place it in one of the living rooms and it keeps the whole house warm.

Like a basement furnace, the Heatrola supplies great volumes of warm, moist air to every room in the house, upstairs and downstairs.

Authorities say it is changing the heating habits of the nation. Doctors say it provides the most healthful form of heating.

Looks like a phonograph

Beautifully designed, and finished in rich grained mahogany, the Heatrola looks like a handsome phonograph. It is as easily moved as a stove, so if you rent, you can take it with you when you move. Burns any kind of coal; also wood.

The finish is of vitreous enamel, baked on; hence smooth as glass and everlasting. You can rub it and dust it with a cloth, just as you do your furniture.

No stoves to tend. No black iron to clean or nickel to polish.

See it at your local dealer's

See the Heatrola now. Leading furniture and hardware dealers, also heating contractors, have it on display. It is time now to act—quick—for this winter.

Estate HEATROLA

MADE BY THE ESTATE STOVE CO., HAMILTON, OHIO—BUILDERS SINCE 1845 OF THE FAMOUS ESTATE STOVES, RANGES AND FURNACES

If you prefer a basement furnace

—check the coupon for booklet and full information about Estate Sanitary Warm-Air Furnaces, in pipe and pipeless models. All cast-iron construction; five-year guaranteed fire-pot; ball-bearing grate; new-type grate shaker; swinging vapor tank; many other fine features.

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THE ESTATE STOVE CO., Hamilton, Ohio
(Pacific Coast Office Furniture Exchange, San Francisco)
Send me free information regarding heating system checked below and name of nearest dealer
ESTATE HEATROLA
Estate Sanitary Warm Air Furnace
Pipeless Model Pipe Model
Name
Street or R F D
City and State
How many rooms in your house?

Watch This Column

Drama and Mystery in "The Acquittal"

Everybody loves mystery. ***"The Acquittal"*** is full of it. Everybody loves dramatic episodes in the court-room. And there are many such episodes in Universal's production of Rita Weiman's great stage-success. The court-room scene is described by reviewers as one of the best they have ever seen.

CLAIRE WINDSOR
and
NORMAN KERRY
in
"THE ACQUITTAL"

Directed by
CLARENCE BROWN

When you see this fine picture, as you doubtless will, please keep the solution of the mystery to yourselves. Don't spoil it for your friends by telling them how it comes out. "You know how 'tis" to sit in a theatre with a friend and have him or her tell you in advance everything that is going to happen.

* * *

By the way, Universal's ***"Merry Go Round"*** has been pronounced one of the big pictures of the year. I knew it was good, but I didn't know *how* good until the American public began to tell me. It is a big thing to be voluntarily praised by the public, because the public is a severe task-master. I hope it will be equally well pleased with ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** now the reigning sensation of New York, Boston, Pittsburg and Philadelphia. Also with ***"Drifting," "Thundering Dawn," "Beasts of Paradise," "A Chapter in Her Life," "The Gumps,"*** HOOT GIBSON in ***"The Ramblin' Kid"*** and our new series of ***"The Leather Pushers."***

* * *

Very soon in this column I will announce the irresistible BABY PEGGY in her first *big* production, as well as other productions which will add immeasurably to the fact that "Universal has the pictures." Isn't it true, in your estimation, that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals?

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

be privileged to take a cigar, or compromise on about a whisky glass of beer. But let a bootlegger refuse a drink!

"What? Afraid to drink your own stuff? Take it away! Not for mine!" And so on.

Scotch whisky, to the run of customers, means one of half a dozen brands widely distributed here in the old days, and anything else gets a fishy look. It happens that there are a lot of good brands made by distillers who made little or no bid for the American trade in the past. Some of these brands are coming in now. For instance, I phoned my wholesaler a moment ago, and learned that the day's price was $49 in case lots, and the brands on hand were all comparatively unknown on this side. Tomorrow I'll have a tough job persuading some of my customers that I'm not trying to palm off bush-league whisky on them.

Drug-Store Trade

They may not rate me as a social equal, but I'm the white-headed boy around the offices. The next time you sit cooling your heels in the anteroom of some big office, waiting for a conference to end, and you see a man breeze by without so much as sending in his card or name, put him down as a bootlegger. I've cut in on a board meeting of a nationally known corporation, and had the directors stop in the midst of a refinancing deal to talk booze, then wander off on to what gay young devils they are, and kill a good two hours. I'm one lad who not only knows all about that conference gag but who can wink at the dragon at the switchboard and tell her to save it for someone who is trying to spend $100,000 with the firm.

Competition? It's warming up right along, but I'm still sleeping well. No one can walk my beat and take my customers away from me directly. A squeal to my wholesaler would take care of that. It is to his interest in more ways than one to keep me satisfied, and he and the men higher up can take care of any free lancer.

The drug stores are and always have been indirect competitors. A drug store is allowed 100 gallons of spirits a month. There isn't one in the country with a legitimate demand for that much. Not a doctor in a hundred prescribes whisky as a medicine, although there are some doctors who haven't prescribed much else for three years. A good many physicians refuse even to take out their government blanks, of which they are allowed 100 a quarter. The occasional patient who really needs liquor they send to another doctor.

This drug-store trade varies. On Broadway it is whisky. Any Broadway druggist can, and some of them do, sell five times the quantity they are permitted in a year. They water the legitimate stock, and buy the balance through bootleg channels. When the White Light crowd wants liquor in a hurry it is willing to pay $4 and $5 a pint for it. These men and women are the Broadway druggist's meal ticket. I know a man who has several drug stores. A wholesale house with a big lien on a store that had been losing money steadily told him to take the place and see what he could do with it. Since the war he has run that one failure up to a string of successes. A part of his trade appears to be the sale of complexion dope to chorus queens, but his real business is booze, cocaine and heroin.

The neighborhood druggists who are bootlegging, particularly in the foreign quarters, take their allowance out in alcohol instead of whisky usually. That's a favored buy in the districts where they roll their own. Alcohol requires no prescription, and the druggist, selling it at $12 to $14 a gallon, triples his money, instead of doubling it on whisky.

The bootblack stands, barber shops, beauty parlors and delicatessen stores are the latest to cut themselves a piece of the cake, and in six months they have begun to make their competition felt. In New York all the bootblacks are Greeks, and most of the barbers are Italians. Both by trade and race they have aisle seats for the show. Sitting as pretty as they do, I doubt if the barbers are disposing of as much of the stuff as the manicure girls. Whether some bootlegger first thought of using the manicurists as a sales staff, or a manicurist patented the idea and sold it to a bootlegger, isn't on the record, but it was an inspiration worthy of one of those go-getter sales promoters. Smiling at some of these ladies is equivalent to signing an order blank these days, and they add a couple of dollars on the case for their conversation.

Beer? We don't handle it. It is too bulky and the margin is too small. I would rather refer a man to a saloon or café. There is a good deal of real beer in town, and here they say almost all of it comes from Philadelphia. In Philly, they tell me, all the beer comes from Wilmington. No, I don't know the answer. Fancy liquors, such as cordials and good wines, are a Christmas special only with us. Only the rich keep the sort of sideboards and cellars that demand it the year around, and they won't trust us when they need more. A group of wealthy men will club together and send an agent to Canada or the West Indies to bring it in, a strictly private deal.

I said a while back that I kept no stock on hand, and that I sold for cash only. There are exceptions. My wholesaler sticks to union hours, and won't deliver small orders at night. To take care of the emergency calls that drift in by telephone occasionally after closing hours, I keep a few bottles around the house. It pays me. The daylight price of a single bottle of gin is $3, by dark it costs you $4. Scotch by day is $7, by night $9 or $10. I waive my cash rule in the office where I used to work. I collect every pay day, and even can be persuaded to listen to a hard-times story. Only one man ever tried to run out on me. His bill was $800. There was enough pressure around the office to make him pay it.

Packing Distant Shipments

I gave the impression, too, farther back, that I did business only in taxicab range of Forty-second Street, but I'll take any out-of-town trade I can get if someone I know will vouch for it. Most of it has been in the supplying of New Yorkers on the road. One of these patrons is a singer who went on concert tour last winter. She made fifty-odd stops, and an ample stock was waiting for her at each of them. She said she had to have it to keep going, and couldn't depend on it locally. I have a letter of thanks signed by her secretary.

When I pack liquor for shipment you can drop the package out of a second-story window and it won't break. As containers I use large tin cans with screw tops. A roll of absorbent cotton first is wrapped around the bottle, then newspapers, then cardboard. The cans will hold six bottles, and I put in only four, filling the space with sawdust, good packing with the added advantage of absorbing the liquor should a bottle break by any chance. The screw top takes care of any possible odor. And finally the cans are packed in 1-inch pine-board cases. No case of books ever will spring a leak on you or perfume the express-office air if you buy your books from me.

Deposited with the express company, carrying charges collect, my responsibility is ended. I want your check dated ten days ahead. I cash it when the shipment is presumed to have reached you. I'll charge you only the New York price plus the packing charges. But if you want me to guarantee delivery I want the ruling price at the destination. In the Oklahoma oil fields that may be as much as $60 a bottle for genuine Scotch. Otherwise I can't take the risk and tie up my money. I could be turning it over several times while I am gambling on distant delivery.

Last August a customer gave me the names and hotel address of two merchandise buyers who, he said, wanted two cases apiece of Scotch. I knew the man well, and didn't bother to verify the order. When I got the stuff up to the hotel I found they wanted me to ship it for them, they to pay on delivery and at the same price I was getting in New York. They had figured it this way: Good Scotch is selling for $60 a case in New York. Out home it will bring anything from $20 a bottle up. Why not take a little flyer? They didn't get their whisky.

Incorruptible Officials

It may be that all this strains your faith in human nature. You are not going to take a bootlegger's word for it, for example, that every dry agent, policeman and sheriff is a crook; but I never said all. Figure it out for yourself. A prohibition field agent gets $3000 to $4000 a year. For that he is expected to risk his life hourly, and turn down a good deal more than his wages. Do you know what it means to tackle a New York gunman, or to hit some lawless, hot-blooded, gun-toting South European immigrant where he lives—in his pocketbook; ruin him perhaps? Do you know what it means to a copper to stop a load of liquor in which the politicians who own his captain may be interested? There are more ways of disciplining a policeman than taking his job, although that is simple enough. It is thirty miles from the upper Bronx to Rockaway. It is a long three hours' trip from Jamaica to Tottenville, down on the lower end of Staten Island. Picture a cop owning his home in the Bronx and walking a beat there, transferred to Rockaway or Tottenville. Put yourself in the shoes of the policeman. Then think it over.

Two men have made 60 per cent of all the liquor raids in New York, and have five times as many convictions to their credit as the rest of the force combined. Both of these men have spent their lives in Manhattan. They know Broadway as you do your own back yard. They are as slick as any actor at disguise and make-up, the inside of their Broadway apartment looks like a theatrical costumer's shop, they are born mimics, and they have the guts. Their exploits have made good reading for New Yorkers for two years now.

I have known one Federal dry agent that I am dead sure was unbuyable. He was the head of the flying squadron that swooped down on the fake wholesale druggists. He had only to nod his head to be fixed in luxury, and when I say luxury I don't mean a nice little place in the suburbs. . It may leave a better taste in your mouth to know that he didn't nod his head.

When I was playing for bigger money with its bigger risks I thought I would make my pile and quit. I thought so again last New Year's when I didn't do a fifth of the previous year's holiday business, and got stuck with $6000 worth of stock. I was sure of it last June when I hardly could give it away, but it's a queer game. Just as I would have myself sold on the idea of going back to a desk and $50 a week, I would get a telephone call for a small order. No matter how rotten business was I always could knock out $25 or $30 a week. It may take all day to deliver twelve bottles, one bottle to an address, but so does the customer pay a little more on each bottle.

The lowdown is, I expect, that I'm spoiled for honest labor. But some day, I expect, the great silent majority will get tired of this open lawbreaking and put us out of business and some of the big fellows in jail. It's too raw to last.

"GOOD TO THE LAST DROP"

REG. U.S. PAT OFF

SOLD ONLY IN SEALED TIN CANS—CONVENIENT TO OPEN AND USE

A man's humor tells what kind of coffee he had for breakfast.

The enticing aroma of Maxwell House Coffee quickens one's pace to the breakfast room, and whets the appetite for a satisfying morning meal.

It is not alone the taste that has made a nation call Maxwell House Coffee "Good to the Last Drop"; but the taste, plus uniformity of flavor. It never varies.

You wonder why?

Maxwell House Coffee is made only from the aristocrats among coffee beans—the finest!

But in the treatment which these perfect little beans receive lies the secret of the goodness of your morning cup. Fifty years ago, we determined to develop the flavor of fine coffee to its highest pinnacle of perfection—and our success has been due to the fact that this ambition was never for a moment crowded out by any other consideration.

If you are not already enjoying the taste that is "Good to the Last Drop," you can easily order it from your dealer in sealed tins.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Also Maxwell House Tea

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.

NASHVILLE, HOUSTON, JACKSONVILLE, RICHMOND, NEW YORK

No 140
$5.50

Wonder-Worsted
Union Suit
Light Weight

SOFT, long staple Australian wool, and Peruvian cotton of woolly softness are spun into strong, fine gauge worsted yarn. This is expertly knitted into lustrous, elastic ribbed cloth—then cut from patterns developed by Wilson Bro's Way of Measurement, and fashioned into No. 140 union suits. The worsted mixture is the secret of its comfort, appearance and long wear; silver, white or light blue.

Ask the man behind the underwear counter

Wilson Bro's

IMPORTERS AND MAKERS OF MEN'S FURNISHINGS FOR ALMOST 60 YEARS

Hose Belts Garters Suspenders Cravats Mufflers Shirts Nightshirts Pajamas Underwear Handkerchiefs Knit Gloves

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO
New York Paris

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

(Continued from Page 9)

Dorothy had taken two cups of the coffee, and though she went to sleep as soon as she got in bed, somewhere towards the middle of the night she wakened very wide and lay with the personalities and events of the day flickering through her brain like bits of a film gone mad.

What a pity that a woman as sweet as Fran Hutchins should be such a fool, and how maddening that Arnold Clark should think she herself was just that kind of a fool! What a satisfaction it would be to show him that she wasn't—if she wasn't.

To whom should she turn for advice? Stuart McKenzie would irritate him the most. She laughed a little at the idea of going to Mr. McKenzie. She supposed he'd give her a job on his paper if that was what she wanted, but it wasn't. She could write a little, but she hadn't the time to build up a reportorial career. She wanted something which would go through quickly.

She didn't analyze just why. She was certainly being as silly as any woman could be about deciding on her career. One's choice should be scientifically simple. One had only to find a need everyone felt and supply it as well as one could. What need did she feel?

The need of a cook.

Fran felt that too.

But why had she spoken to Arnold about it? She'd known better than to tell Lon things of the sort. The truth was that the woman's conduct had been so irritating that she hadn't been able to keep it to herself. Need! She'd felt the need to explode!

At that moment her plan began to be born. It was such an exciting plan that she didn't get to sleep until dawn, and she jotted down two sheets of perfectly unnecessary notes. It was a perfect plan, and it would kill Arnold Clark—simply kill him—the old darling.

Dorothy had to go through the whole Eagle Building, which smelled of grease and printers' ink and paper, and throbbed with the beat of the presses, to reach Stuart McKenzie's office, which was as neat as a Scotch kirk.

"Honor-red, I'm sur-r-re," Mr. McKenzie burred at her.

He was a short man, with the hooked nose which occasionally links Caledonians with the lost tribes. His enemies called him a professional Scot.

"That's a strange way," Dorothy told him, "to greet a person who's come to sell you something."

"Anything you say I should take, dear lady. Is it a box? Or a chance for some bazaar-r-r?"

"It's nothing for charity. I'm here in my own interest. I want to sell you an idea for your paper."

Mr. McKenzie looked dubious.

"Ye ken I canna hae fr-rivolities in the Eagle."

When he was embarrassed he always dropped into broad Bobby Burns.

"It's not a frivolity. I want a contract to run a department once a week. I think eventually it will have to be a daily feature. Of course, before I expect such a thing I want to prove my ability to run it successfully, to myself as well as to you. The only way I can do that is for you to let me have space in the paper for two or three weeks."

"What kind of department?" Mr. McKenzie asked.

"Before I explain, I want your gentleman's agreement that if you decide to let me try, and like what I do, you will give me a contract to run it permanently at a good salary, and will not turn it over to someone else. You see, I'm practically sure that if you don't take it the News will."

That was true enough. Arnold Clark controlled the News.

"And what is the mar-r-rvelous idea?"

"Oh, there are more preliminaries. I also want your promise that if you decide not to try the experiment you will not mention the object of this visit to anyone or make use of it in any way. Do you give me both promises?"

"I swear-r-r."

"No, seriously."

"I p-r-r-romise."

"I think the idea can't fail to increase your subscriptions among the women of the community. There isn't a housewife who'll dare be without the Eagle."

"It isn't a page on politics? They're not interested, dear lady. They've got the vote and there's the end of it. A few pictures of candidates—that's all the politics they'll look at."

"It has nothing to do with politics. It has to do with the problem which occupies more of most women's thoughts than any other."

"Do you mean—love?"

Mr. McKenzie's glance was coy.

"I mean domestics," said Dorothy. "My proposal is for a page to be a sort of forum for servants and their employers. The maids one gets do outrageous things and one has absolutely no redress. They don't belong to any union which can keep them in order. They're perfectly free to break all the rules of decent employment, and they do. On the other hand, I imagine plenty of mistresses are just as blameworthy, and that all a maid who is simply overridden can do is to leave and tell her own friends. I want space enough in your Friday evening edition to make both sides public, so that when a discharged waitress deliberately throws on the floor a tray of irreplaceable china, as did the waitress of one of my friends last week, other women can be warned against her; so that when a family consistently feeds a maid canned ptomaines and gives her no place to entertain company she can have some redress besides leaving."

"I imagine there is a good deal of per-r-rsecution of ser-r-rvants," said Mr. McKenzie.

"Do you? I want to call the page Domestics and take some good reliable-sounding name as editress. I want a short, intimate letter commenting on the communications which are published, and an index of the names of people which have been published for the past month, so that when a maid applies for a position she may be easily looked up, or a mistress may be branded for what she is at the employment agency. What do you think of the scheme?"

"Mrs. Blair-r," Mr. McKenzie answered, "I will be frank with you. When you came in, I said, 'Oh, it's a society lady with no br-r-rains.' Now what you've said appeals to me. I didn't think a lady like you had it in her. Particularly it appeals to me as a scheme for the pr-r-rotection of ser-rvant gir-r-rls. Can I give you your answer later? Ther-re are many things that must be consider-red."

"I will let you have," Dorothy informed him, "until Thursday afternoon. I hope you're not being polite with me; because if you are I'd much rather you said at once that you're not interested."

"We have left the pr-rovince of politeness," Mr. McKenzie returned. "We are speaking of the Eagle."

Dorothy repressed an impulse to genuflect.

Thursday was all wind and bright leaves without, and a coal fire and black fruit cake in Dorothy's drawing-room. Arnold entered it very debonairly.

"How's the career, Napoleonna?"

"Oh, give me time."

"I've decided not to. I don't want a famous executive for a wife. It would make me nervous."

"Is this going to be one of those madam-take-your-choice scenes I've always so admired in fiction?"

"Exactly. Madam, here is my heart, a poor thing undoubtedly affected by years of cigarette addiction, but not entirely inconsiderable. There"—he made a gesture vaguely in the direction of the hall—"there are the dust and ashes of renown."

When coincidence makes up its mind to abet a gesture nothing can be more satisfactory. At that instant the telephone, which was in the hall, rang.

"It doesn't sound like dust and ashes," Dorothy remarked as she arose.

Arnold shook his head at her.

"Love is best. Ask any of the major poets."

By that time Mary had appeared to explain that Mr. McKenzie wished to speak with Mrs. Blair on the phone.

"Oh, good afternoon"—Arnold could hear Dorothy's voice. "How nice of you! You want an option on my contract at six thousand a year if you allow me to try the experiment? That includes syndication of any of the material which lends itself to syndication? I'll have to think it over, Mr. McKenzie. I'll call you at six o'clock tonight and give you my answer. Good-by."

There was something uneasy about Arnold Clark's back when she reëntered the drawing-room. She made him tea before he referred to what he had heard.

"Of course," he said then, "you were holding down the hook just now, weren't you?"

He should have known from her radiance.

She answered, "Perhaps it's just as well that you should think so."

"No, tell me. You weren't really talking to old Stuart McKenzie?"

"I'm afraid I was, Arnold."

"But you couldn't work for him, Dolly. He's not a gentleman."

"We business women have to overlook nonessentials. Besides, I don't know what you mean. He doesn't know the fascinating and brilliant society in which we've always moved? What utter nonsense! He doesn't want to. He's perfectly honest. That's all that concerns me."

"What in the deuce have you to sell him worth six thousand a year?"

"An idea. I think his offer is rather a tribute."

"Why should you sell it to the Eagle when the News needs good ideas?"

"I told you you'd be the last person to whom I should turn. Don't sulk. I didn't when you teased me about my career."

"I wasn't teasing—altogether. I meant it. Particularly if the career is with old Scotch McKenzie. I won't have it, Dolly."

"Won't you, my dear?"

She rose and trailed into the hall.

"Main 4800."

A very serious Arnold Clark listened again.

"May I speak to Mr. McKenzie, please?"

Arnold went to the door.

"Please, Dolly."

She put her hand over the mouthpiece, as though anyone at the other end could hear her shaking her head.

"Mr. McKenzie? It's Mrs. Blair. There's no need to wait until six o'clock. I accept. Will a week from tomorrow be all right for the first time? Fine. I'll be down in the morning. Ten o'clock? Understood. Good-by."

She smiled up at Arnold brightly. He didn't smile back.

"That hurts," he said.

Just then Fran Hutchins dropped in and averted a scene.

Arnold Clark left early and Fran said, "Mercy! What a glum old thing he's got to be."

It wasn't until Fran herself had gone that Dorothy found the present Arnold had brought her, which lay forgotten on the console in the hall. It was one American Beauty rose, a little faded. Dorothy bit her underlip.

"And I was such a beast!" she reproached herself. "Well, he deserved it."

For the next few days Dorothy was so busy interviewing people at various employment agencies that she paid little attention to the fact that Arnold Clark was making no overtures toward reconciliation; after that her realization of it was the only faint shadow on her creative rapture.

It was her purpose that the page should bear no trace of her inexperience but be the quintessence of distinguished journalism. When, Friday afternoon, the first copy off the press lay spread before her on her desk she cried jubilantly to her soul that it was good:

DOMESTICS
A Page for Homemakers
Edited by
HARRIET BRADFORD BUNCE

Dorothy had evolved that name with much thought; but once evolved, it had frightened her. She had spent hours running through all the leading magazines to make sure she hadn't just remembered it. It had the ring of inevitability. One felt that from time immemorial Harriet Bradford Bunce had been setting forth her views on matters of intimate import in the more reliable periodicals.

In substantiation of that impression was a picture of Harriet Bradford Bunce. Dorothy had recognized it instantly in a pile of photographs of which she had been given her choice. The air of permanent chairmanship was unmistakable.

Harriet's gray hair was parted in the middle and done in a loose knot low on her

(Continued on Page 75)

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UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

(Continued from Page 72)

neck. Her mouth was executive, her eyes fine. There were no glasses in the photograph, but one felt instinctively that Harriet adjusted glasses to read, pinching a little red mark on each side of her straight nose, thrusting a hairpin, on a fine gold chain, into her side hair.

She wore that costume of civic frivolity—a black net semidemi with sleeves. Dorothy knew about the sleeves. They were sewed in a guimpe. The idea was that the guimpe could be left off on great occasions, but the occasion great enough never arrived.

Dorothy had felt, from the moment she found that picture, that if ever her high purpose flagged she would have only to look at it to feel stimulated, put on her mettle. That any sister woman could allow her page to be unworthy of Harriet Bradford Bunce was unthinkable.

Another cut showed a convenient kitchen, and linking the two an Olympian housewife swung the scales of Justice. Centering the page was Harriet Bradford Bunce's message for the week, Efficiency in the Home; below it a scale of wages compiled with infinite care.

Flanking these were the communications. Dorothy had not hesitated to point the ones she had received from housewives with vigor or restraint as the style of her correspondents demanded. The collection was, in its way, as perfect as Meleager's Garland:

My dear Mrs. Bunce: I wish to bring to your attention my reason for discharging my colored maid, Hannah Lanier.

On the afternoon of a very trying day I happened to hear her say to the laundress, "Them pans is clean enough. I guess I'll haunch down and drink my tea. Old ross won't do no raving today, we got eight folks coming to dinner tonight. Let her holler if she dasses."

Very sincerely yours,
CORA ADAMS,
11 Sunset Boulevard,
(MRS. CHARLES S.) City.

Dear Mrs. Bunce: A young woman spent a few hours in my employ this morning, of whom I should like to warn your readers. She gave her name as Mary Gillen, and from the time of her appearance until she said "I would'n't work for an old slob like you, anyhow," she made the following statements:

"I don't wash no dishes. I don't wash no dish towels. I don't wash no vegetables. I don't empty out no ice-box pan. I don't scrub no kitchen."

She had been engaged as cook in a household employing two servants.

Yours cordially,
MARIA T. BENSON,
87 Court Place,
City.

Madam: I should like to tell your readers of the absent-mindedness of a Mrs. Sarah McGuire, the proprietress of the Ideal Laundry on Elk Street. During the first week in September, when she was doing some work for it, it manifested itself in the following forms: A complete inability to identify two brand-new pairs of silk stockings as mine; a mistake of seventy-eight cents in adding up her bill—to my disadvantage; the misplacement of a bottle of prewar whisky—kept for medicinal purposes—in the basket of dirty clothes she was taking from my house.

As that is her own explanation of the aforementioned events, I am sure she will not object to its publication. JANE BENSON,
36 Prospect Street.

There were eighteen in all, arranged alphabetically. Opposite were the plaints from the other side, a briefer column. It had been harder to get the maids to write. With their letters Dorothy had taken fewer liberties. It wouldn't do to have both factions speak in the same diction, so she had limited herself to correcting the spelling:

Dear Mrs.: There is bedbugs in the room Mrs. Orville Woodford expects her help to live in. Yrs. respectfully,
L. ALAN.

Respected Madam: That Mrs. Adams on Sunset Boulevard is always sleeping and pays irregular anyhow. MRS H. LANIER.

Dear Mrs. Bunce: If any girl likes to be yelled at in front of the neighbors she can get a good loud job with Mrs. Herman Schwartz, 87 Second Avenue. MARY MCFEEN.

There were fourteen of those.

Dorothy loved her page. She wished the proofreader hadn't overlooked the omission of the "g" from "sings" in the phrase "always sings in the pantry," but it was a slight thing.

"We're great," she said to the picture of Harriet Bradford Bunce, and Harriet's hypothetical acquiescence made her forget any vestige of fatigue.

At her own door Mary met her to say that Mr. Clark had telephoned to know whether he might come to tea.

"Please call him," Dorothy directed, "and say that I've just returned from the office after a hard day and am very tired."

It was very refreshing to her pride. As she went upstairs she wondered whether that message might possibly prove the last straw to Arnold Clark's feeling for her. It didn't much matter. Nothing mattered except success.

At ten o'clock the following morning the managing editor of the News called up Arnold Clark to ask him if they'd better not look around for some expert on domestic economy to compete with the Eagle's innovation.

At eleven Fran Hutchins telephoned to say, "Isn't Dorothy Blair wonderful! I'm having a dinner in honor of her next Tuesday night and I wondered if you'd come."

At one o'clock, when he started for luncheon, he noticed that the one stenographer who stayed Saturday afternoons was reading the Eagle. He craned to see what part of it.

"It's the new feature," she explained. "Swell, isn't it?"

"It's a device of the devil."

He thought the club would be free from any reference to the business, but Tom Elliott, who'd been waiting for him, said as he put down the Eagle and rose, "I see McKenzie's got a new stunt. Have to hand it to him for ingenuity."

Tom didn't expatiate on the theme, and Arnold didn't speak about it or much of anything else; but when Arnold left the club he stopped at the florist's. He'd evidently gone too far with Dorothy and something had to be done. He ordered a large Kiwanis horseshoe of American Beauties, with a bright-blue ribbon on which was pasted in gold letters the word "success," and as address he gave Harriet Spofford Bunce, the Eagle.

Dorothy would laugh. Laughter was the best way out of the rather undignified corner where he found himself. He walked the rest of the way to the office, feeling much lighter in spirit and, as the stenographer wasn't about, even hummed a little as he walked to his room. At his desk sat Dorothy Blair.

"Thank heaven you've come," she said. "I thought I'd die if you didn't soon."

"What's the matter?"

"I just had to be near somebody who likes me."

"What's happened?"

"A nightmare."

"But this is you, isn't it?" He reached for the Eagle which was on his desk.

"Yes. It's the most terrible failure."

"McKenzie has been bullying you to try to get a smaller contract. I'll settle with him."

"I haven't even seen Mr. McKenzie. Just women—terrible women. The room they'd let me have was full of them—that Woodford woman who has bedbugs, and the darky who drank the gin and put cleaning fluid in the cocktails, and the Swedish girl who threw away the cantaloupe and served the seeds; and they wanted to kill Harriet Bradford Bunce, and if they'd known I was she they would have killed me. I pretended I was just a secretary. They fought with each other. It was just like the arena under Caligula, only no Caligula.

"Then the telephone began to ring, and it was women inquiring whether I knew where they could get hold of the maids who'd been discharged for the most awful faults, because they were used to servants who drank, and they didn't blame any girl for sassing somebody who listened when she wasn't supposed to; and they were willing to explain about cantaloupe; and now that the girls had been posted, they thought they could get them at bargain rates. Oh, Arnold, I thought I'd solved the servant problem, and all I've done is to show myself the depths of female depravity. I'm just ill."

Arnold picked up her fur piece, which had fallen to the floor and lay in a little disconsolate heap.

"What you need," he said, "is a really brilliant marriage. We can make the license bureau in ten minutes."

"What a relief!" Dorothy gasped. "I've been shaking with fear that I'd lost the chance at you. I do think, though, that it's only fair to tell you that I haven't an idea whether I'm marrying you for yourself alone or for that gorgeous cook and that perfect butler, and the sense of peace and protection they generate."

"You'd better decide," Arnold told her, "because the gorgeous cook and the perfect butler both left this morning, taking with them the atmosphere of peace. You see they'd read the scale of prices in which you awarded topnotch servants one hundred a month. I only paid them eighty-five each. When they came to me and demanded a raise I told them to clear out and be damned."

"Arnold! I'm convinced that you're just marrying me for my Mary."

"Well, that is a large part of the consideration; but not to make it too apparent, I think, until I can clear time to go away for a real honeymoon, we'd better stay at the hotel."

"I don't think that's a very good idea," said Dorothy. "But I'm so glad to be marrying you I don't mind anything. Will it be illegal if I don't give my right age to the license clerk?"

It was eight o'clock that night before Mr. Stuart McKenzie was able to find out where Mrs. Blair, who wasn't Blair any longer, was, and put through a telephone call to the residence of Mr. Arnold Clark.

"Oh, hello, McKenzie," Arnold Clark greeted him.

"Congratulations, Mr. Clark. You've won a ver-r-ry br-rilliant woman. May I speak with Mrs. Clark?"

"She's cooking," Mr. Clark replied. "The servants have left. Can I give her a message?"

Mr. McKenzie did not laugh.

"Her page went excellent," he said. "People are making ver-ry favorable comments. It's an honor to the Eagle. I wished to inquire if, in view of her marriage, she will still be ready to sign the contract to which we agreed."

"I'll ask her."

He went to the pantry door and called, "Dolly!"

"Yes, darling."

"McKenzie's on the phone. He wants to know if you're going to sign on the dotted line."

"Then he doesn't know it was a failure?"

"Apparently it isn't, from his point of view. Are you going to?"

"Not for anything in the world."

"Why not? You could get it in easily and never miss the time."

"With this house to experiment with? And the children not told yet? Rather not! Tell him it was a failure anyway."

"Mrs. Clark," Arnold reported to the telephone, "says she doesn't care to."

"I should be glad to raise the proposed salary by a thousand."

"I'm afraid you can't induce her. She wants to know how much you'll pay her for the idea and the name."

"Would she consider-r thr-ree thousand?"

"I'll talk to her about it. Good-by."

"What are you grinning about?" Dorothy asked, coming out to choose a place for them to eat supper.

"McKenzie is offering three thousand for your idea. I think I can get him up to four."

"You act as pleased as Punch."

"Wait till I tell the men I know that you earned more than I did on our wedding day."

She happened to be standing near him, and gave him a great kiss. Over his shoulder she saw a spectral lady fumble at her breast, then adjust glasses to a parliamentary nose. Arnold couldn't see the grimace she made back.

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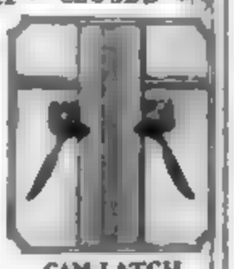
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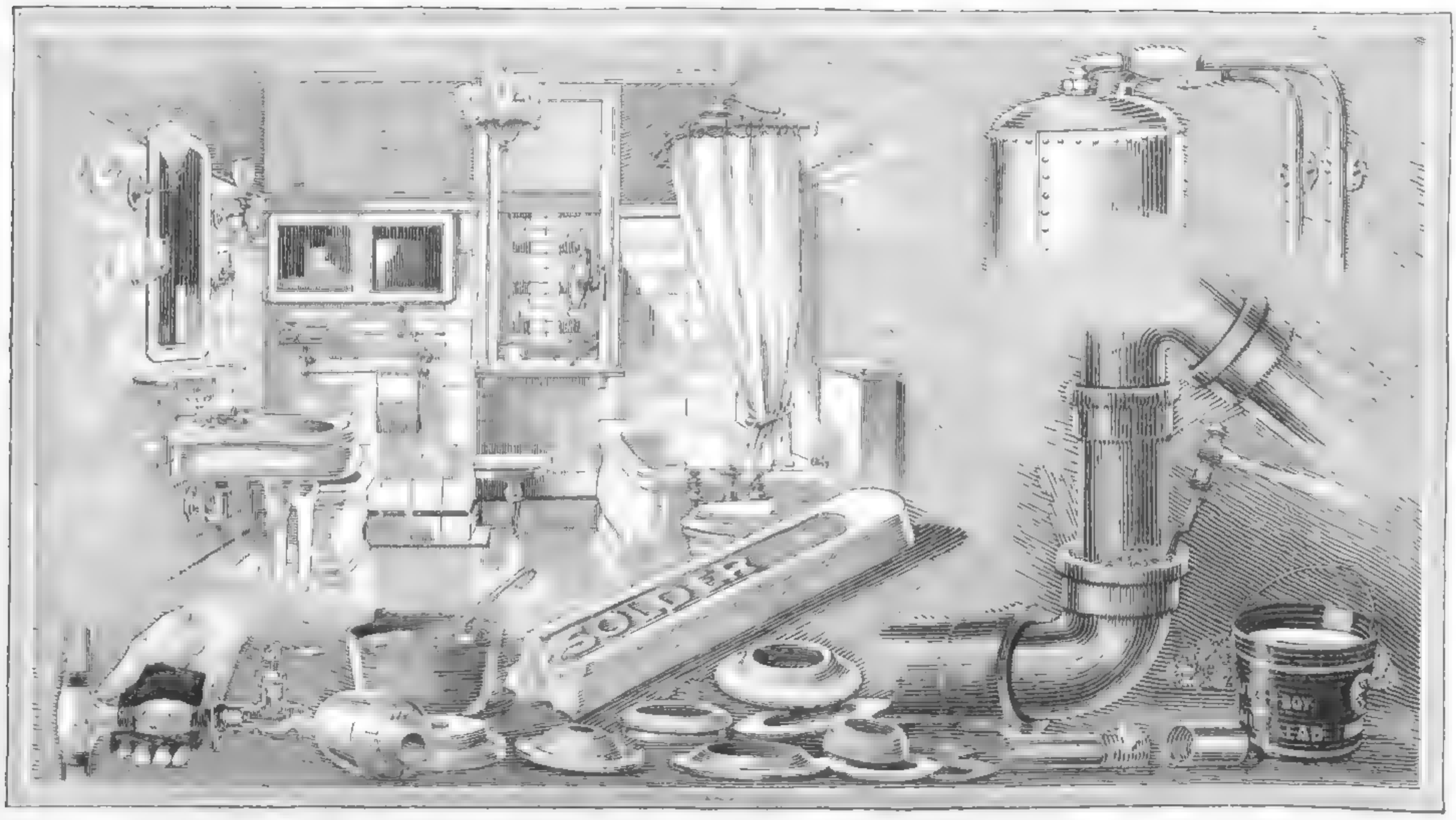


Lead helps to guard your health

YOU wouldn't live today in a house without an adequate plumbing system. For without modern plumbing, sickness might endanger your life.

Lead concealed in the walls and under the floors of many modern buildings helps to give the best sanitation. All the pipes may be of lead, though in most houses initial cost and false economy make this unlikely. But, at least, lead is used in making some pipe joints and for sealing others, for repairing leaks, and for making traps and bends.

Lead pipe centuries old

Lead, therefore, is contributing to the health, comfort, and convenience of people today as it did when Rome was a center of civilization. Lead water and drainage pipes more than 1800 years old have been found in exactly the condition they were in when laid.

In some cities today the law specifies that lead pipe alone may be used to bring water from street mains into the building.

In drainage systems are lead traps made of lead pipe bent into the shape of the letter S, so that a little water will stay in the bend and prevent gases which collect in the pipe from getting out through the house. These traps are likely to be of lead no matter what the pipe is made of, because lead is easily bent, and readily conforms to the settling of the house.

This malleability of lead also makes it easy to change the direction of any pipe through the use of lead bends.

Joining the pipes

A plumber easily "wipes" a joint or repairs a pipe leak with lead and tin solder. Because this alloy melts at the low temperature of 358 degrees it can be applied without melting the lead pipe, which melts at 620 degrees.

Lead is also poured into the flanges of pipe-joints to make them absolutely tight. Pipe threads are painted with white-lead or red-lead to make a tight connection. Where vibration or movement of pipes may loosen a poured joint, lead wool is used; lead shredded into threads is packed into the joint in a dense, compact mass.

Rubber gaskets and ball washers containing lead prevent leaking at joints and faucets.

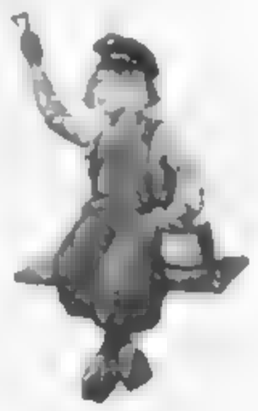
Lead is used to beautify as well as to make the modern bathroom. Red-lead and litharge, both lead oxides, are important ingredients in making the glossy white enamel covering the iron bodies of tub and basin, and the glazed tile walls.

Lead in paint

While lead is invaluable in assuring comfort and proper sanitation, its best-known and most widespread use is as white-lead in paint. Such materials as wood would soon deteriorate unless protected with paint. And the paints that give the most thorough protection against the weather are based on white-lead.

The loss of invested capital through failure to protect the surface of property adequately has led property owners to paint frequently and well. As days and months go by, more and more of them are learning the wisdom of the phrase, "Save the surface and you save all." And they are using white-lead paint to prolong the lives of their houses.

Look for the Dutch Boy



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More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write to us for specific information.

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GRAMP SEES THE LIGHT

(Continued from Page 17)

"Corn fritters, liver and bacon, coffee, three fried eggs and a piece of pie."

"What kind of pie?"

"Apple."

"No apple."

"Got raisin pie?"

"Yup."

"Send her up."

"Hard shell or open face?"

"Open face."

A shriek echoed through the hall as a traveling saleslady suddenly beheld gramp. He flew back to his room, a flash of crimson, for he still stuck to the old red flannels and the suit he wore had been in service so long that it fitted him like the paper on the wall or as the wax fits the candlewick or as the skin fits the grape. He dived back into bed until the excitement subsided. A knock, and his door opened cautiously.

"Are you dressed?" came a woman's voice.

"I ain't, but I'm covered up."

"Here's your breakfast."

"Fetch it in." It was not forthcoming. "Bring in that breakfast, Sally Anne," he commanded sternly, "and quit that nonsense. I used to dance your ma on my knee."

Sally Anne brought it in, all roses and laughter.

Gramp ate heartily, but not before examining the gray derby and placing it in the sun so that the warmth would soothe its hard-felt experiences, placing it there naturally, for it was that kind of hat.

Rinsing off his hard collar and carefully adjusting his red-and-white-specked cravat, crowning himself for the five hundred and twenty-first time, with the hole in the rear, he scught the street. Keery had already flattened out the Collapsible Four for him and had left a bucket of water beside the radiator. A demijohn cork had been substituted for the cap and gramp was informed by Jake that this arrangement was much safer.

"All you got to do, Pete," said Jake, "is to watch the cork when she goes up. Maybe I can find a little red paint and put onto it for you when you come back. Take the bucket with you and when she shoots the cork, give her more water."

Gramp turned to Rover, but Rover had had enough of human sinfulness. He turned tail and fled from the town and its temptations and dangers.

Major Entwhistle, president of the Enterprise Bank, who had charge of gramp's financial matters, paused for exchange of greetings.

"She don't look much," explained gramp as he tucked himself behind the wheel, "but it would take a powerful insecticide to put her out of business."

"Off on a holiday?" asked the major.

"Yes, sir. And one that would make a hook-and-eye Methodist turn in his grave."

"What kind of a Methodist is that, Pete?" the major asked.

"The real old-fashioned kind," Pete replied. "My mother's uncle was one. They're so strict they won't wear buttons on their clothes."

"If you're going to be away long," said the major when his laugh was over, "I wish you'd drop by the bank. There's a mortgage due."

"Which one?"

"The Widow Van Valkenburgh's."

"Abby's?"

"Yes. She's a little hard up, I think."

"I'll come by. Look out behind!"

This time he broke the invisible tie of enmity which seemed on the night before to have existed between the Collapsible and Mr. Beesinger's Paris Emporium, and rattled gayly down the street, over the railroad tracks and out into the fair country in the opposite direction from that in which lay the homestead of his ancestors.

"Yip! Yip!" was his cheerful reply to the many greetings given him in passing.

He felt free, free as the wind, and before him as he sped along Sunnyside Road was a vision of a well-bosomed woman, Miss Annheuser Busch. At times he would cackle sharply in his glee, giving himself fully and freely to sin. His spotted and hectic cravat crawled up his roughish red neck. He kept the precious skimmer well down over his eagle beak and against the wind. Strangers might well have taken him for a gambler or some other kind of old sport.

Where was he going? Well he knew and he had a good excuse. There was some acreage of his he had bought twenty years back, ten miles out Sunnyside Road, and he hadn't had a look at it in ten years, the last look when he journeyed out behind Nellie to the funeral of Abby Van Valkenburgh's lamented spouse. He thought it his duty to look it over just once more. His joy and his reflections were interrupted by a quick demand from the Collapsible for water. The demijohn cork was sailing aloft against a flawless sky. He snatched off the skimmer and watched its trajectory.

The cork took the wind gayly and drifted. Slowly it fluttered downward and beside a little clapboarded shack standing back of the half-finished foundations of a house.

With his water bucket in hand he took after it. Down in the foundations a lad of fifteen and a girl of perhaps seventeen were busy leveling the ground for the cellar cement work. Both were in overalls. The door of the shack opened and their mother, also in overalls, greeted gramp. He explained his mission and asked for water.

The woman was a husky with a pile of fine yellow hair tied in a loose knot above her head. Her forearms were bare and she wore little more besides the overalls than the law would call for.

"Excuse the way we look," she said with a friendly smile, "but we're out to kill the landlord."

"How?" asked gramp.

"By building our own house. We're city people and my husband belongs to the white-collar slaves. We built the chicken house first and live in it. We are saving money on the foundations. When that work is done we'll hire carpenters for the house building, and Saturday afternoons and Sundays my husband will work with them. The kids and I will work every day. That will save a lot."

"It seems to agree with the bunch of you," said gramp, noticing the fine color in her cheeks and the brightness in her blue eyes.

"It does, and it is helping my husband's health a great deal. He works in a downtown bank in New York."

"Is that so?" Gramp thought of Junior.

"He had unhealthy fat on him from his sedentary life," explained the wife, "but he's losing it and getting hard as nails."

"What's he do in the bank?"

"He's only an assistant cashier."

"But don't he own an automobile and belong to a golf club?"

"Not much. After we get the home paid for he might."

Gramp found the lost demijohn cork, drew a bucket of water from the well and gave a parting survey of this home-making family.

"Well, I'll be damned," he kept muttering as he sought the road again. "I'll just be damned. That's all. And none of my stock strong enough to get a scuttle of coal." Like Saint Paul, he was seeing a great light on his journey.

He was off again, filled with a sudden new gayety, relieving his heart with an occasional "Whoopee!"

Jauntily he stepped from his machine, pushing down his cravat and flicking the dust from his shoulders as he made his way up an aisle of flaming salvia and chrysanthemums to the widow's cottage.

Abby Van Valkenburgh had heard the din of the oncoming Collapsible and met him at the door, smiling, deep-bosomed, slightly gray, billowy in blue-and-white gingham.

"Morning, Abby," he said. "Saw you in church yesterday and told myself it was a shame I never got out to say howdy."

"And how are you?"

"Take a look. May I come in?"

"Then you didn't come about the ——"

"About the what?"

"The mortgage."

"Mortgage, your uncle, Abby! I'm on a holiday, the first one since Junior was born."

She brought him a rocking-chair and placed a cushion behind his shoulders. He sighed with content and appreciation. The living room was filled with sunlight and sweetness. A shaft of the morning silver played in immaculate white curtains, and a little breeze stirring them whipped the light into froth. The last of the zinnias and marigolds with sprays of scarlet salvia were gathered in a big vase on the marble-topped center table. They vied with the bright fresh colors of Abby's homemade rag rugs. Abby herself, seated opposite him,

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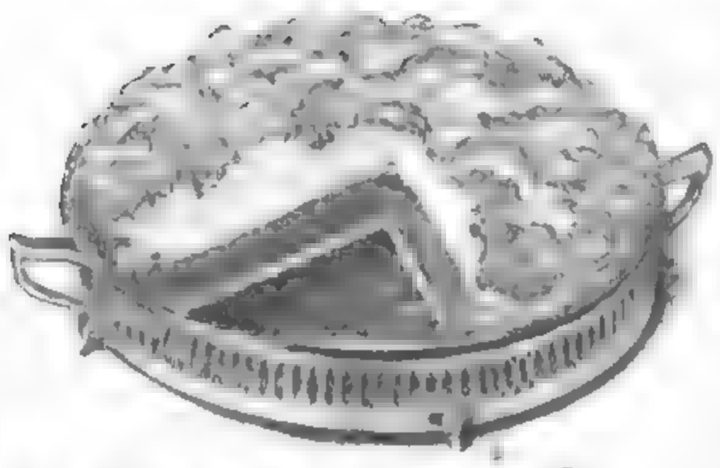

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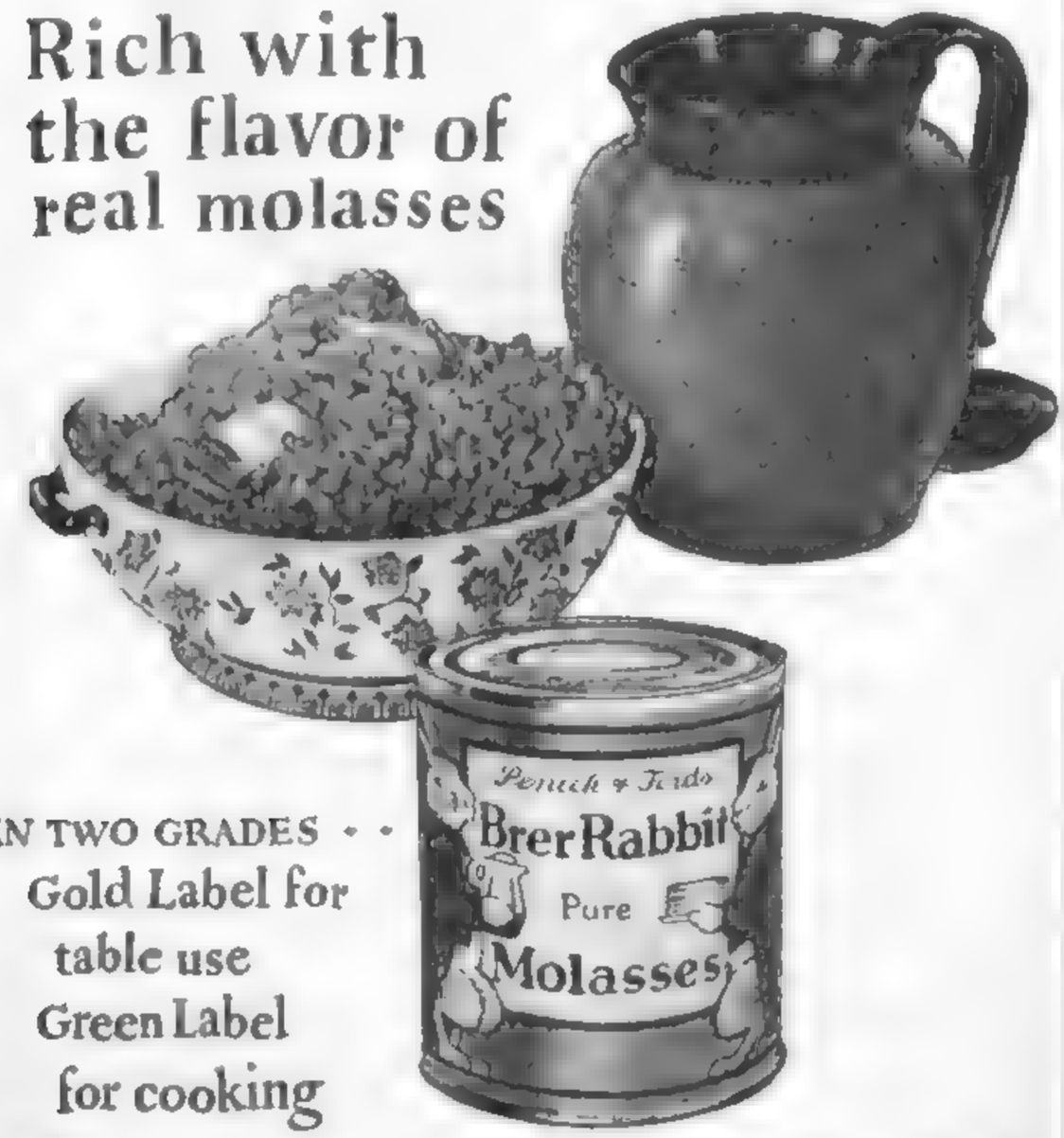

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was far from being out of place in this quiet little corner where beauty had crept. Her face was smooth, except for the crease of a hidden worry on her brow. Her lips smiled and held a suggestion of sweetness long contained and ungiven. Gramp noticed the little crease.

"What you been worrying about, Abby?" he demanded.

"Well," she replied with a sigh, "the cow died, and the butter and the milk helped me a lot. That's the trouble about the ——"

"Don't say it," commanded gramp. "I never talk business when I'm on a holiday."

"How are all the children?"

"Strong and healthy," replied gramp rather tartly.

"And Junior?"

"He can knock a little ball as far as any man in Bergen County. It's just wonderful what he can do with that little ball Some day he expects to get a silver cup for knocking it into Pennsylvania."

"Golf?" smiled Abby.

"Yes, yes. And the girls and their ma all have their hair cut and never pull up their stockings. And the smell of them! No flowers ever grew strong enough to smell thataway."

She saw that he was petulant, and changed the subject. "It's about time to get dinner. You are going to stay?"

"Yes, thank you, Abby. I'm right peckish after the automobiling "

"Fried chicken and hot biscuits."

She rose and laughed at the eagerness in his eyes. What a fine upstanding woman, he thought. How sweet and fresh she seemed in that gingham gown which seemed to float about her. Her hair was abundant and nut brown save for the glint of silver here and there. Her cheeks were the dark crimson of the woman who grows her own food.

"And," she added, "I'm making raisin pie today."

"Open face," suggested gramp, rising. "What can I do to help?"

"You can lie down on the sofa and smoke until you feel like taking a nap. I'll throw a quilt over you."

He was about to protest when the thought struck him that it would be pleasant to have Abby tuck him in, pleasant to drowse, and pleasant to awake and behold, sensuously, first with one eye and then with two eyes the incarnation of Miss Anheuser Busch. He stretched out with a sigh and took one of her hands as she pulled the lavender-scented patchwork quilt over his chest. She did not object, and the crimson of her cheeks drifted down to her well-rounded, blue-veined throat. The lavender, the color about him and over him, the ministration of gentle hands and the thought of fried chicken and hot biscuits made his soul once again essay to swim in delight. He held her firm hand until his pink eyelids dropped like two little curtains.

"Abby?" He was dozing off.

"Yes?" Her voice fell upon his brain as a rose petal through a music-filled twilight.

"Call me Peter."

His was not a sleep of the tired body or nerves. It was the sleep of luxury, the sleep of the lotus-eater and the opium smoker, a venture into dreams where the hunger of the heart and the thirst of the soul would be appeased. Out of it he came gently, his mind descending from rosy clouds. He looked about with one birdlike eye. She was singing in the kitchen, Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still. Fried chicken and hot biscuits were ready, and with them a song. She came to the door and blushed under the moist asking glance of that single eye. He turned his head, for he had never deliberately cheated himself, and feasted fully.

"Did you know you had a hole in your hat?" she asked.

"Yes, Abby."

"Well, I fixed it for you while getting the dinner."

He held out a hand and she came smilingly to him.

IV

TOWARD the end of the afternoon, as Mr. Beesinger was about to close the doors of his Paris Emporium, there dashed up to his establishment in furious and menacing style an ancient but game Elizabeth. Beside gramp sat Abby Van Valkenburgh-that-was, for they had journeyed over to the courthouse in Hackensack after dinner and had been firmly knotted.

Elizabeth fired the cork in the air in salute as they descended to the sidewalk or perhaps she blazed away in defiance of the iron pillar she had so pluckily fought the evening before.

"Abe," announced gramp, "I want to buy some nightshirts."

Abby smothered a shriek, and her one holiday hat, with large pink and green plumes, became so agitated that a near-sighted person would have thought a parrot fight was in progress.

"Nightshirts?" asked Mr. Beesinger "What for?"

"To wear to the movies, of course," snappily replied gramp. "And Abby wants to get some things -a trousseau —the whole works "

"Isn't there a lady's clerk?" asked Abby under her breath.

Mr. Beesinger realized that business was at hand, and from a little side door he yelled upstairs, "Rachel! Rachel!"

At distant counters, bride and groom bought those garments the gathering of which has caused hearts to flutter since the days of the first bazaar. The Beesingers loaded them into the rear of the car. Gramp wrote a check.

"Let me show you a nice hat," suggested Mr. Beesinger.

Gramp removed his derby and examined the patch in the back of the rim critically. "Don't need any hat," he replied. "Lend me a bucket of water and a large cork."

In the west, streamers of violet and gold, clouds of silver against patches of deep blue, warned him to be on his way. There would be no moon that night except the one of honey, and Lizzie had no lights. He boosted Abby in and crawled over her knees to the wheel.

"Squank! Squank! Squank!" They were off to the setting sun and the quiet corner on Sunnyside Road where beauty had crept, pausing only when they came to the half-finished foundations of the family from the city, to ask for water, and for a moment to watch father, mother and children laughing at their labor of love.

Back in the town, far behind them now, the Beesingers were spreading the news. The telephone girl in the exchange over the drug store clawed the plugs wildly for hours, and over back fences the jaws wagged.

In the old Oestervelt farmhouse, Junior at the head of the table, Anna at the foot, and the progeny between, sat like so many of the condemned served with their final meal.

"Where can we put them?" Anna asked finally.

"There isn't anywhere to put them," said Effie.

"Let Third take the attic and give them his room," suggested Junior.

"Not for me," replied his son. "There are rats up there."

"Then Effie and Julia will have to double up."

"Mother!" protested the girls.

"I can't eat," wailed Anna kicking back her chair. "It's shameful at his time of life. It's downright shameful! Everybody at the literary club will be laughing at us."

"Now, my dear," protested her husband, "we had better just sit tight and see what happens. Father has a great deal of money and will probably build himself a fine home for his new wife. Try and be calm. Think of what I shall have to go through. Think of the chaffing the boys at the golf club will give me."

But Anna Oestervelt had passed through two days of bitter perplexity and hard toil. Her husband and the children had left her the tasks of pushing back the heavy old mahogany furniture, laying the rugs, making the beds, trying to cook enough food to keep them alive. The new farm hand had been called in to help, but had stolidly informed her that his orders were to keep away from the house except to get Rover and Lizzie twice a day and see that they were fed and watered. He had been supplied with money to buy their meat.

She tried to control her racked nerves, but as she headed upstairs to her bedroom they gave way and the old farmhouse echoed and reechoed hysterical shrieks.

Junior followed his wife, his tread that of a man of authority, as the head of a family should be. His fat face was set and white. Anna lay on the bed, shuddering and whimpering. The curl was gone from her bobbed hair and the salt tears made streaks in the pink powder on her face.

A great anger against his father filled Junior. He was heartless or perhaps he was not quite sane. Ah, if this should prove true the solution of their problems would

(Continued on Page 80)

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(Continued from Page 78)

not be so difficult. He could have a guardian appointed. When his wife quieted down he said firmly, "I shall have a talk with him in the morning. Take off your clothes and go to bed. I'll telephone the bank tomorrow that sickness keeps me at home and I'll have it out with him."

He returned to the dining room. Peter III and the girls had slipped away in the car, leaving the table cluttered with fragments of food and soiled dishes. He surveyed the scene much as a returned warrior might overlook a field of defeat, bitterly, impotently. Had it not been night he would have swung his golf bag over his shoulder and vented his rage on the little ball. There was nothing for him to do except to go to bed, and so he retired to his room and read his evening paper, propped up in the pillows.

Anna remained in her room with a sick headache and the new day came with the dishes still on the table, greasier, more disgusting than the night before. Junior tried to make coffee and scalded his right hand. As he danced about the kitchen with tears of pain and vexation pouring from his eyes and profane utterance from his lips he was a picture of utter helplessness.

At nine o'clock Junior got in the car and rolled forth to meet his father and the reckoning. He did not have to roll far. At the corner of Grant Avenue and Fifth Street his liberated parent was swooping with Elizabeth for a turn that would land them in front of the Enterprise Bank.

"Squank! Squank!" Junior's off mudguard was smashed as they met. The cork ascended in a cloud of steam.

Gramp backed his machine and made the curb. "Come in, Junior," he called from the steps of the bank. "Did you hear the news? I want your congratulations, but we've got to be in a hurry."

Junior followed him into the bank and into the office of Major Entwhistle.

"Father," said Junior, "we're all terribly upset at home. Poor Anna is in bed, worked and worried to death. She doesn't know where to put you and your wife. The house is so crowded."

"We'll fix all that, son," cheerily replied gramp, lighting a cheroot.

"Major, I want to make a gift to my son in token of my happiness," gramp said solemnly. "I own some land out on the Sunnyside Road. There's a part of it with an old barn standing. Look up the maps for me and slice off two acres around the barn. There may be a well—I think there is one—on the place. Get a deed made out to Junior."

"Two acres?" weakly inquired Junior.

"I'll show them to you, Junior. That's all, major, except I'll be needing some cash this afternoon, as Abby and I are going up to Niagara Falls and Saratoga for a trip. Come on, Junior."

At the curb Junior in his well-pressed business suit and latest-cut bowler drew back instinctively from the lowly Elizabeth, into the radiator cap of which Jake was adjusting a cork painted red.

"Use my car," he suggested.

"No. This is a bird. Come on."

They bounced over the railroad tracks and sped along Sunnyside Road until the red cork made its accustomed ascent before the shanty and the half-finished foundations.

"Here's the place. Git out," said gramp. "Yep. I thought I was right. There's the barn back in that field, and let me tell you, son, you'll have fine neighbors."

He reached in for his water bucket and beckoned Junior to follow him. The wife of the other assistant bank cashier was wheeling sand down a plank into the excavation, the girl behind her with a bag of cement on her shoulder, her fair hair like gold in the morning sun. The boy followed with a bag on each shoulder.

"What are they doing?" asked Junior.

"It's the new American game," explained gramp—"killing the landlord."

Dumping the wheelbarrow, the blond woman with the blue eyes gave gramp a smiling greeting.

"What was it you told me about the automobile and the golf club?" he laughingly inquired.

"Oh, we'll get all that," she assured him, "but we'll get a home first. We'll have the sills laid by tomorrow night."

"And her husband is an assistant bank cashier, Junior," gramp informed his son. "I'm giving you the same chance, only better. You don't have to pay a cent for the land, and the barn is a big one. You and Anna and the children can move in whenever you want to."

"What?"

"How much fat did you say your husband lost on this job?" gramp called to the blond woman in overalls.

"All of thirty pounds."

"Can I git some water?"

"Help yourself and come again."

Gramp filled up Elizabeth, retrieved the red cork, and swooped back for town.

Again in front of the bank, gramp said: "Don't worry; you've got plenty of time. Abby and I will be away for two weeks, and in that time you can make the barn real snug and homelike, Junior."

"You never paid a cent of rent in your life, son," he said, "and you never saved a dollar. It'll be hard on you at first, but it may make a man out of you and a woman out of Anna. God help the kids if this doesn't. You'll need some cash to start on. I'll give you five hundred for the car and you can take Elizabeth. She's all right except for the leaks and the lights."

"You don't mean you're turning us out for—for—this woman?"

"Not at all," gramp assured him. "I'm giving you a start in life. What say? Five hundred? Well, I'll make it five-fifty."

Junior's cheeks showed the flabbiness of great distress, but he followed his father into the bank and accepted the check.

Outside again, gramp explained to his son the clutches of the Collapsible and warned him to watch the cork when it rose. "Now, boy," he said, and there was deep affection in his voice, "you run up home and tell Anna. It was all my fault, but it ain't too late for me to try to save you."

As Junior grazed the iron pillars of the Paris Emporium and headed for the old stone farmhouse built by grampy's gramp, his father called to the faithful Jake in the door of the livery stable across the street: "Hi, Jake. Can you run one of these things?"

"Sure."

"Will you take me out to Abby's and give me a lesson on the way? I'm in a hurry. Told her I'd be right back. She'll be worrying herself to death." Jake responded promptly. "And her big drain pipe is broken and I got to get right after digging it up. The shingles are off the kitchen shed and I got to put on new ones."

"Reckon your holiday's just about over, Pete," said Jake.

"It's just beginning, Jake. Let her rip."

WEATHER

THERE dwell among the mountains in a tent of bison leather
Two ancient Indian ladies who administrate the weather.
They warm the pleasant rains of June in earthen samovars,
They take the waning harvest moon and cut it into stars,
They loop the mists of morning back with fancy bows or plain bows,
They ravel out the sunset clouds and weave them into rainbows.
All changes appertaining to the seasons as they pass—
The gale that rends the forest and the breeze that rills the grass,
The atmospheric color and the chiaro-oscuro—
Depend upon the workings of this able weather bureau;
And paleface prophets peeping at the labors of the pair,
Predict "unsettled," "warmer," "partly cloudy," "rain" or "fair."

These ancient Indian ladies, at the time of this narration,
Decided that they needed an indefinite vacation;
And, knowing that entire change of scenery is best,
Departed for the prairies of the buoyant, bounding West;
Of course before they started on their holiday together,
They had to name a substitute for governing the weather
Who wouldn't fail to regulate conditions overhead;
But, blind to consequential probabilities, instead
Of any other ancient demoiselle or even flapper,
They chose a little copper-colored Indian whippersnapper!
A neophyte not wholly inexperienced, it's true,
He'd often put the stars to bed and sprayed the grass with dew;
They'd even let him portion out the rain and other staples
And mix the autumn color pots and decorate the maples.
He knew the whole machinery of vapors, misty shrouds
And cirrus, nimbus, cumulus and cirro-stratus clouds.
And hence the ladies trusted him—to them it seemed with reason—
To give the world the weather appertaining to the season.

The urchin ran the bureau for a twelvemonth by the clock
According to instructions that were graven on a rock;
Unmoved by love of novelty or popular petition,
He sent whatever weather was demanded by tradition.
He let it glow in August till the springs began to parch,
He let it pour in April and he let it blow in March;
Yet ever through his conscientious labors he was haunted
By thoughts of freakish weather that the children said they wanted,
And prayers for rain by ministers and laity as well,
Till, either out of mischief or benevolence, he fell.

It soon became apparent to observers that it never
Would rain upon a holiday of any sort whatever;
And when upon a sultry noon a little boy or so
Proclaimed to all the welkin, "Gosh! I wish that it would snow!"
The Indian urchin heard him, and the little redskin vandal
Produced an August blizzard that was summer's crowning scandal!
While ugly weather only came at nighttimes as a rule;
Still, early in September, on the opening day of school,
The sun was blankly blotted by a fog as thick as custard;
It earthquaked, it volcanoed, it tornadoed and it blustered;
The sky effunded pitchforks through a lightning-threaded pall—
And no one in the nation had to go to school at all!

These awful innovations in the conduct of the heavens
Put everything at sixes, or, some estimate, at sevens;
The world was bound for ruin, or, as some declare, for rack,
When both the ancient ladies providentially came back.
And mighty soon that naughty whippersnapper of an urchin
Was looking for a pine tree that was tall enough to perch in.

The Indian ladies caught him and they took him by the ear;
The punishment they meted was deservedly severe;
Yet since the Indian ladies did not think him wholly hardened,
The copper-colored urchin was eventually pardoned.
And every time those ladies feel the need to roam at large,
They leave, sublimely confident, that little imp in charge.

So, if the circling seasons teem with prodigies and wonders,
With drought in April, hail in June and February thunders,
And if, while winter dons a green and spring a silver gown,
The Tropics frisking northward meet the Pole cavorting down,
And if December's biller gales in August break their tether,
You'll know it's just that redskin rogue mismanaging our weather.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

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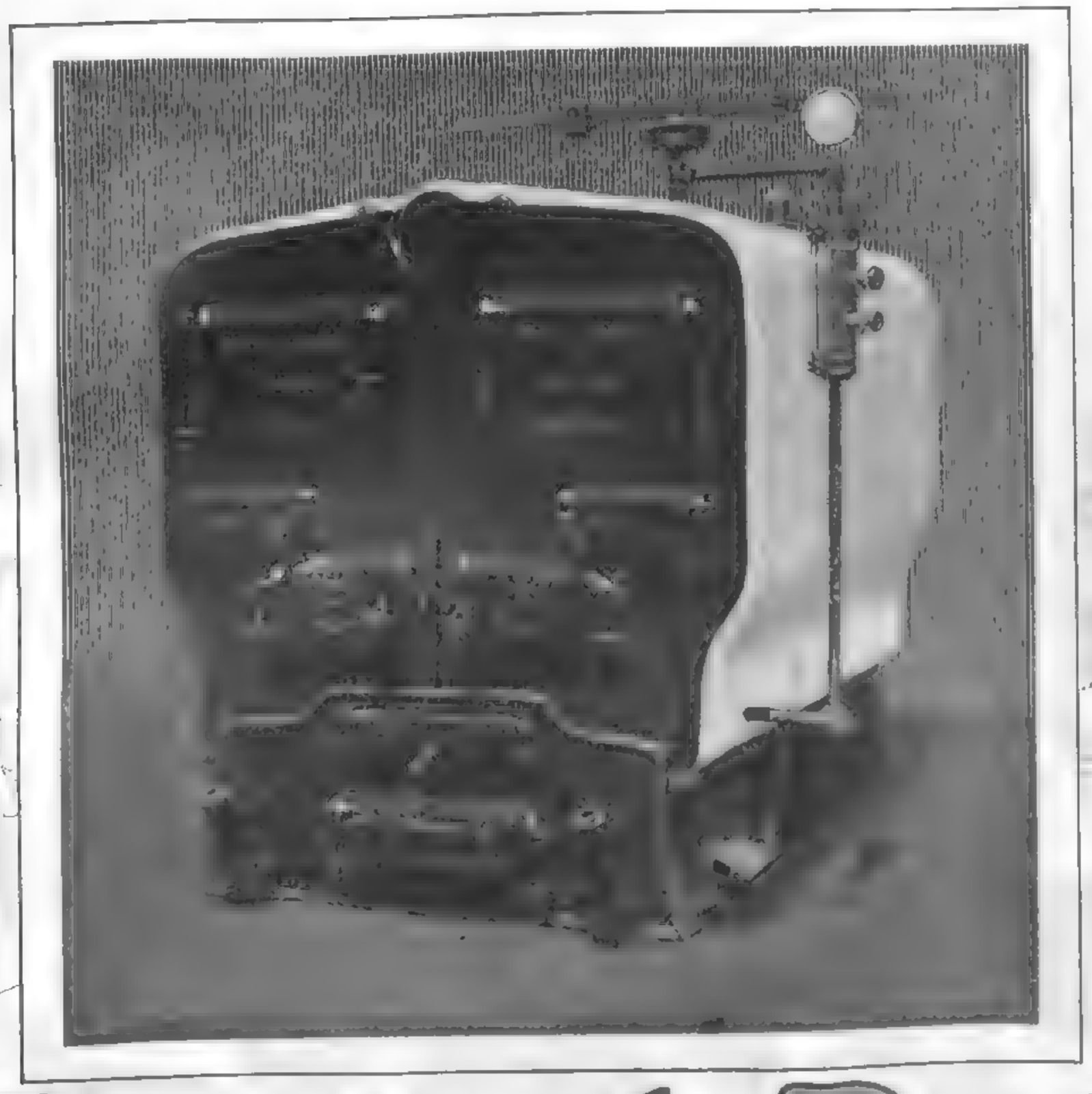

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SKOOKUM CHUCK

(Continued from Page 25

He surmised that they must by now be approaching Dodd's Narrows. At least they were running full speed down what appeared to be an ever-widening cul-de-sac. A little curiously he tried to place where an opening must exist, but was unable to make it out. The hills seemed to be absolutely unbroken in contour. The pass proved finally to run at right angles through a fold in them, a rock-bound gut not much wider than a good-sized stream. The wind sucked through here with chilly violence, and again Marshall sought the seclusion of the cabin.

After that nothing happened for some time, except that shortly the Kittiwake left her even keel and began to sway gently as though on a ground swell. Then suddenly something hit forward with a shattering crash. Marshall sat up. The crash was succeeded after two seconds by a hasty pattering dash of waters overhead. Marshall relaxed, for by that douse of spray he knew that the impact had been delivered by a heavy sea and not by a rock. Nevertheless he made his way, not without difficulty, through the engine room to the pilot house.

V

THE Kittiwake had left the sheltered waters and was headed out across a wide open stretch across which showed distant faintly blue mountains. The wind was whistling from the northwest, and a heavy sea was running. Barely astern were the last of the small islands from whose shelter they had emerged. Whitecaps curled as far as the eye could reach. The water was of a milky light green color, lifeless and dull. It lifted in steep, high, sharp waves that ran not in the long purposeful regular ranks of ocean combers, but with only a general direction of sweep. Smaller cross purposes developed and ran counter. Tossing smaller waves, holes in the water, peaks that rose and collapsed without onward movement, broke the forward regularity of the main system. The sea was not merely aroused; it was troubled and uncertain. It was not merely angry with the glorious anger of a storm; it was irritated and puzzled and sullen and flinging aimlessly about its heavy hands. From its lifted crests the gale snatched full handfuls of spray and flung them down wind.

This is the most difficult of all seas in which to handle a small craft. Each instant brings its fresh problem. One cannot, as with the dignity of an ordinary storm, take one's course quartering and more or less keep it, except for an occasional easing her into a big fellow. Here one is attacked from any quarter.

X. Anaxagoras, a short pipe between his teeth, stood, feet well apart, his eye unwavering, gripping the wheel spokes firmly, watching each move of his antagonist. When he became aware of Marshall's presence he talked in quick jerky sentences.

"Nor'wester—blowing against the tide. Raises hell, doesn't she? Fourteen-foot tide in this country. She'll get better when it turns. Darn good sea boat. Feel how she rises to them. Lord!"

A wall of water, seemingly straight up and down, cut off all view of the horizon. Anaxagoras spun the wheel to port. The Kittiwake swung her head. There was a moment's hesitation, then slowly her bow lifted. It could not lift fast enough, however, and the nose of her disappeared in the upper third of the wall. There was a rush of water; for an instant the pilot-house windows were obscured; then the gallant little craft tossed herself into the free air above. A veritable cascade rushed aft and over either side as the solid sea returned to its element. An instant she hovered, then plunged downward.

"That was a peach," observed Anaxagoras. "She's a wonder in a sea—never touched her—engine never skipped."

"When did you set your barometer last?" Marshall inquired suddenly.

"Last night. Quite a drop, eh? Always means a nor'wester."

"How far is it across here?"

"Oh, about five hours. You're wondering why we're out. It's that clutch; she's frozen in. We've got to go on now until we're ready to fix her. We'll make it; it won't be as bad as this long."

As the yacht rose on the crest of an unusually lofty roller, Anaxagoras uttered an exclamation. Following the direction of his gaze Marshall made out to leeward, and about a mile distant, a small gray fishing boat of the gasoline type. Her tall slender salmon-fishing poles were, as usual, when not in use, lashed upright against her stump of a mast. From one of them flapped a blue shirt tied on flagwise. This much they saw, and then the Kittiwake dived into another trough.

"She doesn't look to me as if she were in command," observed the healer of souls.

The next rise gave them a longer view. It at once became evident that the fishing boat was not under power. She lay directly in the trough, wallowing painfully; and her tall fishing booms were describing wide and erratic arcs.

"That shirt is undoubtedly a signal of distress," said Anaxagoras.

He eyed the tumbling waters closely. The hard quick spray was hammering away at the pilot-house window in rapid insistent jets, almost without cessation. Through the streaming glass the great seas impended and crashed and raced astern, distorted in image. Four times the Kittiwake rose and plunged. Then Anaxagoras spun the wheel rapidly to starboard. The bow swung. A smaller wave lifted her broad off and hurled her bow. For three waves she lay in the trough, rolling so violently that it seemed as though the very roots of the engine bed must be torn loose. Then slowly she paid away. The next comber caught her under the quarter. With all her power she tried to swing back. Anaxagoras opposed his strength at the wheel. It seemed to be touch and go whether or not she would broach to, as a badly handled boat swings sidewise in the surf. But the drive of the engines and the hard-held rudder swung her straight. Now she was flying down wind, alternately sucking back slowly into the trough and lifting forward on the rise, to be flung forward from the crest as a missile from a mighty hand.

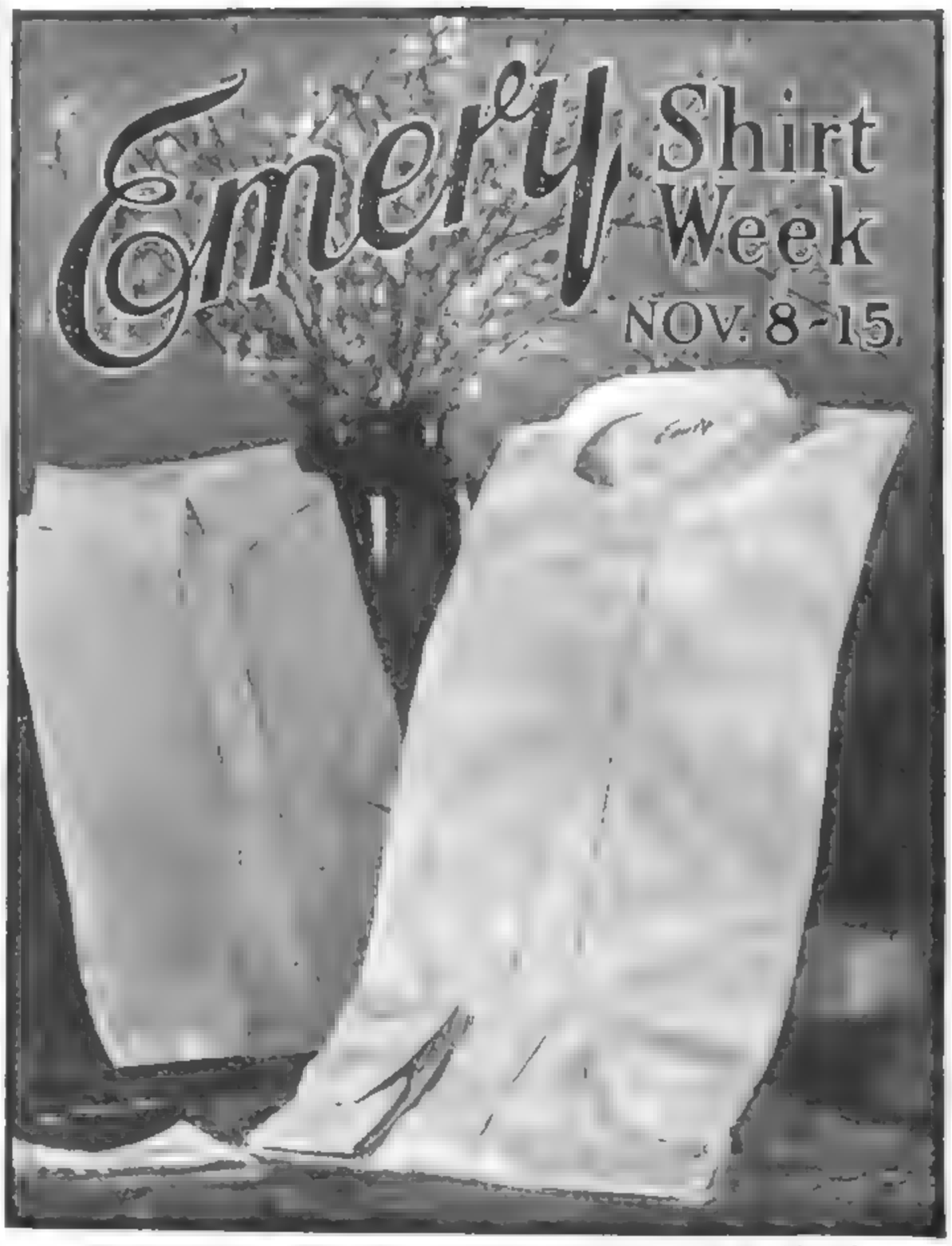
Anaxagoras wiped his forehead.

"Pretty dusty!" he commented.

They bore down on the fishing boat very rapidly. A man became visible. The Kittiwake's air whistle shrieked encouragingly.

"We've got to get a line aboard," Anaxagoras told Marshall rapidly. "You'll find

(Continued on Page 85)



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CURTIS WOODWORK

Modern Homes Include Utility with Beauty and Comfort

TRAVEL has made American homes more beautiful. No one today builds one of the "fancy" houses, decorated with "gingerbread" that remain from the eighties and nineties. From the Pacific Coast travelers have brought the idea of Bungalows; from the Atlantic States they have introduced Colonials. From abroad we have the English style, and from the South the distinctly Southern type.

American homes now being built, and that will be built in the future, attain a fineness that sets new standards.

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A good example of the new era in home building is furnished by Curtis Woodwork, widely recommended by architects and contractors. It includes not only doors, windows, and blinds, but stairways, bookcases, mantels, china closets, built-in dressing tables, kitchen cabinets that are built-in, ironing boards that can be raised out of sight in a wall cabinet, breakfast nooks, and numerous other items that add immeasurably to the utility of a home without using up valuable space . . . And every item has been designed also with an eye to beauty, comfort, and easy housekeeping.

Whether you are thinking of a new home, or consider remodeling an old one, you will find valuable suggestions in the Curtis booklet, "Keeping Down the Cost of Your Home." There are other Curtis booklets equally helpful, and also sent free on request: "Entrances and Exterior Doors," "Interior Doors and Trim," "Windows," "Stairs," "Permanent Furniture," and "Keeping Down the Cost of Your Woodwork." Each booklet is well illustrated and describes in terms easy to understand, the important features of the different items. They are full of good ideas and money-saving suggestions.

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At the left is the sign of the Curtis dealer everywhere. Consult the nearest dealer about your building problems or write the Curtis Companies Service Bureau, 2411 Curtis Building, Clinton, Ia.

(2081)

(Continued from Page 83)

an inch-and-a-half cable on the after deck, and a lighter line to throw. I'll go as close as I dare in this sea. If we crash together we're both done for. See if you can get the line to him. Look out and don't go overboard, whatever you do."

Marshall made his way through the engine room and cabin. It was only by dint of clinging to anything he could get his hands on that he could keep his feet at all. Only when he emerged at last on the after deck did he realize the full force of the gale. Inside the protection of the pilot house its reality had been vivid enough; but its intimacy had been more or less shut off, insulated, placed definitely in another though immediately contiguous world by the interposition of the thick glass. Here the flying spray and the pressure and snatch of the wind and the mingled howl and crash of air and water hit Marshall full force. For an instant he could only hang on and gasp.

But in a moment he began to get his bearings. He found the cable and laid it out, and attached a good throwing bight of the lighter line; he selected the firmest place in which to brace his feet and his knees in order to leave his hands free. The tiny deck rose and twisted and sank from beneath him so erratically and unexpectedly that at times it seemed it must jump out from under him entirely. Having at last and with infinite precaution braced himself in readiness, he looked about him.

Anaxagoras had run the Kittiwake down past the fishing boat and some hundreds of yards to the right of her. Now he was evidently preparing to circle for the purpose of coming up close to her with his own head to the wind and sea. To do so, naturally he must once more for a few moments take the trough. Coming into the wind is not so difficult as wearing to run before it, but it requires a nice eye and a quick hand. At the appropriate moment the Kittiwake swooped. Three terrific plunges, as many violent rolls that buried her scuppers, and once more the sea water running over her sides in cascades, she was pounding head on into the big waves. In contrast to her wild free ride down the streaming gale, her speed seemed now almost doggedly slow. Nevertheless she was pulling up steadily on the distressed craft, toward which her nose was now directly pointed.

Marshall braced himself. His turn was coming. He could see the fisherman also getting into as secure a position as possible to receive the cast.

The two craft approached. But now the danger became only too evident. Borne like chips on the mighty shoulder of the seas, like chips they could be tossed together—or apart by the most insignificant of the many cross seas that broke the regularity of the surges' rhythm. A touch would be enough to send them both to the bottom; a very small separation would render impossible the casting aboard of the line. Between these extremes was a very slender gap. The problem, in its correlations, was as delicate and exact as confronts the trapeze performer in making one of his flying catches, only here the elements were uncertain and untamed. It could most successfully have been accomplished by slowing the engine down to that point which would only just have sufficed to push the yacht forward. Anaxagoras, however, kept on at full speed. So nicely did he time the maneuver that one instant the two boats poised on the crests of contiguous waves; the next they plunged into the same trough together.

Marshall gasped. Only then did he come to an appreciation of the terrible velocity of these heavy bodies. It seemed that nothing could prevent their being hurled together. The drive of the Kittiwake's engines, however, thrust her just enough ahead. Her broadside passed within twenty feet of the fishing boat's stern.

Marshall recovered himself and cast. The light line fell across the cockpit of the fishing boat; but before its owner could seize it, the combined effects of the sea and the speed at which the Kittiwake was traveling snatched it overboard. The fisherman raised an angry bellow which the shocked and prudish wind tore into shreds of "Hell" and "Slow up." Marshall drew in his line and made his painful way to the pilot house. Anaxagoras looked at him questioningly.

"I got her aboard," said Marshall, "but we were going too fast. You'll have to slow up."

Anaxagoras nodded.

"I was afraid of it. You see," he explained, "I don't dare slow up. The clutch is frozen in. If I closed down on the throttle, and in consequence the engine started to die, I'd be unable to relieve her by throwing out the clutch. And if the engine died out here, we'd be in for it ourselves."

"Couldn't you start her again?" queried Marshall impatiently.

"Not with the clutch frozen in," Anaxagoras pointed out.

"Damn the clutch!" said Marshall, for the second time that day.

"You corroborate my already expressed sentiments," observed Anaxagoras sweetly.

"Well, what now?" asked Marshall.

"Try again."

"You evidently believe in the repetition of miracles," rejoined the young man shortly.

The second wearing away before the wind was also successful, though an unexpected breaking comber threatened to engulf the Kittiwake broadside on, and ran angrily hissing beneath her counter, cheated by a scant ten feet. For the second time they ran up under the lee of the fishing vessel. This occasion offered a plain choice. Either they must crash together or pass at a good hundred feet. Anaxagoras chose the latter. Again the fisherman offered the elements a few trifles of homebrew language to add to the ravings of the gale. Again Marshall sought the pilot house.

"It simply cannot be done," he stated positively, "unless you can slow up."

"I can't slow up," said Anaxagoras.

A pause followed.

"Why not put in for assistance?" suggested Marshall. "He has plenty of sea room to drift; and though he's uncomfortable, his boat is making good weather of it."

"Good idea, except for one thing."

"Yes?"

"Graham Bank."

"What's that?"

"It's a bank four miles long, with a maximum depth of one fathom."

"Where is it?"

"About two miles—dead to leeward."

"Good Lord!" said Marshall.

No more was said for some moments, while the Kittiwake maneuvered for another circle back.

"If he only had a dory!" jerked out Anaxagoras. "That'll be the simplest way. Even if he swamped getting aboard us, he'd have his line across. Well, he hasn't! We won't have many more chances to try, or we'll go on the bank ourselves."

"Look here," said Marshall suddenly, "maybe I could get a line aboard him with our dinghy."

Anaxagoras flashed a side glance at him.

"Have you had any experience handling a small boat in this kind of a sea?" he asked.

"Mighty little; but I'm not unhandy. It will be worth trying."

"Well, it's quite a trick. It's not as easy as it looks."

"It doesn't look easy," disclaimed Marshall with a short laugh. "But can you think of any other way?"

"Do you think you could handle the Kittiwake?" countered Anaxagoras. "Then I could try the dinghy."

"I don't know," confessed Marshall; "I'm afraid I've been a good deal of a fair-weather yachtaman, and on a larger craft. But there's no occasion to try. I'd simply risk the whole thing that way; and in the dinghy I would only risk myself. Besides, I could wear a life preserver, and if I get swamped you can pick me up."

"Just like that!" said Anaxagoras dryly. "Still, it might be done. You'd have to get aboard him first. I wouldn't attempt to carry across a line if I were you. Then he could take our dinghy and bring a light line aboard me as I passed—if he could catch me, and didn't get swamped in the process. In that case it would be you who would be aboard the fishing boat drifting on Graham Bank, for the dinghy won't carry two in a sea like this. And you'll have to get that dinghy in the water alone, and board it while we're going full speed ahead; don't forget that!"

"What else is there to do?" demanded Marshall impatiently.

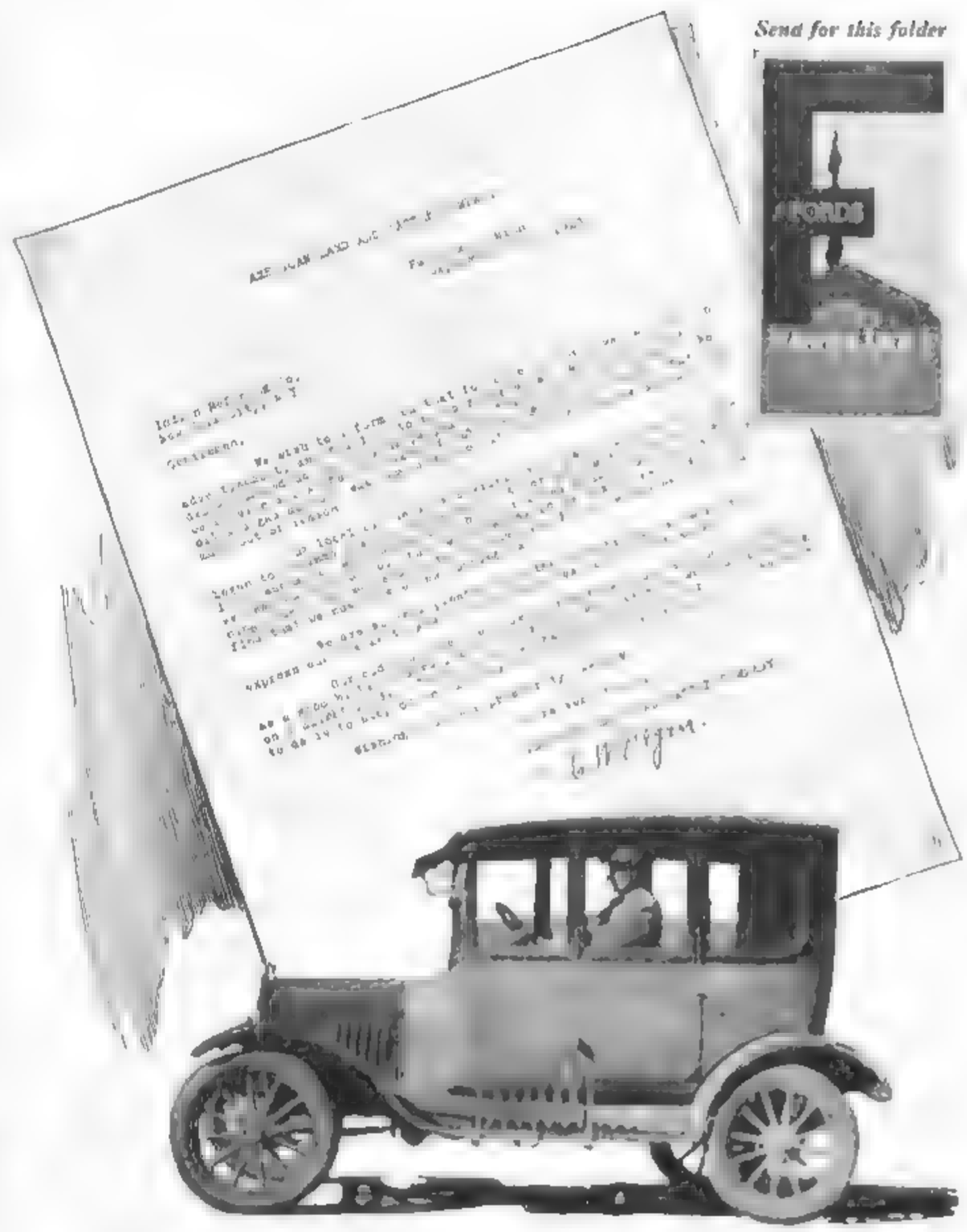
"Stand by and try to pick him up the other side of the bank. He has life preservers too."

"What chance is there of that?"

"About one in twenty."

Marshall pondered, and his face set.

"Well, I'm going to have a try. If things go wrong you can circle as near me as you can. I'll leave a line trailing from our stern, and if I swamp I'll catch that if I can. If I get aboard his boat, and things still go



Havoline F Puts New Life in Ford Motors

This is a photograph of Mr. Degen's Ford car. It is an early 1920 model, motor No. 3,385,130, which has traveled between 40,000 and 50,000 miles.

Here's a cheering word from Minnesota.

Mr. Degen was in trouble with his Ford, and now he's out of it—thanks to Havoline F.

Thousands of Ford owners have had a similar experience. They've switched to Havoline F and find that the Ford motor

runs quieter

because, correct in body, Havoline F atomizes *completely*. It gets to the bearings *and stays there*.

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Havoline F will stop that bothersome missing and "bucking" when you run slow in "high".

gives more power and quicker pick up

The perfect piston seal given by Havoline F affords better compression and tends to equalize compression in all four cylinders.

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thus reducing to a minimum the danger of fouled spark plugs and loss of power due to excessive carbon deposit.

will not "chatter"

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Drive around today to the dealer who shows the Havoline sign. Have your crank case drained, cleaned and filled with Havoline F—the oil for Fords.

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FOR FORD'S F

wrong. I won't wait until she drifts down on the banks; I'll go overboard when you are nearest and try to be picked up. I suppose you can leave the wheel long enough to haul me in."

"I'll have to," said Anaxagoras grimly.

"All right, that's settled," said Marshall.

"Look here," interposed the other. "Why do you do this? It's a bad risk; don't get away with the idea it isn't. This chap's in a mess, but we'll do our best to pick him up; and we have a fair chance of succeeding. He is only a fisherman suffering the hazards of his calling."

Marshall took off his pea-jacket, and left the pilot house without reply. As he passed through the engine room he heard a blast from the air whistle, probably an encouraging signal.

Once on deck he surveyed the first part of the task before him—the launching of the dinghy. She rested in chocks on deck, lashed down. Instead of the usual davits she was to be slung overside by a boom which angled from the mast. The line from the boom hooked into a line fastened at bow and stern of the small boat. Thus she was suspended as one carries a shopping bag by its string; was slung overside by the sidewise movement of the boom, and was dropped into the water by lowering away on the tackle fastened at the end of the boom. This was all very simple in still water when not under way. But the difficulty in these circumstances was that nothing guaranteed that the dinghy would strike the water nose on, or that she would take the forward motion of the Kittiwake nose on. Her suspension was in the middle, not at the bow. And if she did not strike the water in the right position, or if she did not tow forward in the right position, she would infallibly fill and be torn away.

If someone could only be forward to hold the dinghy's painter and guide her in the way she should go while he lowered her! Well, there wasn't!

He picked up the coil of light line and ventured on the turtle deck; and at once found that he would have the greatest difficulty in staying on at all. The jerk and swing of the seas exerted at that height above the water a centrifugal force that tried to throw him off into space like a green apple off a switch. In addition the streaming sea water from the constant bucketing of the spray made the surface so slippery that his rubber-soled shoes could get no grip. He dropped the line in the dinghy and descended cautiously to the after deck, where he took his shoes off. As an afterthought he put on a life preserver; the picking-up process might begin sooner than he had anticipated. As he crawled back atop the deck he saw that through the after window in the pilot house Anaxagoras was watching him and that he nodded approval.

Now for the elements of the problem. Marshall concluded that though he could have no one forward to hold the painter, the painter had to go forward none the less. That was the first thing. So he went hand over hand to its fastening at the dinghy's bow and got hold of it. Fortunately it was a long one. Taking it in his teeth he crawled forward; he needed both hands to stay aboard. Twice he had to cling with all there was in him, hanging apparently over an abyss, half strangled by the rush of water, until the Kittiwake had recovered from a plunge into an unusually large sea. Finally he managed to pass the painter around a stanchion of the forward deck rail. With the end of it he made his way aft again.

So far, so good; by holding the painter in his left hand while he lowered away on the boom tackle with his right, he would have control of the direction the dinghy's bow would take when she touched the sea. As an afterthought it occurred to him that this would also prevent the boom from swinging the wrong way—to port—if the Kittiwake were to roll in that direction just as he lifted the weight of the dinghy from the deck.

But that must not occur. Marshall foresaw a fine possibility for a disastrous crash if it should happen just as he got the dinghy partly lowered. No, she must be raised and swung overside and lowered to the water smartly during a roll to starboard. It was evident he could not do that with one hand. He really needed about five—two to hang on by, one for the painter, and two to hoist and lower away. Otherwise, apparently, either him overboard or the dinghy sidewise and swamped or the little craft crushed like an eggshell in a wild swing against the more substantial structure. The job was gathering like a thundercloud of impossibility.

No use thinking of that. One thing at a time! He would have to make the painter fast with as nice an estimate of its proper length as he was capable of making. If he made a bad guess —— Never mind that; he made the guess. The hands to hang on by he would have to dispense with. In lieu thereof he got his knee against the mast and jammed one of his bare feet against a ventilator. Tentatively he tried his strength on the tackle to see how easily it would handle. The dinghy stirred in her chocks without much effort.

All being ready, Marshall wiped his eyes

"Do You Know That You Have Saved My Life?" Said Marshall

clear of salt water and looked about him. The Kittiwake had forged ahead of the fishing boat some hundreds of yards. The occupant of the latter stood, one arm around his little mast, watching intently. Marshall reflected that he must be in no haste. The thing must be done right. He had plenty of time, for the rate of drift, even in this heavy wind and sea, must be slow. He looked anxiously to windward, trying to judge a propitious moment, to select a smooth between the worst of the seas, for the only attempt he knew would be permitted him. Ordinarily one could expect such momentary though comparative lulls, even in such a gale; but in this head-on conflict between tide and wind all rules and precedents seemed to have been cast aside.

To assist him as far as possible by minimizing the tendency to roll, Anaxagoras had put the Kittiwake head on. This, however, caused her to pitch even more wildly than ever; and her undiminishable speed thrust her bow into green water at every plunge. Marshall, surveying the situation for the last time, sank leaden into doubt. If all the other miracles should be accomplished, it was impossible that the painter, held rigidly, should be of the proper length at all stages of the procedure. If short enough to hold her parallel while going overside, it would not be long enough when she hit the water.

Perhaps she would not swamp immediately. Perhaps if he were quick enough he could slack it off in time. He seized the boom tackle halyard and stood ready.

A voice called out to him above the rush of the wind and waters. "Let go your painter!" it shouted. "I'll handle it."

He turned his head.

VI

THE sister of X. Anaxagoras stood on the forward deck next the pilot house. She was bareheaded, and dressed in what had been an immaculate white skirt and sweater, but which now, soaked and soaked again by the floods of sea water that almost continually drenched it, had resolved to their original elements and clung. The figure they revealed was an exceedingly good one. She was balanced in such a manner as to leave both hands free for the job. One leg was thrown over the low rail and twisted back so that the toes hooked around the stanchion; the other was braced against the foot of the pilot house in opposition. Above this firm base the upper part of her body swayed easily back and forth from a supple waist in answer to the wild plunging of the yacht. She was looking straight at him, and her eyes were blazing.

Marshall's reaction was an instant surge of resentment. He saw in one lightning and comprehensive glance that the exhibit was not at all according to advertisement; not at all what he had been given every reason to expect. He felt fooled, cheated. Her hair was not red; it was something between brown and gold, and it curled naturally, as was abundantly attested by the failure of gallons of sea water to subdue it. She was not in the least freckled; on the contrary, her complexion was of a biscuit brown. Her eyebrows were not white; they were quite startlingly black in contrast to her hair, but they were decidedly not bushy and had no intention of becoming so. Nobody would have to look at her teeth to determine the fact that she was not X. Anaxagoras' older sister, not by several years. In short, if she were indeed a harpy, then both painters and poets had heretofore been dead wrong.

All this passed through the young man's mind with the upsurge of his resentment. This latter was aggravated by the something impertinent within him that had been weak and cowed, but had nevertheless dared call him a liar. Now it was capering around, shouting "I told you so!" and he had not time to attend to it. In fact, he had no time to attend to any of his inner processes after his usual methodical manner. Three of the four original elements saw to that. Air and water held mad carnival in and out of his self-preoccupations, and earth, embodied in Graham Bank, waited not far away. Fire alone was absent. Or was it? For a brief instant something strangely like it swept Marshall's unguarded being.

He had no time for ordered defense against the invasion. Invasion! That thought again!

But his self-respect hastily seized one sandbag of fact and threw it into the gap. Her hair was bobbed. Even though she was not red-headed and freckled, and had not white or bushy black eyebrows and a masculine face and many years, she did have bobbed hair. Therefore she must be silly, flapperish, brainless, conventional; would always say the obvious thing and never the unexpected. Within this temporary defense Marshall hoisted his flag until he should have time to rally his forces and redefine the word "happy."

All this took place fairly in the raising of his eyes in answer to her hail. With the same glance he saw X. Anaxagoras through the pilot-house window frantically trying to attract her attention. She gave him no heed; and he did not dare leave the wheel. Finally he snatched at the whistle cord. She did not even turn her head.

"Ready when you are," she called to Marshall.

He seized the boom tackle and stood by for a propitious moment. But just as he thought it had come, and as he stretched his body upward in preparation for a heave, an unexpected and unseen cross sea smote them from the port side. The twist of the Kittiwake caught him unprepared. He was swung bodily off his feet and toward the starboard rail. The boom halyards, on which he had not quite taken his grip for the hoist, were torn from his hands. He plunged forward, grasping wildly. Another rope fell across him. He clutched it, and was deftly heaved forward against the stanchion.

He found himself at the girl's feet, the end of the dinghy painter still in his hands. He struggled to his feet. The top of her head came just to his chin.

"Lord, but you are quick!" he cried.

But now they could not but pay attention to the persistent pounding of X. Anaxagoras on the pilot-house window behind them. He was making frantic pointing motions. They followed his indication, which was toward the fishing boat. It no longer wallowed, but faced the seas, lifting its dripping forefoot clear of the water at each rise, and plunging forward head first into the troughs. As she topped a comber a series of vaporish jets could be seen shooting regularly from her side.

"She's got her engine going," said the girl.

"Thank heaven; we don't have to launch the dinghy!" said he.

"Better make fast and go change your clothes," was her advice.

She untwined her leg from the rail and laid hands on the pilot house in preparation for going below.

"Do you know that you have saved my life?" said Marshall.

She paused to look over her shoulder.

"What of it?" said she, and disappeared.

VII

MARSHALL made all fast, and returned to the after cabin, where he stripped off his garments, rubbed down and reclothed himself. He did not need the rubdown to restore his circulation. That was going quite well. Now that she was back on her course, the Kittiwake, in contrast to her late disordered plunging, seemed almost steady. Marshall had full leisure to look at the situation. He resented being fooled. He resented this repeated mysterious invasion, which he could not define, which he could not even seize as a tangible thought, but which distinctly he could recognize in its essential repetition. He resented above all the fact that his incurable tendency toward stilted melodramatics in speech, augmented by his ridiculous association with this eccentric who called himself the healer of souls, had betrayed him into idiocy.

"Do you know that you have saved my life?" spoken with all the dark-eyed impressiveness he knew—and loathed—in his mirror.

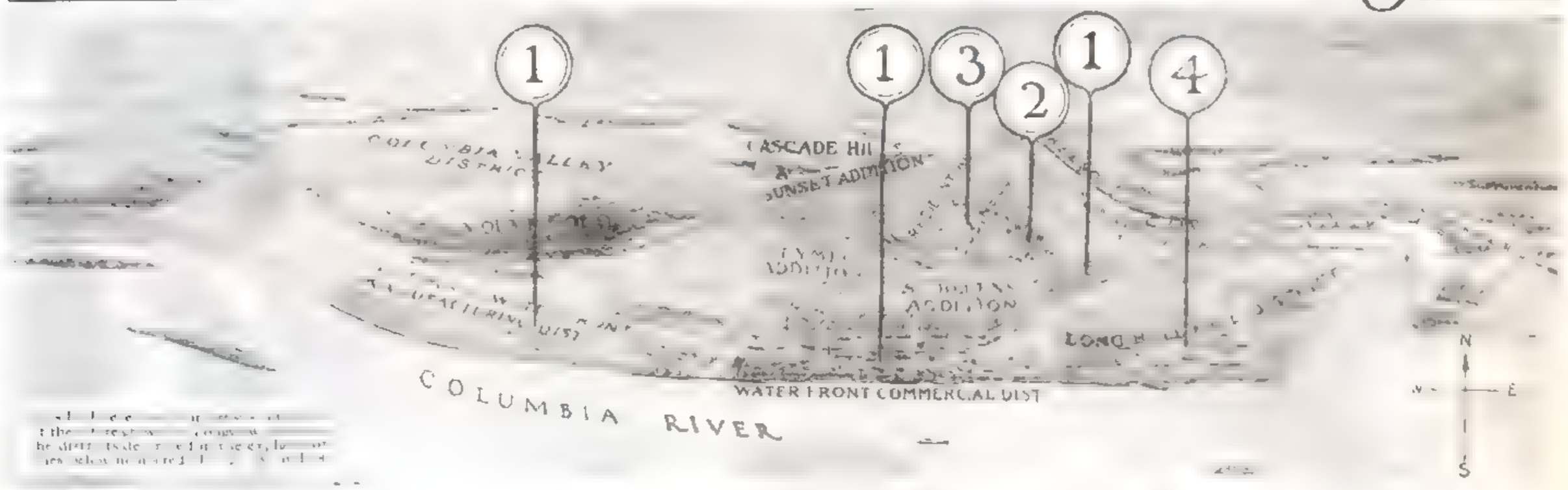
But most of all he resented the fact that his temporary defense had not held. He catalogued six obvious and conventional replies to such a speech as he had made, to such a situation. She had made none of them.

"What of it?" she had said.

Now what in blazes had she meant by that? There seemed to be a number of possible interpretations; quite a number. Had her black eyes laughed? He could not say.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue.

LONGVIEW Washington



the New City of the Pacific Northwest

An Explanation of the Map:

1 FOR THE MANUFACTURER — The district includes factory sites with rail connections and waterfront facilities essential and cheap [illegible] available from nearby centers of population.

2 FOR JOBBER AND WHOLESALER—Rail and water facilities are available in this district, as in the manufacturing district. Jobbers, wholesalers and distributors here have the advantage of rail connections with three transcontinental railways—the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific and the Great Northern—and with ocean freighters bound for coast and foreign ports.

3 FOR RETAILERS—This carefully planned retail business center is convenient to the residential sections. Longview's retail trade territory is populous and, by reason of the nationally known paved highways leading to the new city, an unusual tourist trade is assured.

4 AN ASSURANCE OF POPULATION—On a tract of approximately 3,000 acres, The Long-Bell Lumber Company is constructing what is planned to be one of the largest lumber manufacturing operations in the world, with an annual capacity of between 400 million and 500 million feet of finished lumber products. To operate these immense plants, between 3,000 and 4,000 men will be required, thus assuring the new city a population of between 15,000 and 20,000.

The City Practical that Vision Built

presents unusual advantages to manufacturers, investors, merchants *and* home builders

THE prosperous Pacific Northwest is a growing market offering exceptional advantages to the manufacturer, the wholesaler, the jobber, the retailer.

Ideally located in the heart of this great market is the new city of Longview, planned from the first to give every advantage of location, every facility to be had by practical civic foresight, to factories, wholesale and jobbing houses and retail businesses —*plus* unsurpassed living conditions for every resident of the new city.

Longview has advantageous rail connections with the markets of the West and Northwest; it is located on tidewater, with world markets readily accessible; paved highways link it to all surrounding centers.

At this junction point of rail, water and highway, Longview is being built. Manufacturing district sites are available with either waterfront or rail facilities, or both. The commercial district offers similar advantages for the jobber. The business district, for retail stores, is advantageously located with respect to the several residential sections.

Commercial enterprises will find Longview the logical center for distribution to the markets of the Pacific Northwest, with the additional advantage of pleasant, healthful surroundings for workmen and their families—a city free from congestion.

While indications point to the fact that Longview, within five years, will undoubtedly be one of the important cities of the Pacific Northwest, the present prices of manufacturing and residential property are based upon the actual cost of development. Retail business property may be bought in the new city on a basis equivalent to similar locations in cities of from 4,000 to 8,000 population.

A statement of your requirements will bring you a report detailing the advantages that Longview offers your line of business.

THE LONGVIEW COMPANY, Longview, Washington

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THE LONGVIEW COMPANY, Longview, Washington Dept. 11

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These rare oils are not only responsible for Palmolive mildness, but they also impart their own rich color to the attractive green cake. The soft, mossy Palmolive green assures every user that they are enjoying the luxury cleanser of classic days. Palmolive is never sold unwrapped. Look for the famous black-banded green wrapper.

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Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for

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OLIVE

Prettier than when she left

When you return after a long absence, to meet the eyes of old-time friends, what satisfaction to have them tell you that you look prettier, younger, more attractive than when you went away!

This complimentary verdict need not be left to chance when there is so sure and certain a way to look as young as you feel. Keep your complexion fresh and smooth, this is the secret. The woman with a clear, radiant skin, free from imperfection, can ignore the passing years.

Where Beauty Begins

With gentle yet thorough cleansing which will keep the minute skin pores free from clogging accumulations. Such cleansing requires pure, mild soap, for dirt, oil, perspiration and the necessary applications of powder can only be washed away.

Thus your problem is a choice of soap, and this is solved by Palmolive. It is the modern, scientific blend of palm and olive oils, those same beautifying oils which Cleopatra used. Their lotion-like, cosmetic action kept the royal beauty's skin youthfully flawless and perfect. Now, embodied in Palmolive, they will do the same for you. The smooth, creamy Palmolive lather soothes and softens while it cleanses. You give yourself a real beauty treatment each time you use Palmolive.

Use It This Way

Massage the profuse, fragrant lather thoroughly into your skin, rinse just as thoroughly, apply your favorite cold cream. Do this at bedtime, that your skin may be refreshed and invigorated during sleep.

Remember that powder and rouge are harmless when applied to a clean skin, that cold cream in moderation is beneficial.

And that since Palmolive is so modest in price it is an economical bath luxury. Follow the example of Cleopatra, let Palmolive do for your body what it does for your face.

Helping the "Baby" Motor do the World's Chores

YOU are depending on bronze bushing bearings whenever you switch the current to your vacuum cleaner, washing machine, electric fan, sewing machine, or any one of the almost innumerable labor saving devices that get their power from the baby motor, often out of sight, but always ready to spring to any task the hurried housekeeper puts upon it

The steel shaft that extends through the motor and passes the power along is bushed at both ends with bronze to give smooth performance and long life to the mechanism. When the bushing or bearing wears the shaft falls out of true alignment and the motor fails. Any electrical repair shop will reveal ample evidence of the importance of dependable bushings in electric motor construction.

The best motors made are bushed with genuine Bunting Phosphor bronze bushing bearings. This remarkable metal, perfected in Bunting laboratories, has been accepted for years by builders of all kinds of machinery, as the very best obtainable. The electric motor builder today can give no better guarantee of long life and perfect performance than by putting genuine Bunting Bushings into his product.

268 Different Sizes of completely machined and finished Bunting Bushings always carried in stock. These fit practically every manufacturing need. **Manufacturers,** write for Stock List 10

Piston Pin and Spring Bolt bushings for replacement in all popular automotive vehicles. Completely finished, packed in neat cartons. **Automotive Jobbers**—Write for Piston Pin bushing list 11 and Spring Bolt bushing List 102

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THE INTELLIGENTZIA

(Continued from Page 21)

I shall never master these exquisite American idioms; French, Italian, German, Russian I acquired easily enough, but your American language, it has *finesse*." And again the Russian laughed.

"Does Gibson think of taking a punch at Doctor Elias?" I asked.

"Yes a financial punch, as you call it."

Then the count told me the plan proposed. Chalmers ran a pool room and handled big money on the races, being in touch with Chicago, St. Louis, New York and Buffalo, over his leased wire—supposedly stock wire—and Gibson's plan was to bring on from Chicago a wire tapper, a man who had been a telegraph operator in Gibson's big brokerage office at one time, but who was now stringing with the crooks. Gibson had worked out the plan minutely; in fact, he had prospected the ground in the early morning. There was a brick hotel across a very narrow alleyway from Chalmers' poolroom, and the telegraph wires ran along this alley and crossed into Chalmers' place. They would station this man in a room with a window overlooking one of the poolroom windows; he would tap the wire and flash them signals.

"I don't like it," I said frankly, when the count had outlined the scheme.

"Neither do I," the Russian affirmed. Then after a little he added reflectively, "But I would enjoy punishing these crooks at their own game."

"It's coming to them," I declared; "but how do you know that Gibson won't throw you down? He may be a broker, as Uncle Simon states, or he may be a crook. I can't quite make him out." Then I added, at a thought, "You are to furnish the money to play the winners the wire tapper gets, eh?"

"I fancy so, though Mr. Gibson was not explicit."

"He'll be explicit when it comes to putting down the dough though," I added sardonically.

"I believe you, my friend; you are the usual clear-headed American. I will decline Mr. Gibson's offer."

For two days nothing transpired—that is, from a writer's point of view, where "Each morning sees some task begun; each evening sees it close."

Count Doulbriski and Vreeda were together a great deal. Uncle Simon clung to me like a leech. Of course his fallen arches prevented him from chasing me over the surrounding country and I did escape at times; but on the veranda—*ma foi!* as the Russian would have said—there was never a time when he couldn't persuade somebody to vacate a chair next me. One can't be brutal to a half-atrophied, simple old man whose only evident sin is an extreme garrulity. I learned, not being deaf and dumb, that Vreeda was passionately in love with the count and that the count ——

"Vell, I vill go back to Russia to live with the countess, you bet."

It was on the third day from the time the Russian had invited me to a *pourparler* that he again did me the honor of a conference, this time the audience hall being his suite.

The count, in keeping with his dignity as a nobleman, had the best suite the hotel contained. On the center table of the parlor was a vase with a dozen American Beauty roses. I was struck by the sumptuousness of his bags, leather, palpably English made.

I had a juvenile idea that it possibly was an opinion on the advisability of his marrying Vreeda that the count sought, but it wasn't; it was the mad scheme of beating the poolroom. He was going in for it, he explained; and I noticed a battle glint in his eye.

I shook my head dolefully, reflecting that all noblemen were easy marks. I had known some Englishmen that it was a crime to loot, but evidently the Russians were, as I had read, like children.

I had come to like Count Doulbriski; he was a great boy. I fancy I was a trifle angry, for I blurted, "I wouldn't trust Gibson to hold a glass eye for me—that is, if I had one."

The other laughed his big hearty laugh. "You Americans are *spirituelle* in your imagination." He laid a hand on my knee and the blood-red ruby glinted in the sunlight like the eye of a serpent. "It is because of that very thing, my friend, that I am going to have some fun. Mr. Gibson is just what you think."

There was a twinkle in the count's eye as he watched the consternation that must have been evident in my face.

"I will tell you," he said; "but first have you any saints that you swear by—as to secrecy, I mean?"

"Yes," I answered blithely; "George Washington."

"Well, swear by Saint George that you will not repeat, because I may need a friend, as witness only."

When I had promised secrecy the count, somewhat at a tangent, asked: "What you think of Mademoiselle Vreeda?"

"Charming!" I declared.

"And ——"

"Clever," I added.

"Ach! I will convince you. Mam'selle has well—a partiality for me."

"Undoubtedly," I corroborated.

"And she has made a little confession of interest. My friend, Mr. Gibson, who nearly broke my leg, has a delectable plot to—to—ah—double cross—that is the word—me."

"And yet ——"

"Have patience. You are young and in a hurry to become bald. If there be a double cross, possibly one might originate a treble cross, is it not so?"

I gazed on the Russian in the light of an awakening. Surely if he were going to, as he expressed it, treble cross the double crosser, there would be things doing.

"You know," the count continued, "that a man in love with a woman first of all purges his soul of prudence. That is a Russian saying, and I fancy Adam boasted of his success with Eve. At any rate, Mam'selle Vreeda told me how Mr. Gibson meant to—what you Americans call throw me down. The lady says she overheard the delightful little plot, but I am under the impression that Mr. Gibson wished to kill two birds with one weapon. I think he advised mam'selle that I was an impostor and had asked him to join me in beating the poolroom—do you see?"

"Ah, that was to retain her good will make her think that he was only punishing you for the crooked work."

"Exactly. But this is what Mr. Gibson has in mind. His friend the wire tapper, Mr. Howard, will give the signals as to a horse that has already won; I will bet ten thousand dollars on the first horse and with the winnings make up a fifty-thousand-dollar bet for the next winner. We will play but two horses, and Mr. Gibson says that we should clean up at least one hundred thousand dollars to divide equally."

Count Doulbriski sat back in his chair, and his large dark eyes, luminous, were fixed on mine.

"It is an alluring proposition, I must admit," I said; "but he would double cross you, eh—stand in with Chalmers and make some claim of fraud?"

The count laughed. "He would do better than that. The second horse would come up in a flash message as a mistake. You know a wire tapper is very apt to make a mistake."

"And yet you are going in for it?" I queried.

"Yes. To please mam'selle. Oh, but it will be fun! You will come with me tomorrow, my friend, to the room of the jovial Mr. Chalmers, and will watch this little game of diamond cut diamond. Ah! speaking of diamonds, mam'selle is to have a little present."

This last, the diamonds, made Vreeda's participation appear more reasonable to me. I had always fancied that there was something about the girl that suggested a venturesome spirit; I had seen her beautiful eyes grow hard as nails when she was thinking.

Howard, the wire tapper, was already on the ground, the count informed me. And on the morrow the exploit would take place.

It was after lunch that, as I stood talking to Count Doulbriski, Gibson came along, and I could see from his face that he was under an anxious strain.

"Shall we go, count?" he asked.

"I am ready," the Russian answered. He turned to me, saying, "Mr. Grier, come

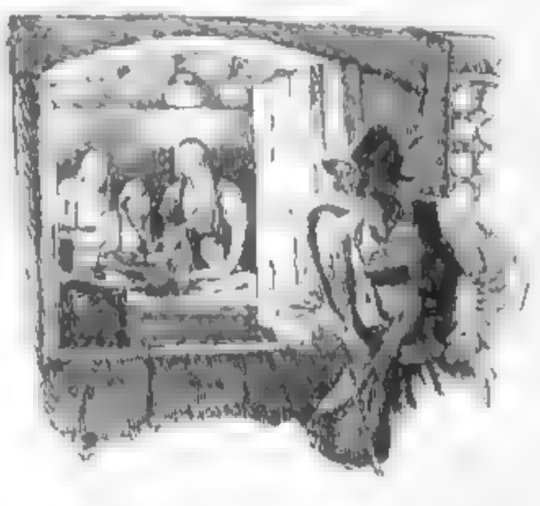
(Continued on Page 93

PHOTO. BY T. HARMON PARKHURST, SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

Grazing Uplands of New Mexico—Jemez Mountains

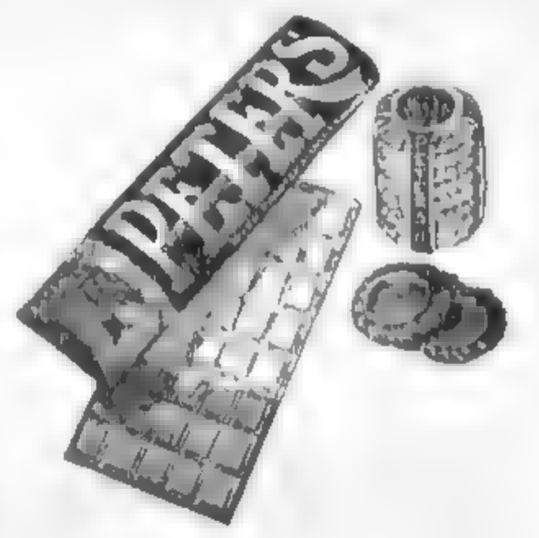
Let them gossip —he stuck to his work

The neighbors of Daniel Peter used to shake their heads. "Look at him," they said, "just look—*always* in his kitchen—he'll starve his whole family yet wasting time that way." But Peter stuck to his experiments. And he won out!



Daniel Peter not only originated milk chocolate—the most popular and nourishing food-confection ever worked out—but even more important, he perfected the *Peter's blend*—the same fine blend that has remained the standard of quality for 50 years.

It is an art—roasting and blending the cocoa beans. Even today only foremen thoroughly trained in Swiss methods have charge of this work. And this *Peter's* process is still a secret.



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The Fyrac Spot Light is manufactured under and fully protected by Fyrac-Clymer patents and applications. Suits have been instituted against three infringers. All others will be promptly prosecuted. Fyrac Manufacturing Company, Rockford, Illinois.

(Continued from Page 91)

with us; we are going up to Mr. Chalmers' office to bet a couple of dollars on a horse."

I saw Gibson frown; he would have objected, I knew, but to do so would have roughened the smooth current of events.

It had all been very minutely arranged, I saw, after we had entered the poolroom; an entrance that was effected only, as I discovered, by cards of membership in an apocryphal club.

Chalmers greeted us cordially inside the heavy oaken door that could easily be made a resisting wall by an iron bar poised ready for a drop into place. He passed a jocular remark about his safety-first contrivance, saying, "I stand too well with the man higher up to fear any interference—at least the coming event will cast its shadow before it, so you need have no apprehension, gentlemen, of any unpleasantness."

Chalmers was particularly gracious to the Russian, saying, "This is indeed a pleasure, count. This game"—he swept a hand toward a blackboard on the wall that carried the names of horses—"is not like our friendly séance at poker, for there is no limit. All I ask for, if your play is too heavy, is a minute to lay it off on the wire."

There were less than a dozen men in the room, and these were very much preoccupied in studying race records; some of them had formed these past records into books, which they drew from pockets to consult. It was curious, the aloofness, the constrained air of these admirers of the noble horse. Sometimes one of them would dash hurriedly across the room, buttonhole another and, with a finger on a printed line in a form book, ask some question or state dogmatically that the horse he was tracing up would undoubtedly win that day; but always, I noticed, the other man had another choice that would make his horse look like a donkey.

On the face of Chalmers there hovered always a tolerant, bored look. His was a business that required next to no thought; the odds, everything was arranged away off at the track—in this case, Saratoga. That blackboard on the wall was, like the roulette table, a mathematical certainty, framed on a percentage basis, just as the roulette table was, only the percentage was greater, for the odds chalked up were less than were being laid at the track. In a manner of speaking Chalmers should worry—that is, ordinarily; but here was a case, I reflected, in which somebody was going to be stung heavily. If the wire tapper could make good, Chalmers would be heavily hit, and either Gibson or the count would be the man to put the dent in the poolroom keeper's roll. My own opinion was that the count was no match in chicanery for Gibson—he was too guileless. But then, the count was so confident; and besides, stringing with him was a woman's wit, the clever active brain of Vreeda Ballard.

I saw Gibson meander over to a window, take a superficial view and, turning, half seat himself on the window ledge, to become deeply interested in a form book he drew from a pocket.

The count touched me on the arm, then said, speaking very low, "Mr. Gibson has in that book a mirror and he can see, without apparently looking, the number of the horse that Howard flashes him from across the lane."

There was such a curious quizzical look in the count's eyes that I asked, "Do you believe all this, count? Is it the right goods?"

"You watch me bet, young man," was the Russian's enigmatical answer.

Waiting under suspense is not exactly a form of amusement, and as two races went by—each time the men in the poolroom keyed up to heart-failure tension—I found myself quivering; I could feel perspiration trickling down my ribs. And yet I had nothing at stake; neither of us had—it was just a vibrancy at the beck and call of imagination.

As a man behind a little wicket had called at each of these races, "It's closed, gentlemen; they're off!" Gibson had come forward from the window to swing around the room, hands in pockets; a chat with the count, a chat with Chalmers, and beyond this, nothing.

The count had taken a chair, and was grinning over some cartoons in a magazine.

But presently the smooth-haired boy, the chalk artist, stepped to a little platform in front of the blackboard and from a sheet of paper rapidly marked up the odds against the eight horses of the coming race. I noticed that a horse, Lucky Ghost, was favorite, even money; what the others were I know not; I wasn't really interested.

Gibson had returned to his perch, the window sill, in one hand the dope book with its supposed mirror held close to his face and in the other hand his Panama hat, with which, I fancied, he was making curious wigwag movements—probably signals to Howard, the wire tapper.

Presently Gibson came swiftly across the floor and whispered something to the count, and the latter, darting for the wicket behind which sat the ticket writer, said, "Ten thousand on Lucky Ghost."

The man lowered his head for a look at the blackboard; Lucky Ghost was still even money.

The ticket writer tapped three times with his pencil, and Chalmers, jumping up from where he had been sitting, hurried to the wicket. I heard him say, "That's all right, Jack," and saw a little pasteboard shoved through the wicket in exchange for Count Doulbriski's ten one-thousand-dollar bills.

Another betting man, perhaps hearing this wager, pushed his way to the wicket, a hand full of bills, crying excitedly, "A thousand on the favorite!"

There was the clickety-click-click of the telegraph receiver, a little window shot downward in front of the eager better's face and a voice called imperiously, "No more, gentlemen. Closed—they're running!"

Then the count came back to where I stood, shoving into his vest pocket the ticket.

Gibson was indolently puffing at a cigar and on the count's face was the bland look of a man who had just eaten a banana; nobody was excited—except myself. Chalmers had lounged back into his chair and was toying with a fox-terrier pup that had been wandering about the room.

To describe horses of chalk running across a black race course is largely a matter of bunk; indeed, I think the man at the wire who called out this race had probably made the whole thing up.

There were really too many hairbreadth escapes, as it were, too many cries of "Leads by a head"; "Into the stretch by a neck"; "They're at the bat—all gone to the whip!"

There was a staccato burring of the telegraph machine, hyphened stillness, then the voice, like a premonition of evil, said, "It's close—anybody's race."

I shot a quick glance into the count's face, but he only smiled tolerantly. Of course, if the wire tapper had got it right, all this intensity was just the vagary of the operator, or the room was now getting what Gibson's man had held back.

Then the clattering bearer of tidings burred in a singsong again and the crier announced, "Lucky Ghost gets it by a nose!"

The count had picked up his magazine while the race was being run and now he threw it on the table in a bored way.

Gibson took the cigar from his mouth and nodded solemnly to the Russian, as much as to say, "You see!"

The boy ran an oval ring around the name of Lucky Ghost and presently dotted Little Girl's name with the figure 2; Borneo was 3.

Chalmers, rising from his chair, came over to the Russian, saying, "You had a good tip on that one; it went across." Presently he added, "You can get your money, count. They're paying out; they've got the 'All right.'"

I confess I was rather startled at this; I was sure there would be some hitch—it was so much money.

The count collected his twenty thousand and I was rather amused as to his little perplexity of where he was to carry the roll.

"If you would rather have a check ——" Chalmers suggested.

Count Doulbriski shook his head, but hesitatingly; the wad was certainly some size, even though the bills were of big denomination.

But his perplexity was checked. Two men stepped forward, and one said, "I'm sorry, sir, but I have to put you under arrest!"

Chalmers ejaculated, "The hell you say! Who are you?"

The first speaker turned out the collar of his coat, showing a silver star, saying, "I'm Detective Collins—plain-clothes man. You see, Mr. Chalmers, there's been some complaints and we had to do something. You know the old man, and if you'll give me your word that you'll be there for a

Serving Twelve Million

The electric light and power industry has more than twelve million customers; it is owned by more than one million, seven hundred and fifty thousand security holders.

Contrast the investment in this industry with that in other great industries of the country, as shown by the 1919 Census of Manufacturers

Electric Light and Power	$5,100,000,000
Iron and Steel	3,577,513,000
Shipbuilding	1,400,000,000
Meat-packing and Slaughtering	1,200,000,000
Automobile manufacture	1,800,000,000
Printing and Publishing .	1,200,000,000

Then reflect that electricity has assisted materially in the development of each of these other industries and is indispensable to their modern operation today.

Truly it is a "key" industry.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

hearing in the morning I'll not take you along. D'you understand?"

"I'll be there," Chalmers said angrily, "and I'll have you broke for this."

"A little more of that, Mr. Chalmers an' I'll take you along. You don't know when you're bein' treated civil. If you didn't stand well with the old man I'd take you anyway."

With a growl Chalmers said, "What are you taking this gentleman for? He's done nothing."

The detective laughed. "Done nothin'! 's good; he's got a wad there would choke a cow. He's got the evidence that bettin' is bein' done here—that's what we want. He's a stranger, ain't he, Mr. Chalmers? If I said to him, 'You show up in the mornin',' he would -on his way to Chicago. That wad'll go into the safe at headquarters an' I think that'll hold him."

The count, the cheerful boy's smile now on his lips, said, "My friend, I am quite ready to accompany you. Do not, please, let us make a scene."

"We've got a car outside, gentlemen," the detective said, "and if you're decent there won't be no scene."

I looked about the room. It was empty. I think I pinched myself—it was all so like a dream. There wasn't a chalk mark on the blackboard; the smooth-haired boy had disappeared; behind the wicket there was nobody; we were just a little group.

"You see, Mr. Chalmers," Collins said, "it's just a break we couldn't help; we were up against it. There'll be a fine in the mornin' an' that'll be all."

He turned to the count. "You don't look overstrong, sir, so I'd just take yourarm. Who's this?" he ejaculated, as if he had just caught sight of me

"On the newspapers," Chalmers said

"Well, son," Collins added, "mum's the word."

We descended the stairway from the poolroom to the sidewalk and I took a sudden decision to stick to the count, whether I was considered to be under arrest or not. I didn't like the look of things. Why had Gibson been allowed to slip through the door? As the count now knew, Gibson was a crook

At the motor car which waited for us the count said, "Gentlemen, my friend here will come with us, if you do not mind and if you will be good enough not to put his name in, because he does not bet; he was there with me."

"Just as you say, sir," the detective answered.

It was really with a feeling of relief that I saw the car pull up in front of the police station. I don't think there was any doubt in the count's mind at all. He seemed possessed of a happy boyish disposition that took everything for granted; in fact, as we bowled along he said, "Gentlemen, you must have a dinner with me. If you had not appeared I might have lost all my winnings. It wouldn't be the first time."

One of the detectives remained on the sidewalk, while Collins led the way into the police station. From the hall we entered a room on the left that was evidently a waiting room. A policeman lounged in a chair at one end reading a paper. The detective nodded familiarly to him, saying, "Pretty hot." Then drawing to a front window he said in a low voice to the count, "I'll go across to the sergeant in charge and fix things. We'd better deposit the money."

"I don't want to appear," the count said, "but I want to put this in the safe." And he handed the money to Collins.

"I understand, sir; I'll fix it."

In five minutes I heard him say at the door across the hall: "I'll bring this paper in the morning at ten o'clock."

"All right, son," the sergeant answered.

Then Collins came in and handed the count a receipt for the deposited money, signed by Sergeant James Rooney.

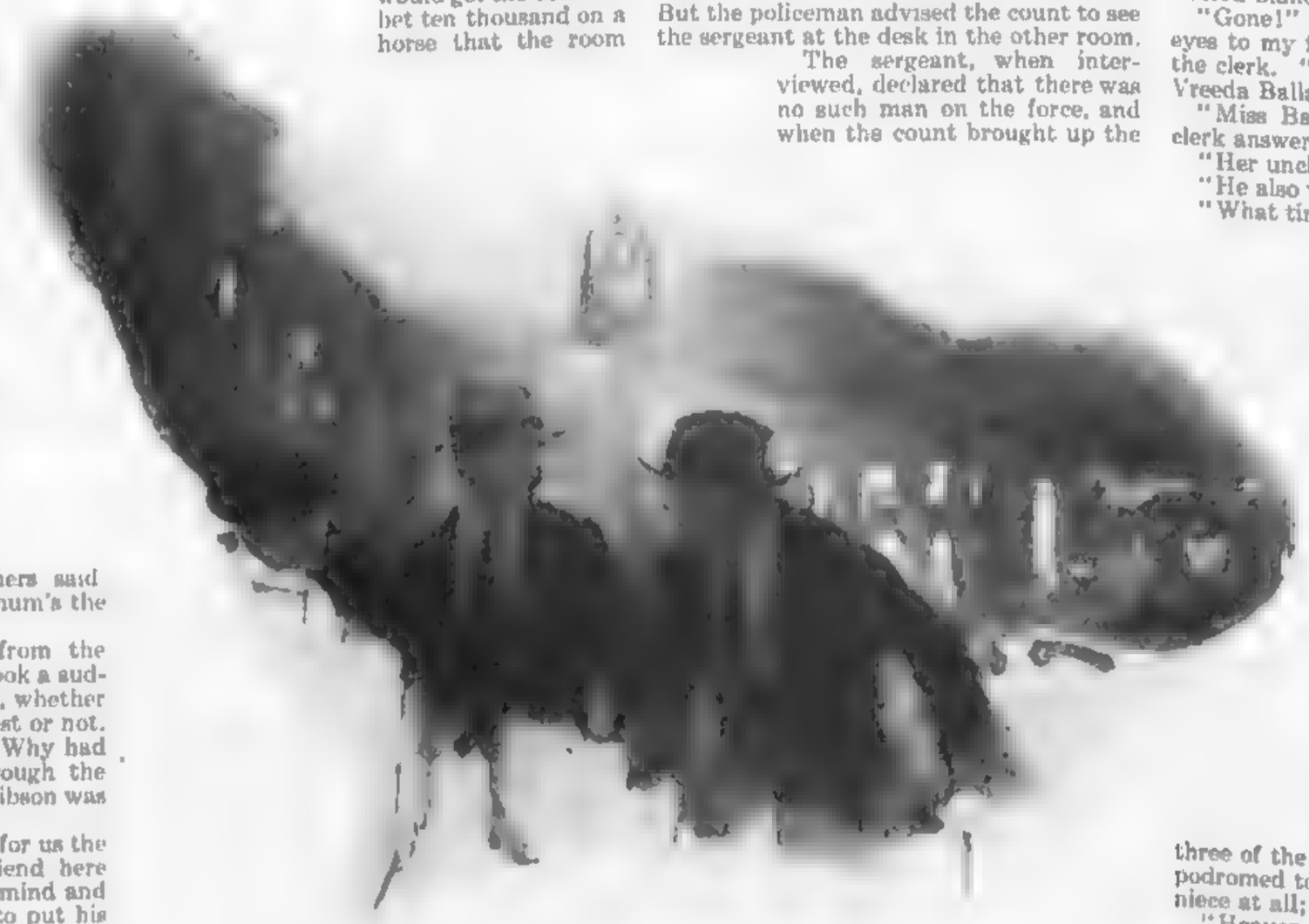
"The money'll be as safe as houses, sir," he said, "an' if you come here at ten o'clock in the mornin' you'll find that the case has been dismissed, or perhaps there's a fine of ten dollars. I don't know how the sergeant's goin' to fix it. I'll be here, an' with the receipt we'll get the roll out."

As the count and I swung back to the hotel in the car I was puzzled. To me everything in life had slipped a cog—who was who. But in the hotel and up in the count's suite some light was afforded me, and I must say his acumen was a revelation.

The count was so elated that nothing would do but that we must have a bottle of champagne in his room. There had already been a cocktail, I may say. What with elation and the wine and the fact that he seemed quite to trust me, the whole story dribbled out.

"You see, my friend," Count Doulbriski said, "I think Miss Vreeda has ambitions. Be that as it may, she has to me been a friend. But tomorrow I will be on my way. I am satiated with all this crookedness."

It transpired that the count himself had organized the raid on the poolroom, but it had been the clever brain of Vreeda that had formulated the plan. As he related it: Going down the hall she had heard coming through a transom the voices of Gibson and the wire tapper, Howard, and, the count's name being mentioned, she had listened. The wire tapping was a pure fiction, but with this as a bait they would get the count to bet ten thousand on a horse that the room



At Dinner I Thought I Knew Doctor Blendon, and When He Started That Play It All Came Back to Me—Who He Is

operator would signal Gibson had won and, thus encouraged, they would get him to bet perhaps fifty thousand on another horse, which would turn up a loser.

She had told the count this and advised him to get a couple of detectives to smuggle into the room and make a pretended raid to get him and the money away, because he wouldn't get out of the room with the money if he refused to bet any more; they would simply accuse him of wire tapping and take it from him.

"In fact"—he laughed—"women are the very devil; because Vreeda has somebody in office here who admires her enough to furnish the two detectives - that is, detectives who are discreet. You see, my young friend."

The explanation, or revelation, had all come in that way: A glass of wine, a cigarette, and my Russian, who was built like Hackenschmidt, the wrestler, pacing triumphantly up and down the deep rug of his parlor, vastly exhilarated. I could not wonder at Vreeda's participation. The count was a type for which women sell all their other lovers.

I fancy the Russian rather gloried in this—felt it. Once he touched the tips of his lithe fingers to his lips and blew a kiss to the ceiling, saying dramatically, "Mam'selle Vreeda, I salute you."

He intimated that Vreeda thought she was to accompany him, but, as he said, that could not be; he really had one wife already and Vreeda was a good girl. But he would see that she had a nice present out of the ten thousand he had looted from the robbers.

Sitting puffing at the Russian's exquisite cigarettes, gradually the whole took definite form. This careless rich Russian with a taint of gambling in his blood had, by the aid of a clever woman, who no doubt was actuated by desire for the handsome count and his wealth, despoiled the pirates of ten thousand dollars.

No wonder Chalmers had been angry; no wonder Gibson had slipped away. No doubt Gibson would be recognized in court as a wire tapper, and wire tappers were much desired by the police.

As I sat on the veranda after breakfast next morning, Count Doulbriski came to me, saying, "Come with me, Mr. Grier. I am going to cash in. Then in an hour, I regret to say, I will be saying au revoir to you."

I knew what the Russian meant as he hailed a taxi.

At the police station we failed to locate Detective Collins; he was not out in front; he was not in the hallway; he was not in the waiting room. Detective Collins did not even linger in the memory of the policeman who was in the waiting room—he didn't know him, had never heard of him. But the policeman advised the count to see the sergeant at the desk in the other room.

The sergeant, when interviewed, declared that there was no such man on the force, and when the count brought up the matter of the poolroom raid the sergeant looked at him in a curious way.

"Say, mister," he said, "what's eatin' you —— What're you tryin' to put over? There ain't no poolrooms in Claymore. We wouldn't stand for it. You've had a pipe dream."

"Is this a pipe dream, Mister Officer?" the count asked as he shoved under the latter's nose a receipt for the money.

"Who the devil is Sergeant Rooney?" the official yelled.

"He was on duty here yesterday afternoon," the other replied.

"He was not. I was. And there ain't no Sergeant Rooney on the force. He must be a running mate for your Detective Collins. You've got a fine bunch of crooks, whoever they are."

"You were on duty yesterday at half past four?" the count queried, and I caught a waver in his voice.

"I was," the sergeant snapped, and his square jaw was like a trap.

"And you didn't sign that receipt?"

"I did not. My name is Myles—Patrick Myles—and I don't write it Rooney."

"But my twenty thousand is in your safe," the count declared.

"There's nothing in the safe but books, my man—records. Wait a bit!" he ejaculated suddenly. "What time do you say this was?"

"About half past four yesterday afternoon," the count answered.

"Was your Detective Collins a tall slim chap about six feet, with a little black mustache?"

"Yes, that's the man."

The sergeant chuckled. "He come in here and asked could he be took on as a detective. I gave him a form to fill out for the captain and he took it over there to the desk in the corner, and I'll stake me life there's where he wrote you this receipt from Rooney, because he didn't turn in any application. I think some crook has got the lend of you, sir," and the sergeant's voice had a touch of sympathy in it.

"There's no money in the safe?" the count queried.

"Not a dollar—nobody deposited anything."

I trailed behind the Russian, for without a word he whirled, heading for the taxi.

"Back to the hotel," he ordered the driver; "and move fast!"

There wasn't a word spoken between us. As we clattered up the wooden steps of the Forest Hotel I saw Chalmers idly tilting back and forth a rocking-chair. He wiggled the fingers of one hand, mockingly, I thought, at us as we passed.

"Mr. Charles J. Gibson, please," Count Doulbriski gasped at the hotel clerk.

"Mr. Gibson has gone," the clerk answered blandly.

"Gone!" The count swung his troubled eyes to my face; then he whirled back to the clerk. "I wish to send a card to Miss Vreeda Ballard."

"Miss Ballard left this morning," the clerk answered

"Her uncle, Mr. Gordon?"

"He also went this morning."

"What time did they go?" I asked.

"Yes; where did they go, also?" the count interjected.

"They went at five o'clock, but they left no forwarding address"

"I fear you have been stung, count," I said as we turned away from the desk. "It's been a big frame-up; the detectives were fake."

But the other scarcely heard me; it was almost a dash he made for Chalmers.

The latter rose, somewhat quickly I judged, as we approached, and strolled down the veranda. We followed

The count, excited, was voluble. Gibson, the arrest, the twenty thousand dollars—well, it was Mount Etna belching forth lava.

"Gibson?" Chalmers queried. "Your friend? I'll tell you about him. Gordon, Miss Vreeda and Gibson are three of the cleverest crooks that ever hippodromed together. And Vreeda isn't his niece at all; she's the bait."

"Heavens!" I ejaculated.

"Yes," and Chalmers nodded, "or as one would say, hell!"

I believed it all, but the count, with an acute switch, declared, "That's the bunk, Mr. Chalmers. They're crooks, but you stood in with them. They got ten thousand out of me and I'm going to get it back through you. I'm going to the police."

Chalmers blew a leisurely little cloud of smoke from his cigar, took the weed from between his lips and said quietly, "I wouldn't do that if I were you, Mr Ignatz Boloski, better known in many cities as Count Iggy, smooth crook. You take my tip and let the whole thing run for Sweeny!"

"Run for Sweeny, nothing!" the Russian ejaculated angrily. "Think I'm going to lay down?"

"You'll have to!" The good-natured face of Chalmers hardened into a merciless look. "You thought you were stealing ten thousand dollars from me by tapping my wire—no, you didn't think that, you know damn well nobody can tap my wires, it isn't being done; but you did think that you'd get away with the come-on bet, lift the ten thousand and quit."

"That seems impossible, Mr. Chalmers," I objected; "there must be a mistake."

"There is no mistake," Chalmers declared. "It was a pretty piece of business. In the first place Gordon played this gentleman for a sucker, but Gibson got Iggy's number when Howard came on. Howard knew Iggy and they switched. They knew he wouldn't fall for any wire tapping, but they knew he would fall for getting away with the come-on money. That's where Vreeda came in. She advised the count that it was a frame and suggested the raid to get him safely out of the room with the loot."

Then Chalmers threw his cigar stub away, saying, "I got my ten thousand back out of them, Boloski, and you go get yours. I've got to get down to the office."

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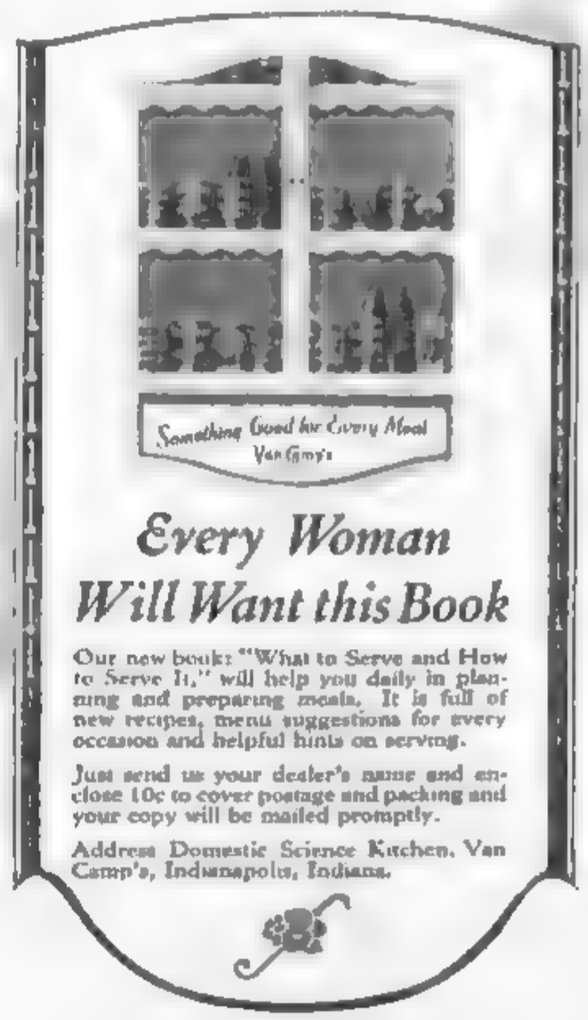

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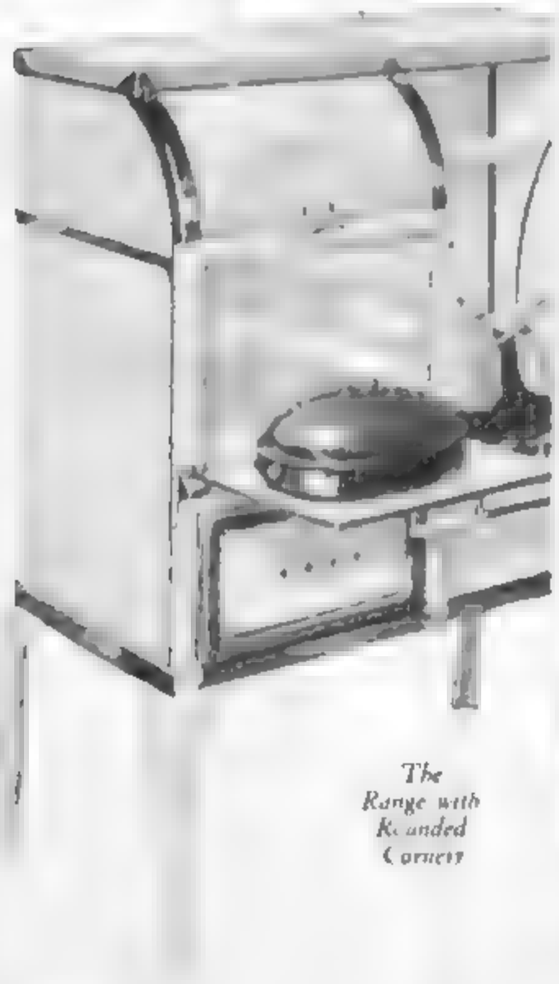

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A MURDER TRIAL IN THE ENGLISH HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE

Continued from Page 27)

a wife and one small child. He was a man of 39 to 40 years of age and was plying his trade in the city of London as an ordinary respectable taxicab driver would do; and at the corner of Bay Tree Road and Acre Lane, or a few yards away from the corner, upon that night he was assassinated without the slightest provocation, or without any reason whatever that could authorize anybody to imagine that they had any right to make an attack upon him. It was a deed which must send a thrill of horror through every decent citizen who reads or hears of it."

And much more to the same general effect.

Vivian, the prosecuting witness, and Mason, the prisoner, had long been friends and had engaged together in numerous crimes, stealing and housebreaking, for which each had served several terms in the English prisons. Each accused the other of this crime of murder.

The crown in chief used thirty witnesses, whose entire testimony is contained in one hundred and sixty-one pages of the transcript, showing the directness and conciseness of the examination of the witnesses, and at 2:30 o'clock, the second day of the trial, Sir Richard Muir announced for the prosecution, "That is the case for the crown, your honor."

Thereupon Mr. Fox-Davies presented his defense to the jury, his claims, and the evidence by which it was supported.

In addition thereto there was much of argument against the crown's case, showing its weakness and insufficiency to convict. He occupied about an hour and a half. At 4 P.M. on the second day of the trial the defendant, Mason, took the witness stand.

Direct Examination

The direct examination of the prisoner occupies but twenty-five pages of the record, in which his defense is made that Vivian committed the murder; that he, Mason, in fact, saw the struggle between him and Dickey, the taxicab driver, heard the shots, and shortly thereafter saw him running from the scene; that Vivian himself told him after they got home the details of the shooting by Vivian.

The cross-examination occupies but fifty-seven pages of the record. Considerable of this space is taken by his lordship propounding questions to the prisoner.

It should be noted that before any evidence is offered on behalf of the defense, leading counsel for the prisoner for the first time makes his preliminary statement to the jury as to his claims and as to the evidence to be offered in support of those claims. The practice in most of the states requires counsel upon both sides to make their preliminary statements before any evidence is offered. The English system seems to have the advantage of keeping the claims and evidence in support thereof so closely together that the claims and evidence on the one side are never confused with the claims and evidence upon the other.

In addition to the evidence of the prisoner three or four additional witnesses were called in his behalf. Then followed about fifteen witnesses in rebuttal.

On Saturday the evidence was concluded and the arguments begun. Counsel for the prisoner opened the argument to the jury, addressing the jury from the barristers' bench some thirty feet from the jury box, very largely in conversational tones.

No limit is placed upon the argument of counsel to the jury.

Sir Richard Muir followed on behalf of the crown, and at the conclusion of his argument a twenty-minute recess was taken for a short lunch, court reconvening at 5:10, at which time Mr. Justice Rigby Swift gave his summing up to the jury.

When I was first in the English criminal court I referred to the judge's "charge to the jury." They didn't seem to understand me, and suggested that I meant the charge to the grand jury, which, under the English procedure, is correct. What the trial judge says to the jury, before their retirement to consider their verdict, however, is, under the English procedure, called a "summing up," more than nine-tenths of which is usually a statement, not of the law but of the facts.

The time occupied by his lordship in this summing up was an hour and forty-five minutes.

Before dealing with this summing up, some observations should be made touching the introduction of the evidence.

1. The barristers all stand while examining witnesses, and when they conclude they do not say "Take the witness" or "Cross-examine" or any other like evidence of having finished, but merely sit down. The barrister on the other side then rises and begins his examination.

2. The witness stand is real in that the witness does stand while giving his testimony unless by reason of some infirmity the court permits him to be seated.

3. The questions addressed to the witnesses are direct and leading, which under the rules obtaining in many of the American states would be incompetent as tending to suggest the answer desired. This is especially true until the disputed part of the testimony is reached and is even indulged in during the giving of such testimony; and that, too, generally without objection.

4. The barristers indulge very rarely in irrelevant and collateral matters, going directly to the points in real controversy.

5. During the four-day trial there was not one exception or objection per day to the admission of evidence.

6. Most extraordinary courtesy and deference by the barristers toward each other, the witnesses, and to the justice presiding.

7. In the event that his lordship seemed inclined to believe that something was being concealed by the witness or something important had not been developed by the examiner, his lordship conducted the examination, very frequently intimating the unreasonableness or improbability of the witness' statement.

8. It will be noticed from the picture that in front of the jurors is a writing board, or table, and inkwells, paper and quill pens for the use of each juror to make notes concerning the testimony and anything in the case that he desires specially to remember. No such provision is made in the States; indeed, in some of the states the jurors are specially cautioned against it.

9. During the taking of the testimony it should be observed that the justice presiding is attentive to the witnesses and is very busy in taking down notes of their testimony.

In the Mason case the judge's notes occupied a hundred and sixty pages. In case of doubt as to the testimony the judge's notes determine.

The Summing Up

Coming now to the summing up in the Mason case. Not over two minutes was occupied by his lordship with the law of this case. In England murder is simply intentional killing without just cause or excuse. There are no varying degrees. The charge of manslaughter was in no wise involved and not even suggested in the trial. Counsel for the prisoner in the course of his argument read from Archbold's Criminal Practice and Pleading, a well-known textbook, touching the subject of accomplice, that any testimony coming from an accomplice must be corroborated. His lordship very properly and directly advised the jury that that question was in no wise involved in this case because there was no evidence suggesting that more than one man was involved in the killing of Jacob Dickey.

In the summing up his lordship said:

"There may well be matters upon which as I speak to you with regard to different portions of the testimony I seem to be holding, and possibly indicating, an opinion of my own with regard to them. You will, I know, listen respectfully to anything that I may happen to say, but you will always bear in mind that it is your verdict and not mine, and that it is your view and not mine which is to predominate; and whilst you listen to what I say you will not accept anything that I say unless it commends itself to you as being sensible and businesslike in accordance with the evidence and worthy of your adoption. What I have said about myself you will also bear in mind with regard to the speeches that you have heard from learned counsel. They are there for the purpose of assisting you to marshal the evidence, helping you to weigh it, to give the appropriate weight to each of the facts which is proved, to show you what should be discounted and what should be relied upon. You must take care, however, that you do not let their speeches usurp your function, which is for you to decide upon the evidence which has been given in this case.

". . . Now the question which arises to everybody's mind, and which is one which must occupy yours, and has been occupying yours very closely for the last four days is, who was that man whom they saw struggling with the taxicab driver, Dickey, and who was afterwards ascertained to be on the ground and fired the shots. Who was that man? . . . Does the evidence which has been given in this court satisfy you that the prisoner was that man? . . . Before you can return a verdict of guilty against the prisoner you must be satisfied, as reasonable business men are satisfied about an ordinary business matter, that the evidence shows that it was the prisoner who was struggling with Dickey and who fired the shots. . . . If when the jury come to consider it—the evidence—they are not then fully satisfied, the prosecution have failed to prove their case, for they do not prove it until they have satisfied the jury that the proposition they set out to establish, namely, that the prisoner in the dock is guilty of the crime, has been proved. . . ."

Comment by the Court

His lordship complained of the failure of the police either to measure or preserve certain footmarks in the garden which were doubtless made by the fleeing murderer, also their exact location, which will appear from this language of his lordship:

"It is incredible without explanation; impossible to believe that the police of this city should have ignored—for that is what in truth, they did—footmarks leading right away from the scene of the crime to the house. . . . There was a very plain visible track. There are means well known to science for perpetuating that track; and they were not taken. . . . That they acted in the beginning with promptitude there is no doubt; that the results of their examination of those gardens indicated efficiency there is every doubt, and it is also somebody's business to inquire and to form a judgment as to how it comes that such an obvious step in the detection of crime as that was should have been omitted in this case."

This illustrates the broad-mindedness of the English judge. He does not hesitate to comment on anything developed in the course of the trial which may thereafter be helpful in the public service.

As illustrative of his lordship's comment on certain witnesses' testimony, an instance of one Nunn may be given. The witness, Vivian, claimed that Nunn got the revolver for Mason. Nunn was put upon the stand and denied that statement. Touching his testimony his lordship observed:

"Nunn says that he did not get the revolver. You have got to consider whether you believe Nunn in regard to that matter or not. You heard what Vivian said, and you heard what Mason said, and is either of them contradicted or is either of them helped by the testimony of Nunn? You saw Nunn. You heard suggestions about his character. You saw the way he gave his evidence and you know that for a considerable time, two and a half years at least, he has been a friend and associate of these two men, the friend and associate of both: visiting them when they are in prison, writing to them when they are in prison, and as soon as one of them is out of prison he goes to Nunn's house in order to find the address of the other, Nunn being the means of communication between the two, and he gets from him breakfast and facilities for washing and money. Nunn is said by Vivian to be the receiver of stolen goods. Nunn himself says he is a secondhand dealer who upon one occasion, and one occasion only, has bought a watch and a ring from Vivian. Probably the best help that you get in deciding how much reliance you can place upon Nunn is by considering how he has treated you in this case, you as a jury sitting in a court of justice. He came here

(Continued on Page 101)

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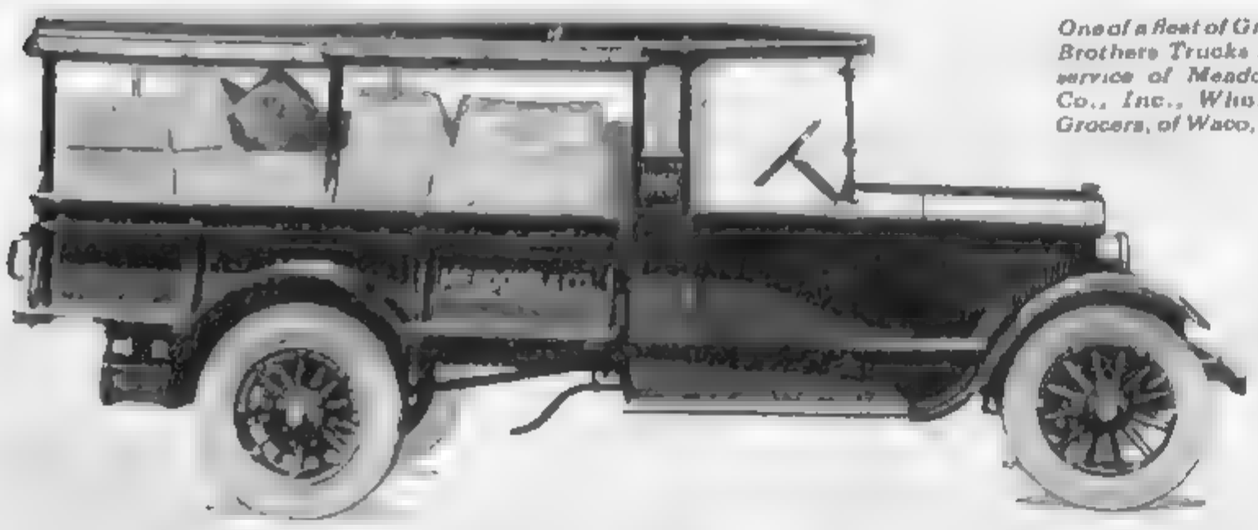

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Continued from Page 98

yesterday to give evidence, and as he left the witness box his wife's name was called, and before he left the box after his wife had been called, Mr Fox-Davies said to him 'Is your wife here?' and he said 'No, my wife is ill, sir; she is queer' . . . Today his wife has come You saw her for yourselves. Did she in the least degree appear to you to be a person of whom anybody was justified on their oath yesterday to say she was too ill to come to this trial? She said herself the reason she did not come to the trial was because she was never asked to come . . . When you are determining whether you can rely on anything Nunn said in the witness box remember what he said about his wife's illness, and decide whether you can believe a man in other matters who speaks to you about his wife's illness in that way in the box."

Referring again to the prosecuting witness, Vivian, and the defendant, Mason, his honor said: "The common ground about which there is no dispute is this, that they were both men of bad character. Neither of them disputes that they make their living by burglary and crime; their occupation is flat-breaking and robbery."

Discussion of Testimony

Now, touching the chief witness, Hetty Colquhoun, the woman living in the same apartment with Vivian, though not his wife. She testified as to seeing Mason have the cane, the identical cane found at the scene of the murder, a few hours before the murder, and her testimony as to its credibility is reviewed by his lordship, as follows:

"Now, Colquhoun says she cannot say whether he took the stick out or not. You have seen her. You have heard her. She is a prostitute at least; although it is not proved. I do not think she was asked to admit it. I think as men of the world nobody will blame you if you assume she is a prostitute; a walker of the streets, she was going out that night for her illegitimate business, and when you have said that about her, is there any reason why you should disregard the whole of the evidence which she gave you in this case? She is not contradicted by Mason as far as I remember in a single thing that she said, except with regard to him having possession of that stick. I think he says that he did not have the stick at all, even in his hands—I am not sure, but I think he said that. She says he certainly had it in his hand looking as if he was ready to go out with it. She cannot say whether he went out with it or not. Do you think in the witness box, however much you despise her—do you think she was trying to tell you all the truth in the witness box about this matter, or whether she was lying? She has told you what happened before she went out and when she came back. It is not disputed by Mason that she has told you the complete truth about what happened when he came back; the mending of the trousers and the washing of his hands; the dressing of the wound; the putting on of the rag and the sewing of the trousers. All that is absolutely uncontradicted. Do you think she is lying to you when she says Mason had that stick in his hand, and whether when he went through the door he had that in his hand she could not say; but she never saw that stick again after Mason went out of the room until she saw it in the police court or somewhere in the hands of the police?"

Again, touching the witness Colquhoun, the court observes touching her credibility regarding Vivian's alleged illness on Wednesday night, the night the murder was committed. His illness detained him at home, he claimed.

The court says: "But do you think, living together there, that it is really reasonably likely that it would be necessary to invent a story in order that Vivian could go out without exciting her suspicions? He had not to do it on Sunday; he had not to do it on Tuesday. Every one of those days—every one of those evenings—he was out with Mason. He was out with Mason in the morning, I think, and certainly in the afternoon of Wednesday. . . . Do you think that it was really necessary to invent that illness in order to deceive Colquhoun as to his going out for that one evening, when she was out herself, because you see he went out and he came back; he went out and came back again while Colquhoun was out. Was it necessary that they should have invented that elaborate story about the sardines?"—which caused Vivian's illness and detained him in the house.

Throughout, his lordship comments on the credibility of witnesses and the probability of their several stories. Much more might be quoted from the summing up, but sufficient has been given to indicate this general trend. The jury, however, are repeatedly warned that the whole matter of what is proved and what is not proved, the sufficiency of the proof and the credibility of witnesses, are matters exclusively for their judgment.

One thing more in this summing up, occupying an hour and forty-five minutes: Too many American courts define and redefine the term "reasonable doubt" with so many abstract statements elaborated by repeated illustrations that the effect of the same upon the average jury is to alarm them by the possibility of error in arriving at a judgment of conviction. I never saw a definition for "reasonable doubt" that was any easier to understand and apply than the two words themselves.

The case was submitted to the jury at about seven o'clock, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the jury returned an oral verdict upon inquiry by the clerk of guilty of murder

The Formal Record

The formal record is as follows:

The jury retired to consider their verdict at 7 o'clock and returned into court at 7:17.

THE CLERK OF THE COURT: Members of the Jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?

THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY: Yes.

THE CLERK OF THE COURT: Do you find the prisoner, Alexander Campbell Mason, guilty or not guilty of the murder of Jacob Dickey?

THE FOREMAN: Guilty.

THE CLERK OF THE COURT: You say that he is guilty, and that is the verdict of you all?

THE FOREMAN: Yes; unanimous.

THE CLERK OF THE COURT: Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted of murder. Have you anything to say why the court should not give you judgment of death according to law?

Then follows a brief statement from the prisoner, in which, among other things, he said: "I have nothing to say against the verdict at all, my lord. I am quite satisfied that I have had a fair trial," and so on.

Nowhere in that statement of fifteen or twenty lines did he expressly deny that he was guilty of the crime of murder.

The court attendant at once enters and places upon his lordship's wig the black cap or, more strictly, cloth. The prisoner still standing is thereupon formally sentenced to death. The court adjourned about 7 25.

Lest this might be regarded as an unusual case and therefore serving as no basis for other criminal cases, let me suggest first that the press of London spoke of this four-day murder trial as being a protracted one Surely such a comment could not be made anywhere in reason in the States.

I secured from the clerk of this court a brief statement of five consecutive cases tried in the month of May before the different justices, which will show the speed of English justice in the criminal courts, and the result of the case, as given in table below.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Judge Wanamaker. The second will appear in an early issue.

NAME OF CASE	DATE OF COMMISSION OF OFFENSE	DATE OF INDICTMENT	DATE OF TRIAL OF INDICTMENT	EXTENT OF TRIAL	RESULT	APPEAL
Elkin	May 10, 1923—Burglary	5-29-1923	May, 1923	1 day	3 years Borstal	None
Goodman . .	May 14, 1923—Attempted Suicide	5-29-1923	May, 1923	1 day	9 months 2nd Div.	None
Tambling . .	March 11, 1922—Bigamy	5-29-1923	May, 1923	1 day	12 months 2nd Div.	None
Hutchings. .	March 4, 1923—Bigamy	5-29-1923	May, 1923	1 day	8 months and hard labor	None
Jones, J. . .	Jan. 31, 1922—Bigamy	5-29-1923	May, 1923	1 day	1 day imprisonment	None

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 28

Another public bonfire destroyed all the school histories, and Koplik's Story of Our Country became the official school history. At Page 92 was the following account of the discovery of America:

"It was not until 1492 that a Czecho-Slovakian Republican named Columbiak, now popularly shortened to Columbus, dared to announce that he believed the earth to be a sphere. Democrats scoffed at him; Jugo-Slavs, Albanians and Bulgarians sneered at him. Only Queen Isabelle, wife of King Otto, Czecho-Slovakia, had faith in him. She pawned her jewels to raise money for his great adventure. When he sailed from the harbor of Prague ——"

This was all right so far as the Czecho-Slovaks were concerned. But the Albanians, Bulgarians, Jugo-Slavs, Montenegrins and Lithuanians were deeply offended. "America for the Americans!" they cried. "We want history, not propaganda!"

"Listen to this," declared the chairman of a committee of Laplanders that called on the President; "this is what they are teaching our children about that great Laplander, George Washington: 'When George Washington—Georg Waczyk—was a boy in Czecho-Slovakia, his father had an olive tree of which he was very fond . . .'"

The wisdom and statesmanship of President Hector H. Glutz finally settled the matter. He appointed a commission to prepare a nonpartisan, nonsectarian history of the United States.

After four years of labor and study the history was completed. A holiday was declared. At a banquet in honor of the occasion President Glutz read the following account of the discovery of America:

"Sometime in the fifteenth or sixteenth century a certain man declared that the views then held concerning the shape of the earth were not strictly accurate. Although many of his contemporaries did not agree with him he succeeded in convincing a certain lady who pawned her jewels to raise funds for his enterprise. He sailed from a certain harbor, believed to be in Europe. . . ." —*Newman Levy.*

Municipal Art and Citizenship

A Rimed Editorial

GENERAL JACKSON McCLELLAN CLARK
In the Civil War was a man of mark.
He won the battles of Subway's Jam,
Bottleneck Rapids and Tinker's Dam,
Fought till the close of the war and then
Took up the duties of peace again,
Renouncing the labors of camp and trench
To practice law and adorn the bench
Until, in his eight-and-sixtieth year,
Death quietly ended his great career.
Thirty years later, in 1908
(If the minutes correctly record the date),
The city fathers, by 40 to 5,
Voted to keep his fame alive
By placing a statue of General Clark
At the gate of the Mall in Schwarzmuller Park
"The alien," said Alderman Wordsby Moores,
"Who immigrates hither from foreign shores
Will note how we honor our famous men
And rush to enroll as a citizen;
For he'll realize that, if he makes his mark,
He, too, may ornament Schwarzmuller Park;
And thus be imbued with patriotism
And hundred per cent Americanism!"

II

The statue (by Cuthbert St. Claire, of course)
Depicted the general on his horse,
Firm in the saddle as any rock,
With his drawn sword pointing to ten o'clock,
And his head and mouth in the attitude
Of a baby robin waiting for food.
He was sculped in a hat with the brim upcurled
And the baggiest pants in the whole wide world,
And at the unveiling the papers said
Eight art critics fainted and three dropped dead;
But the aldermen, fashioned of sterner stuff,
Looked on their work and said "Good enough!"
So in Schwarzmuller Park the statue stood
To inspire the alien and do him good.

III

Schwarzmuller Park, with the first of May,
Presented a scene that you might call gay.
For picnic parties came thronging there
To get what is known as a breath of air.
Dotting the Mall and its grassy leas
Were children disporting in twos and threes.
And fours and fives and sixes and sevens
And eights and nines and tens and elevens,
Glad to be free from the broiling heat
Of noisome alley and glaring street.
Seeing the monument, up they stormed;
All over the general's horse they swarmed;
They straddled his withers and tail and then
Fell off, got on and fell off again.
They scratched the gilt and smeared it with grime,
And in short had a perfectly scrumptious time,
As, likewise dotting the grass in bunches,
Their parents were getting out picnic lunches
Of ham and salad and hard-boiled eggs
And ice cream ladled from tall red kegs.
While back and forth from vigorous lungs
They shouted greetings in various tongues—
Dacian, Alsatian, Bavarian and Parian,
Syrian, Tyrian, English, Bulgarian,
Siberian, Algerian, Slovenian, Ruthenian,
Turanian, Rumanian, Armenian and Fenian—
For mostly they hailed from the foreign shores
Mentioned by Alderman Wordsby Moores.
They were those who, coming to Schwarzmuller Park
And viewing the statue of General Clark,
Were to rush with a joyously shrill "Yip! Yip!"
To embrace American citizenship.
In fact, when their children the statue spied
And "Pop, who's the feller on horseback?" cried,
They grunted, with patriotism aglow,
Either nothing or "Shuddup!" or "I dunno!"
Later, when they and the day were done
And their offspring weary with food and fun,
In chattering groups they strolled away
And dotted the Mall no more that day;
But dotting it permanently instead
Were pasteboard boxes and crusts of bread,
Eggshells, paper and bits of twine—
All strewn about in a quaint design
Which lent, in the gleam of the day's last spark,
A futurist touch to Schwarzmuller Park.

IV

Now it didn't take long before Richard Roe,
Taxpayer, Pro Bono Publico,
Constant Reader and Worried, too,
Kicked up a violent hullabaloo
About the litter that lay around
The proletariat's picnic ground.
They said the refuse disgraced the park
As much as the statue of General Clark,
Which all had agreed from the very start
Libeled the general, the Mall and art.
They aired these highly indignant vapors
In letters to all of the local papers,
Which frightened the board of aldermen so,
They laughed "Ha, ha!" and guffawed "Ho, ho!"
And the more the newspapers heckled, the more
They let things go on as they'd gone before;
For as everyone knows but the cultured few
That's all an alderman's meant to do.

V

But one dark night a determined band
Decided that they would take things in hand,
So, masked and concealed by the moonless dark,
They tiptoed down to Schwarzmuller Park
And, silently trooping across the Mall,
With quickness and care they collected all
The paper and refuse in one vast heap
And buried the general's statue deep,
Then poured benzine on the funeral pyre
And set the entire affair on fire,
While they sang as they watched the red flames catch,
"That's killing two eyesores with just one match!"
Sure enough, the heat from the fire next day
Had melted the monument quite away!

Conclusion

This story of art and citizenship
Has a good many morals and one good tip.
—Baron Ireland.

So This is New York!

The Lost Art o' Modesty

SOME level-headed writer has recently written, "Th' world haint goin' t' make no moral progress until 't kin revivify its sense o' guilt," or in other an' plainer words, until we kin train down t' that ole condition o' bein' able t' blush an' feel ashamed. We've got t' git back in our ole 1878 form an' shun publicity an' feel th' consciousness o' sin. We kin remember when Maud Revell's British Blondes appeared at Melodeon Hall in th' ole Hayes an' Tilden days. The town council had ordered th' lower half of all th' billboard pictures covered, an' only livery-stable keepers an' country boys took in th' show. Those wuz th' days when a woman would hitch around back o' th' courthouse so nobuddy could see her climb in an' out of her buggy. Th' British Blondes show wuz an Epworth League picnic compared t' th' modern scarred-knee musical revues, while ther show bills wuz tame compared t' th' actual street scenes o' t'day. Bare-limbed dancers with powdered backs an' vaccinated arms leap an' cavort before th' best families, in these fast days, camouflaged as interpretive dancers. Th' progress we've made in surgery an' tomato-peelin' machinery is as nothin' compared with th' rapid advances we've made in shamelessness. Women have dropped ther skirts, but bared ther arms. They haint satisfied unless they're flauntin' somethin'. Jest think o' mixin' a sweet, sensible girl up with anything like saxophone "music." Recall th' dear ole musty parlor, an' daughter settin' at th' organ in th' pale yeller lamplight singin' White Wings, an' a solid, substantial young man hard by feedin' her peppermint drops, an' th' door leadin' int' th' settin' room wide open! Is it th' folks who cleaned up durin' an' since th' World War that's demoralizin' th' country? Ever'buddy's lookin' fer fun an' excitement an' a place t' park. Crime is rampant, an' no matter what sort of a home is busted into, ther's allus a lot o' diamonds an' furs stolen. Cliff Bud's car wuz stolen while he wuz lightin' th' tail light. Nobuddy has time fer sober reflection 'less he's had both legs broken. It used t' be when a city millinery trimmer with a big droopin' hat an' gazelle eyes come t' town fer th' spring season we thought she wuz th' devil's own advance agent, but t'day th' gals are so allurin' an' plentiful that th' average feller's gittin' as blasé an' indifferent as a scene shifter. We wink at things t'day that would have kept th' jails overcrowded when we wuz a boy. —ABE MARTIN.

The Annual Amenities

THANKSGIVING turk, once proud and truculent,
Audacious ruler of the roost,
Upon the platter, sleek and succulent,
To gastronomics you're reduced.
Of good old Scotch I'll bet a tankful
That you are anything but thankful!

The gentle fathers puritanical
Fell on their knees in solemn choirs
To hymn their flight from force tyrannical,
And then they fell upon your sires!
And so we have no inhibition
In following this old tradition.

Too long you've played the hencoop gallerina
With pompous strut and raucous call,
You've met your just deserts in calories;
Upon your bulk the gluttons fall.
And just to think that now you're roasted
In the obesity you boasted!

Thrice welcome to that odor savory
The garnishings that grace the tray,
An end to all your barnyard bravery!
Chew to the spine—let come what may!
For you November skies are murky,
Imperious important turkey!
—Max Lief.

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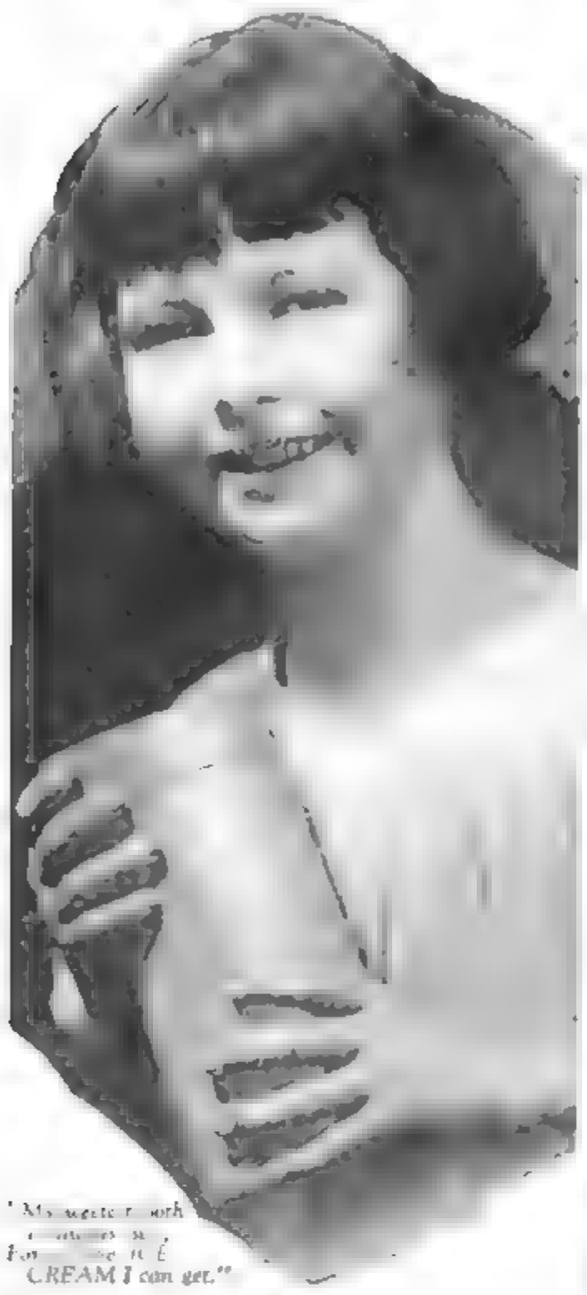

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INSTRUMENTS OF DARKNESS

(Continued from Page 4)

the fellow one of my executors. I should be sorry to let the world know how completely he had fooled me."

A few minutes later a loud ring at the front door warned Azra she must move. She shut the narrow door without a sound, and glided in the darkness back to a purple tent. A footman with a candle in his hand came hurrying across the hall. He opened the front door, and Azra caught a glimpse of two men stamping their wet feet, and shaking the water from their coats.

She heard the footman say: "Mr. Duncan was just asking, sir, whether you and Mr. Banks had arrived. I'll let him know you're here."

The footman disappeared through the narrow doorway, and the great hall was in darkness until one of the newcomers lit a cigarette and Azra saw his face. He was standing sideways to her, and the long, sensitive, delicate profile was like a sharp photograph against the blackness. She knew at once that there was something mystic in the man's nature—for one psychic recognizes another—even before a long vivid flash of lightning revealed the fact that his hair, which she had thought brown, was in reality a deep burnished red like new mahogany. She had a glimpse, too, of the other man—an honest square face on a short sturdy body.

"I don't think," said the man who had lit the cigarette—and his voice was one of those low level voices that are in themselves a charm—"I ever saw any stock fluctuate as that one did today."

"I wonder how long the old man is likely to keep us waiting," answered the shorter man. "Good heavens, what is this? Has your uncle gone in for magic, or don't you see what I see?"

Silently the curtains of the tent had been drawn back and revealed, by the dim light of a candle, the figure of Azra seated within, holding the magic crystal in her long curved hands.

"Are you alive? Are you real? Are you men or women?"

Azra did not move, but her two attendants, standing on either side, laid their fingers to their veiled lips and shook their heads.

The taller man came forward. "What are you?" he said, and his tone made the question serious and authoritative.

The two attendants beckoned him to come closer. "Azra," they said, "this man would know his future."

Azra did not raise her head, but stared with strangely fixed eyes at the ball in her hands.

"Bethson," she said—she had a deep bass voice—"I see you here, a poor unknown man, hard-working, uncertain of your future. And now I see you suddenly raised to a position of power. You are sitting at the head of a table where older men are your subordinates. It is a committee. It has to do with the moon. It has already happened. But better is to come. Before this night is out—I see you lord of this castle and heir to all that it contains."

In the complete silence her low tones had been audible to Banks also, to whom the whole incident seemed so grossly comic that he was surprised to see in the faint light streaming from the tent that his partner was staring like a man in a trance.

"Why, Beth," he said, "why do you look so dashed at news that sounds so good? But how about me, Azra? Haven't you a little prophecy left for me? My friend here seems overcome by your good news, but I am made of sterner stuff. I can bear to hear my future, even if it's bad. Come on."

Azra continued to ignore him, until, as before, her attendants spoke.

"Azra," they said, "another man would know his future."

Azra shook her head. "Do not seek to know your future," she said. "Less fortunate than Bethson, though perhaps happier, you will die a poor man—but leave behind you a son who will be one of the richest men in the world."

The idea of his ten-year-old boy Floyd becoming the richest man in the world made Banks laugh out loud, and he turned to Bethson, expecting him to join in his amusement, but his partner seemed hardly to have heard. Bethson pushed forward again.

"I must hear more of this, Azra," he said. "You are right; my name is Bethson, and I am a poor and unknown broker. The rest is nonsense. Director of the moon—what does that mean? Of the Luna Mine? Why, my good Azra, Mr. Cawdor, the present chairman, is one of the healthiest people I ever knew and my uncle's best friend. And as for being the owner of this castle, if he should die tonight, I happen to know he has left everything to charity. What do you make of that?"

But Azra did not reply or even look up; and at some unseen signal the two attendants dropped the curtains and stepped inside the tent themselves. The two young men stood alone in the hall.

The storm was over now, and the normal light of late afternoon began to filter down from the row of remote windows, but so dimly that the tent was hardly visible.

"Where did they disappear to?" asked Banks, peering about.

"I wish that she had waited a moment," said Bethson.

"Was she here at all? Or was it all a little private vision of your own, after a hard day?"

"So Floyd is to be the richest man in the world, Banks?"

"Yes—if you are to inherit Castle Douglas."

"And to direct the mine—wasn't that it?"

"That was the idea."

A silence fell upon them, but a different silence to each man. Banks might have walked about smiling to himself and whistling with his hands in his pockets, so unimpressed was he with the experience, as soon as the influence of Azra's presence was withdrawn; but Bethson was still plainly under the spell.

The tower door opened, and—not the footman, but Duffield, came to meet them. Duffield was Mr. Duncan's lawyer—an honorable, implacable Scotchman, utterly devoted to his chief. Twenty years before, Duncan had picked him out of the drudgery of an eternal clerkship in a great firm and promoted him to fortune as his personal counsel. In return every interest and emotion of Duffield's life were concentrated on the old man.

"Ah, Bethson," he said, "Mr. Duncan is eager to see you. He knows all you did for him today. I thought it would be as well to prepare you for a suggestion he is about to make to you. Don't argue about it; he mustn't be excited. He's had a hard day. He means to make you chairman of the board—the Luna."

Banks gave a little exclamation, but his partner did not even smile.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Duffield," he said. "Cawdor is still chairman of the board?"

"He was. Didn't you know that it was Cawdor you were fighting today? He was the leader in that dirty plot to get the control away from your uncle. I really haven't had time to find out just how he did it, but he's finished."

Duffield turned toward the narrow door, followed by Banks, but they were obliged to call Bethson twice before he joined them.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Duffield.

"He can't get used to his new honors," answered Banks, who thought it better not to mention magic to a nature as practical as Duffield's.

In the tower room Mr. Duncan was still lying back in his deep long chair. He was an immensely tall old man—well over six feet. His face was of a waxy whiteness, and his sparse white hair still grew in strange cowlicks that had always given him trouble. His arms were unusually long, and his pale hands dangled almost to the floor. When he moved, which he did as little as possible, his motions had a slow rhythm as if he were listening to the beat of his own heart. He had trouble with his heart. There was something priestlike in his air. As a young man he had wished to study for the ministry; it was thought that he had a talent for preaching.

He belonged to that class of money-makers, not uncommon in America, to whom the working of a mine, or the exploitation of a country, or the organization of a business, is not a practical chore, but a romance, a creation, a form of self-expression. He had been fortunate in making his first large sum of money when he was still a young man, and it had kept on rolling in, even after he had ceased to be interested in money and had come to the second phase—the period when what he wanted, what he thought worth working for, was power. Now as an old man he had completed the circle and come back to the ambition of his youth—he was interested in the welfare of the world—something of a preacher, but a preacher in deeds, not words. He had immense schemes for better housing, better education, better health conditions for the poor. It was known that all his gigantic fortune was to go to these ends. He had no relatives in the world except Bethson, who was the child of his sister. He was known to disapprove of the enriching of individuals by great legacies. He felt as many men feel who have made their own fortunes, that the only excuse for the possession of great wealth is the ability to make it. It was well known that he had left Bethson ten thousand dollars in his will—something more than the young man made, in good years, out of his share of the firm's business.

Duncan moved only his eyes as Duffield and the two younger men entered.

"My dear Beth," he said, "you have done me such a service today that I don't know how to thank you. But you shall not find me ungrateful."

Beth stood looking down at his elderly relative, and his face lit up in a smile. "I'm glad you're pleased, sir," he said, "but I feel I only did what it was up to me to do; and what, as a matter of fact, gave me great satisfaction."

Duncan's slow smile was not unlike Bethson's as he answered: "I mean to give you a great opportunity, Beth. And I must not forget Mr. Banks, to whom I am almost equally indebted. But, Beth, my dear boy, I have decided to put you in as chairman of the Luna board—in place of Cawdor. Yes, yes; I know—you've had no experience; but I need someone there whom I can absolutely trust." The two men exchanged a steady look. "I believe, too, that you have the makings of a good executive. I'll be behind you."

While Bethson was expressing his gratitude Banks was studying the old man, who looked to him pitifully frail.

"See here, sir," he said, "I don't think you're looking just right. You ought to get away and take a good long rest."

Duffield looked at Duncan as a faithful dog looks at his master. "He has not been sleeping," he murmured.

"The boats whistle off the point all night long," said Duncan, "and tonight I suppose this fête will be going until almost daybreak. I did not think of that when I said they could have the grounds."

"I tell you what you do, sir," said Bethson; "you motor over to my house for the night. I guarantee that it will be as quiet as the grave." Duncan put the idea aside with a smile and a flap of his long pale hand, but Bethson, his eager vivid face lit up with the excellence of his idea, pressed it: "Do come, sir! You haven't been over for ages. And Lila will be sure to make you comfortable."

"Ah, Lila," said Duncan, in a tone that went beyond praise. "I don't think you know Mrs. Bethson, Duffield?"

"It's generally felt that Beth married far beyond his merits," said Banks. "She's the most beautiful being ——"

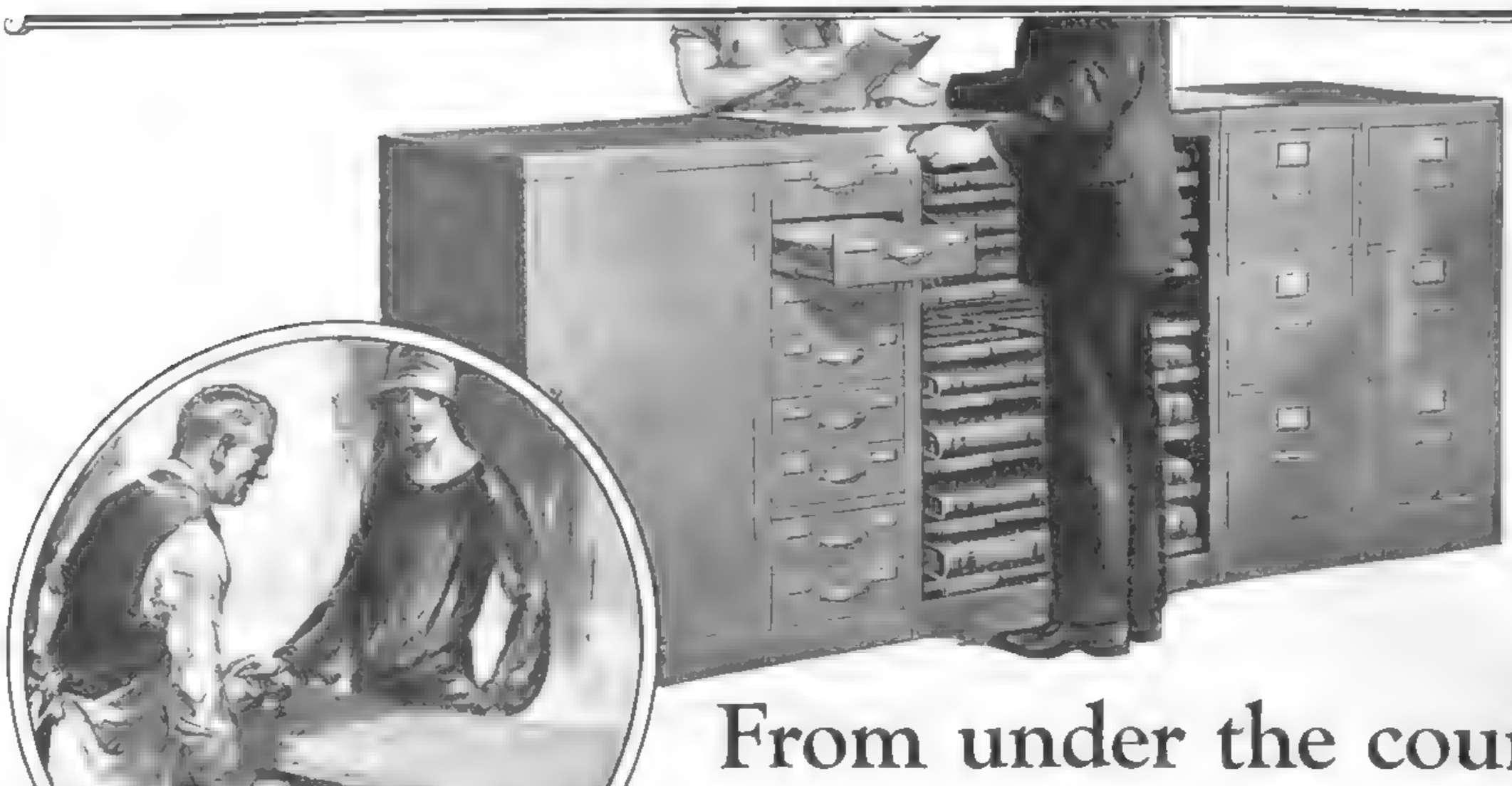
The old man corrected this crude estimate. "Far more than a beauty, Duffield. A good wife. In this individualistic age when most women regard their interests as different, even antagonistic to their husbands', she is a true partner. Beth's interests are hers. I'm a great admirer of your wife's, Beth. But, no, I don't think I'd better come. I'm a troublesome visitor—an invalid—I have to bring my servant with me. It's a good deal of a strain for a small household."

"Oh, nothing puts Lila out," answered Bethson; "especially nothing that she does for you."

Duncan smiled at the younger man's enthusiasm, but Duffield added his persuasions. The old man turned to him almost irritably, rapping some papers that lay on the table.

Duffield bent over and said in a lower voice, "I'll stay on here and make the final draft from the notes you've made, and then I'll drive over early in the morning ——" His voice fell lower and lower.

(Continued on Page 109)



From under the counter he pulled out—*profits*

What store keepers taught general business

From a shelf under his counter, the grocer produced a bag of sugar, the baker a loaf of bread, the haberdasher an assortment of neckwear.

In retail businesses, where every penny looked the size of a dollar, counters became more than counters. The precious space *under* the counter had to earn its keep and its profit. Yet it had never occurred to office folk to borrow this practical idea.

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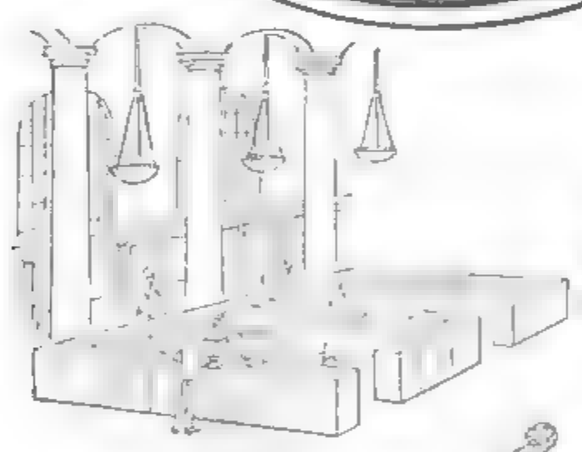
For the first time offices could utilize the whole space occupied by the counter. For now the counter became a filing cabinet—to file correspondence, card records, daily reports and many other papers.

L.B. Steel counter-hight units are just the right height to do business over. Made in units or sections, they will fit any required space area, and are topped with battleship linoleum, to provide an ideal working surface.

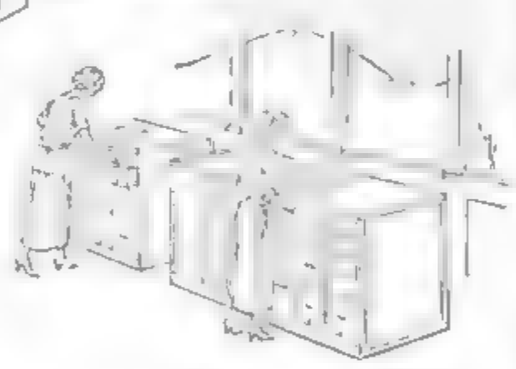
Today thousands of offices are saving not merely floor space but expensive *cubic feet* of space with L.B. Steel counter-hight units. These are as sturdy, as easy to operate, as the L.B. "Aristocrat", the famous 4 drawer steel file. And as beautiful, too—in the baked-on olive green finish, or a duplication in steel of the charm of original grained African mahogany.

L. B. Steel counter-hights have been adapted to other practical office uses, as illustrated at left. Consult the nearest of our 47 offices or mail coupon for details about L. B. Counter-hights and any of the 6 Big Divisions of L.B. Service.



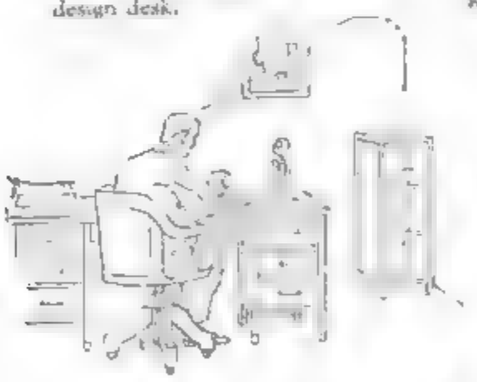
Separates departments

Many offices use L.B. Steel counter-hights to separate one department from another without obstructing the view of the entire office.



For private offices

Many executives prefer an L.B. Steel counter-hight unit for private use. Set on a low base it harmonizes with the sanitary design desk.



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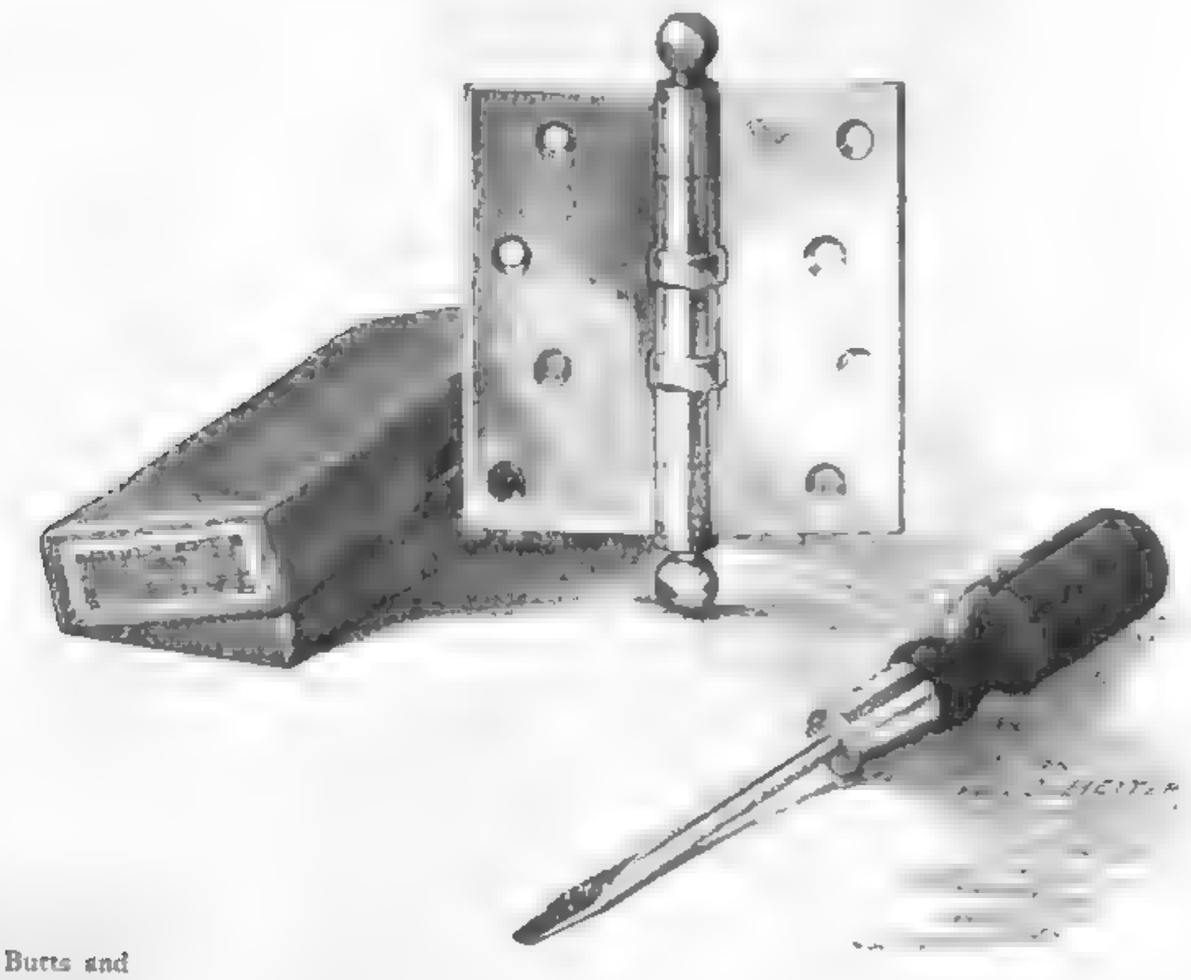

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GARAGE HARDWARE—DOOR BUTTS HINGES AND BOLTS—CARPENTERS AND HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

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(Continued from Page 106)

Duncan nodded, and turning to his nephew, said, "Very well, my dear boy, thank you. I'll come if you'll telephone Lila and ask her if it will be convenient. No, not here. There's a telephone in the library. I shall be starting in about half an hour. Will you drive over with me?"

"No, thank you, sir; I have my own car here. I'll start at once, and be there to receive you."

As Bethson crossed the hall on his way to the library he saw that the purple tent had vanished. He could almost have persuaded himself that it had never been.

There was some delay about getting his number, and as he sat waiting, with the receiver at his ear, Banks came sauntering into the room.

"Do you know what the business is that they're so busy about?" Bethson shook his head, and Banks went on. "The old man is making a new will. No, no, dear boy, don't let your face light up. Prophecy or no prophecy, you are not to get a penny more than the little legacy under the old one. It's not love of you, but having tired of Cawdor that's stirring him up. In fact he was in such a rage that it seems he tore up his old will before he got the new one signed. Cawdor was an executor and had all sorts of profitable trusteeships and things under the old one. Duncan—and I must say I feel for him—would rather die intestate than have Cawdor profit in any way by his death. It would make the old fellow look rather soft, wouldn't it, to have left as executor a fellow who had just tried to throw him out of his own mine?"

At that moment Bethson got his number, and Banks attributed the concentrated look in his eyes to that. He went away and left him telephoning. He telephoned some time. Banks went out and looked at the fête and then sauntered out in front, and studied the weather. He had been there a long time when Bethson finally appeared. The earlier arrangement had been that Banks was motoring home with Bethson for the night, but now Banks had decided to wait and drive over with Duncan.

"Did you tell Lila about the prophecy?" he asked as Bethson stood an instant beside his car, pulling on his gloves

"Certainly. I did not think it fair to keep her in ignorance of her future greatness. Won't you tell Floyd that he's to be the richest child in the world?"

Something in the tone caught Banks' attention. "Look here, Beth," he said. "I don't believe that it's a good idea to dip into this sort of thing. So often mediums and people like that get hold of a bit of information and use it so skillfully that they get a person who doesn't know their methods hypnotized into believing everything they say."

The silence that greeted this remark was so prolonged that Banks, who had been examining a mark on a tire, looked up and found his partner staring before him, arrested as he leaned forward to release his brake.

Banks looked up at him and laughed. "What you thinking about, Beth?" he asked.

Bethson started, and released his brake. "Oh, nothing," he answered, "only my mind works rather slowly, I think, and all these things are—well, they are surprising. I'd like to discuss this whole question of the supernatural with you sometime, Banks. This isn't the first experience I've had."

"Very gladly," answered Banks. He thought the whole thing arrant nonsense, but he saw this was not the moment to say so.

Bethson had some twelve miles to drive; his house stood in a more remote and less desirable part of the island. He drove through narrow lonely sandy roads bordered by low oaks. His attention was not required for any difficulties of traffic, and he had much to think about. Two truths had been told to him—he had been poor and unknown, and suddenly he had been raised to a position of importance and dignity. The thing was really extraordinary! What was he to think of it? Wasn't it simpler to believe in the supernatural than to invent a series of coincidences by which Azra could have become aware of his uncle's intentions? Some people would call it thought transference. Yes, the idea of making him chairman of the Luna board must have been already in Duncan's mind, though not in his, Bethson's. But then, in whose mind was it that he should be the inheritor of the castle? Not in his; he had known at the time that Duncan had destroyed his will. If the old man should die tonight this one night out of all eternity

His imagination saw it all as if it were already true, he saw himself standing in his uncle's place, rich and powerful; he saw Lila triumphant, beautiful, satisfied at last.

If it could only be! Tomorrow Duncan would have made his new will. If it could only be tonight! If that fluttering heart of the old man would give out tonight! If there were a way to make it ——

What was prophecy? A reading of the minds of men? A reading of the mind of God? How then could it be evil? If it were evil how could it be true? He was chairman of the Luna board—a thing which seemed outside the bounds of possibility when it was first suggested—more impossible by far than that an old man with a weak heart should die that very night. If prophecy was a divine gift why was he so obsessed with an idea that made his heart beat so that he could feel it throbbing against his ribs? No, it could not be that on this familiar road, where he knew every turn, every tree, he had actually contemplated murder. He was not a murderer. He was a struggling young stockbroker motoring home to his wife.

He turned away from the idea—and the world seemed strangely flat and dull and worthless, as if he had lost a great hazard. He turned toward it again, and was afraid—hideously afraid. But why should he be afraid of something that he did not intend to do?

Well, there was only this night to live through—one way or the other. Tomorrow the thing would be impossible. By this time tomorrow he would have resisted the temptation—and lost the chance. This time tomorrow he would be driving home as usual, thinking over the little details of the day's work, wondering as usual if he had done well in this or that, and what Lila would think.

Just what was it that he had said to Lila over the telephone? Her mind worked like a flash of lightning. She had seen the whole thing before the words were out of his mouth. His own imagination was rapid, and formed pictures, but they were nothing but pictures—not springs of action. Lila was different—she did not see visions, she made plans.

The cold chill of terror came over him again. What did Lila expect him to do? The haunting horror of his life was that Lila would come to despise him. She was stronger than he, and braver and cleverer. He knew his own weakness—he lacked decision, avoided action. In critical moments, however, she had so far had the power of driving him to do what she thought was best—what had always turned out to be best. Suppose they came to a situation in which he refused to let her dominate?

A bad crossroad with two cars approaching from different directions distracted his mind and forced him to put all his attention on his driving. When the little crisis was over, he found the black cloud had lifted from his spirit. The whole thing had been one of those ridiculous waking nightmares into which imaginative people sometimes plunge themselves. He smiled.

"No," he said to himself, "if Fate intends me to be my uncle's heir, Fate will have to manage it without any assistance from me."

II

LILA BETHSON had put on a fresh pink cotton dress and was waiting for her husband. There had never been a time in all the eight years of her marriage when his return failed to be the climax and happiness of the day. She was hideously disappointed in his achievement, and yet she loved him. Her marriage had been a tragedy, and yet she loved him. She looked at life and at him with the perfect clarity of the pessimist, and yet she loved him; he was the only person in the world she did love. She knew that for good or evil their union was indissoluble—it had the inevitable quality of the mating of complementary natures. Had he been the woman and she the man, they would have been happy. They were not happy, but they were in love.

She had been, and at thirty still was, a great beauty. Walk but a block in the streets of any city with Lila Bethson, and you would see every pair of eyes you passed turn to her with a look of startled pleasure. Her hair was black with cloudy blue shadows in it. She wore it drawn into a knot

(Continued on Page 111)

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR PRUNES

The "Traffic Cops" of your system

No system of traffic regulation ever devised by Man approaches that of Nature. Nature has given the body all the equipment it needs to run smoothly. All it asks is a little regulating help. And Sunsweet Prunes supply it!

Eaten every day, Sunsweet Prunes become the "traffic cops" of your system. Through their gentle laxative action they keep the "traffic lanes" open, avoid congestion at Nature's cross-ways, and regulate the movement of the food you eat.

See that your breakfast *every day* starts off with California's finest fruit-food—Sunsweet Prunes, stewed or baked, with cream or without. This simple health-habit will put more "go" into your day—and more days into your life. Try it!

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Please send me, free, your Sunsweet Recipe Packet

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When virgin wool warmth *tells*

These burly overcoats look good on almost any man. There's a charm to the wide collars, monster pockets, big inverted pleats.

But for the real test of warmth, wait until Winter's first blast. Then, if you are wearing a Jacobs Oregon City, you'll know what *virgin* wool means to an overcoat.

Virgin wool is softer and warmer because it is *new*, live, real fleece—*not* wool cloth that has been worn and then reworked, but is still described as "all wool." We select the fleece from hardy mountain sheep of the West. This we weave into fabrics by processes that have come down from 59 continuous years of *woolen*-craft at Oregon City.

Naturally, when you look for style in our overcoats you find it—style as smart as you see on any of the Avenues. You can be sure of Oregon City quality for we make both fabric and garment. Our pure virgin wool label is your guarantee.

See our overcoats in your city

Go and try on the new Jacobs Oregon City models. Note the range of styles—everything from young men's models, with the smart yoke backs and draping skirts, to our famous ulster-great-coat, "The Storm Boy."

Write for illustrated story-booklet, "At the End of the Oregon Trail." Oregon City Woolen Mills, established in 1864 by I. & R. Jacobs. Mills and tailoring shops at Oregon City, Oregon. Sales offices in all principal cities.

• • • •

Jacobs Oregon City Virgin Woolens

Overcoats Mackinaws Boys' Suits
Trousers Flannel Shirts Lounging Robes
Motor Robes Indian Blankets Fine Bed Blankets

EARLY in the spring before the exodus from winter feed lots to mountain pastures, shearing time comes 'way out West. Strong, skillful workers handle the sheep beneath the clippers. Around the sheds, shouting men and barking dogs are "working" the bands. Some sheep are waiting their turn to be shorn; others, just clipped, are about to start for lower mountain valleys where the snow is already gone. Distant white-crowned peaks raise their lofty heads from a necklace of foothills. What a picture! The romance of this great wool country is the romance of Oregon City woolens

Jacobs Oregon City Woolens

PURE VIRGIN WOOL ~ WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN

(Continued from Page 109)

at the nape of her neck like an Italian madonna, but there was nothing of the madonna in the firm forward thrust of the jaw. Her smile had no humor in it—her outlook on life was too tragically clear for humor—but it could have a blessed friendliness which was beautiful and flattering; only sometimes it showed, as her pretty lips unclosed, her small teeth set like the teeth of a skull. She was slender, with that length between knee and thigh that suggests a nymph hunting on foot. With her small well-made hands she could do anything, and everything she did was perfect. She could cook and sew, make her own clothes, cover her own chairs, plant her own garden.

When she and Bethson fell in love she had been not only a beauty but a fashionable beauty. Fashion is usually open to superlatives, and Lila's beauty was as much cajoled and run after as a great fortune is supposed to be. Splendid marriages were offered to her on both sides of the Atlantic. It was her misfortune that she fell in love with Bethson. She did not want to love him. Young as she was, life seemed to her such a cruel game that she demanded all the distractions of material luxury and success to keep her from looking at things as they are. But whether she wanted to love him or not, she did; and it maddened her to see that he regarded her as utterly unattainable; that he worshiped her and dreamed of her, but that he was ready to break his heart by renouncing her. She was ready to break hers by marrying him.

In a way it had not seemed such a foolish marriage for her. Although he was only a clerk he was the nephew of the most conspicuous figure in the financial world at the time. It was generally known that he was not to be Duncan's heir, but Lila said to herself there would be plenty of opportunities for a clever man. She was wrong; Duncan was not a man who fed those about him with crumbs from his table. On one or two occasions when Bethson acted on what he believed to be secret information derived from his position in Duncan's office, he had been mistaken, and his small savings were twice swept away.

The old man, who had disapproved of the marriage—he had a deep prejudice against the idea of a fashionable beauty as a poor man's wife—soon grew fond of Lila, and it was through her influence that he helped Bethson to buy a seat on the Stock Exchange and form the firm of Bethson & Banks. Banks was a cousin of Bethson's, on his father's side—no relation of Duncan's; though the old man liked and approved of him. Nominally they were Duncan's brokers, but actually—for the old man liked to keep his own counsel—he spread his business among many. The young firm of Bethson & Banks made not much more than its living.

The two partners always told themselves and each other that next year they would do better—they were still young. But Lila with her terribly clear vision knew that they would never do better; that with the death of Duncan in a few years they would lose much of the business which they already had. Bethson, brilliant and charming, but oversensitive and lacking in determination; Banks, honest and not overclever—what chance had they in the tremendous competition of Wall Street? Ah, if she had been a man!

For the first few years of her marriage she had kept on seeing the people with whom she had been brought up, especially those who lived not far away on Long Island. Though they were poor and Bethson's hours long and irregular, they would often motor twenty miles in their jiggly little car to some great dinner or ball. But as time went on Lila began to see that she was no longer one of them; she was asked to the less amusing parties, almost as a favor.

She was too proud to be anything but an equal, and she suddenly cut herself off from all her old group. Except for her husband she lived alone. She never regretted the sacrifice she had made, but she did not underestimate it.

Bitter and thwarted as she was, her feeling for Bethson was so tender—so almost maternal in a way—that she never allowed a trace of reproach or complaint to creep into her attitude toward him. He would have been sensitive to this. He was well aware that he had not given her what beauty like hers could so easily have commanded. He knew that strength of will in a man is the most powerful of all sex appeals, and he was only too conscious of a certain infirmity of purpose in himself. He often thought that he could die quite happily if in dying he could leave with her the remembrance of a heroic figure.

His telephone message came to her after a long day of loneliness. More waves than sound waves come over a telephone. Their minds had met. He gave her nothing but the mere facts: The prophecy—the fulfillment of the prophecy—the second prophecy—and the coming visit.

In Fact He Was in Such a Rage That It Seems He Tore Up His Old Will Before He Got the New One Signed

She hung up the receiver with that calm almost saintlike look that comes with a great resolution. She was not astonished at the plan that formed instantly in her mind, but she was surprised to know, as she did know, that it was also in his. After all these years she should have known that she had touched the most fundamental difference in their different natures—to him a plan was a dream, to her it was a motive. She had as good or perhaps better intellectual equipment than her husband, but she shunned philosophy and abstract thought, for the simple reason that it was too painful; the pattern she saw was so hideous that she avoided it as she would have avoided strolling for pleasure through the wards of a hospital. Therefore when she thought definitely about the future it was only for a good reason—that she meant to act. If she thought—as she was now thinking—of the murder of this old man of whom she was in a measure fond, the thought had all the horrors of the deed, she faced it once and for all.

But Bethson, who had also been thinking of it, thought very differently. He thought not of the horrors but of the result; he saw himself master of all the power and money in the world. He saw Lila mistress of her life. His mind leaped the barrier between what was and what might be without looking at it. If he had looked at it as honestly as Lila did, he would never have leaped it, even in imagination. But as he enjoyed the daydreaming, he simply did not look. There seemed to him nothing cowardly in such a habit of mind, nothing false or vacillating in contemplating something wholly in the realms of fancy. But to Lila, who knew his ways without understanding them, there seemed, even when trifling decisions were involved, something of futility, almost of dishonor in his being willing to play with an idea which he had as a matter of fact not the least intention of ever putting into action.

The delight of the creative nature in building a dream and blowing it away, and building another, was not conceivable to her; but, as she loved him, she saw something noble even in an aspect of his nature that she disliked. She said to herself now that it was his essential gentleness that would restrain him. He desired success, was not without ambition, but was without the ruthlessness that must go with it. Well, she thought, she was ruthless enough for both of them.

It was after seven when she heard his car and saw him at the door—saw with a little catching at her heart that he looked worn and tired and hollow cheeked. He came into the sitting room and caught her in his arms

She held him off and looked at him, as at a returning hero.

"At last," she said, "at last, my dear, your great moment! I have always felt you would do it. Since your telephone I have felt as if it were already done."

"My dearest love," he said almost in a whisper. "Duncan is arriving at once."

"And when is he going away?"

His gaze shifted from her and he answered, with something artificial in his rapid utterance, "Tomorrow, I believe the plan is."

Lila fixed her large black eyes on him, compelling him to look at her, and then she slowly shook her head. "No," she said, "not tomorrow; nor even the day after. Beth, your face is more honest than your tongue. Be careful. If I can read your plans so clearly perhaps other people can."

"I have no plans," he said.

She smiled, very sweetly, as a mother might smile at the easily read cunning of a child. "The guest that's coming must be cordially welcomed," she said. "I have had an hour to think out all the details."

"Lila, if I understand you right ——"

"Oh, my dear, we have always understood each other!"

"This is something that must be carefully discussed."

"You need do nothing but be your own cordial cheerful self. Leave all the rest to me."

He stood absolutely still, staring at her, while she, though she returned his look, had all the quiet little gestures of a person entirely at ease. In the silence a motor horn was heard at the gate. Without another word they moved together to the front door.

Duncan never approached his nephew's house without a vivid impression of its beauty and peace. It was one of the many low clapboarded farmhouses which the English settlers of Long Island built so wisely in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This was one of the earlier ones. It was only one story high, except for its gabled roof. The original shingles had never been painted and were now of a uniform silver gray.

The house stood firm and square on the ground, with lilac bushes and box about it. Your first impression was that it had been utterly untouched, and indeed the only addition the Bethsons had ever been able to afford was a servant's wing at the back, which did not appear from the road.

"I love this place," Duncan said to Banks as they got out of the car. "The south wind brings just a taste of salt air from the sea, with none of its chill."

"Those old farmers knew how to place a house," Banks answered. "I always notice the old houses are set with a knowledge that seems to be lost by modern architects."

The door opened, and Lila in her pink dress stood on the threshold.

"Ah, there she is," said Duncan. "Lila, my dear, I hope I'm not giving you too much trouble."

"If you were which, of course, you're not—it would be a pleasure. Dear Uncle John, how can I ever thank you enough for what you've just done for Beth? He has been telling me about it."

"Where is the chairman of the Luna board?" asked Duncan. He stepped heavily out of the car with the assistance of his valet, Ross. "I had rather expected to pass him on the road, and get here before him, but he drives like the wind, especially when he is driving home to you, my dear; and I, for one, don't blame him."

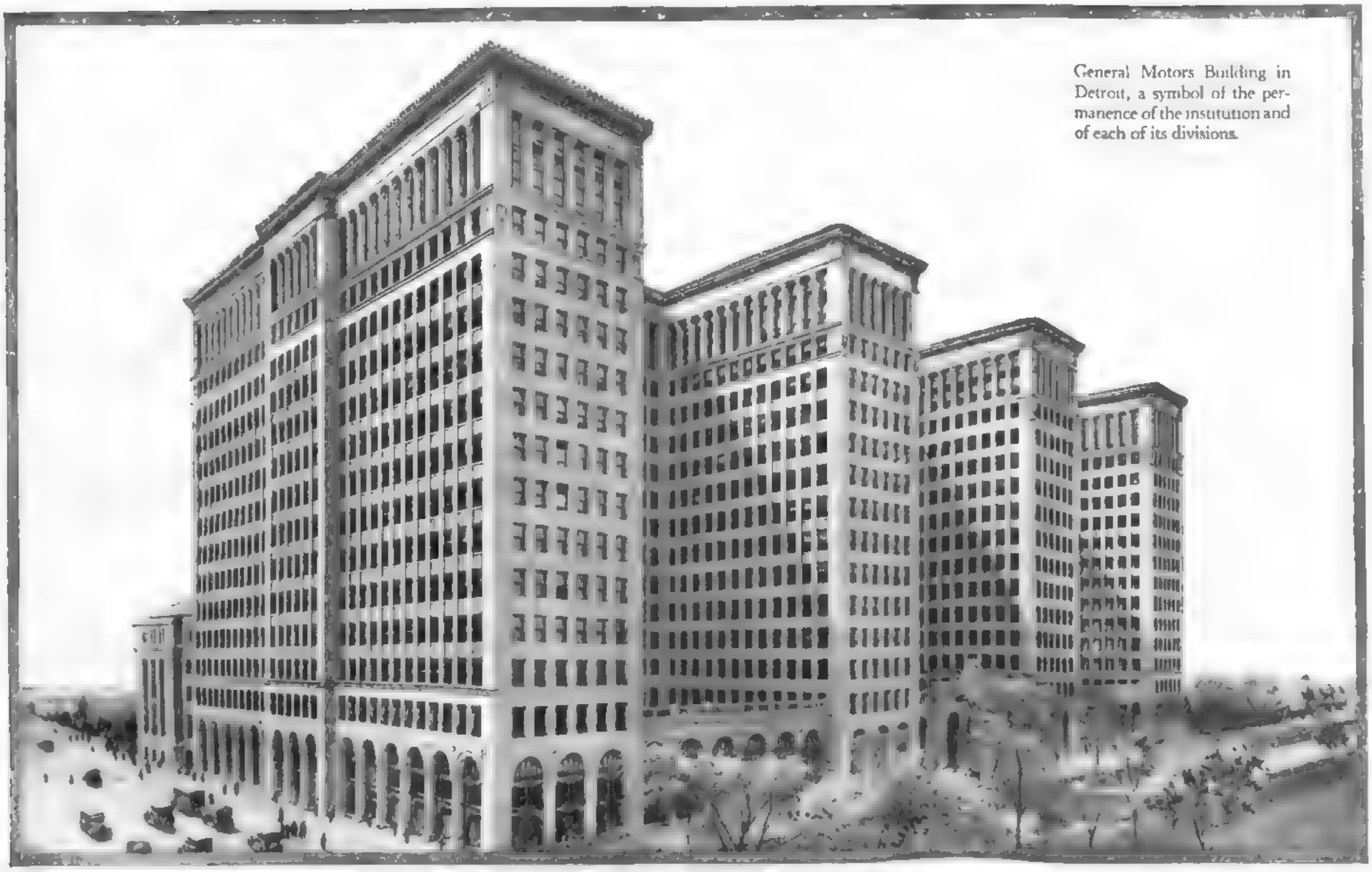
The Bethsons were served by a Swiss couple whom Lila had taught and worked with and trained until they were more efficient than many larger households. At the same time with a man as much of an invalid as Duncan, it was a convenience that he always brought his own man. Ross waited on table.

Dinner was very gay. The hostess was as merry and beautiful as a happy child. Bethson seemed a trifle abstracted, but it was hardly noticeable. Duncan liked to talk of poetry and legends and remembrances of his youth. He liked to recite verses that he remembered with pleasure, and Lila's flattering attention made it easy.

When, after coffee had been served, Bethson left the table, his going was hardly noticed, though Lila, as he went, gave a casual explanation. "He must have gone for cigars," she said.

He had gone to be alone or, rather, to be away from her; to be free from the continual suggestion of what was to come, which every smile and word of hers made to his imagination. It seemed to him utterly impossible that he had ever for an instant contemplated a crime—a crime,

(Continued on Page 114



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2 Many minds are better than one. No American automobile company is more than 29 years old, but the car and truck divisions of General Motors have an aggregate experience of more than 100 years, which is available for each separate division in the development of its cars.

3 You can pay for a General Motors car out of income, just as you pay for a home. The General Motors Acceptance Corporation makes this possible, through resources which place it among the nation's principal banking institutions.

4 In Detroit and in Dayton, General Motors maintains the largest automotive laboratories in the world —two co-operating organizations of scientists and engineers, working constantly for progress in the automotive industry.

• • • • •

Thus General Motors, the family, is more than the sum of its members, for it adds a contribution of its own to the contributions made by each individual company. And these united contributions, crystallized in added value, find their way to you.

You recognize the trademarks on these two pages. They are the crests of manufacturing members of the General Motors family—symbols made valuable by years of public confidence.

"Product of General Motors" is your assurance that back of each company are the resources and strength of the whole family of which it is a part.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

REMY

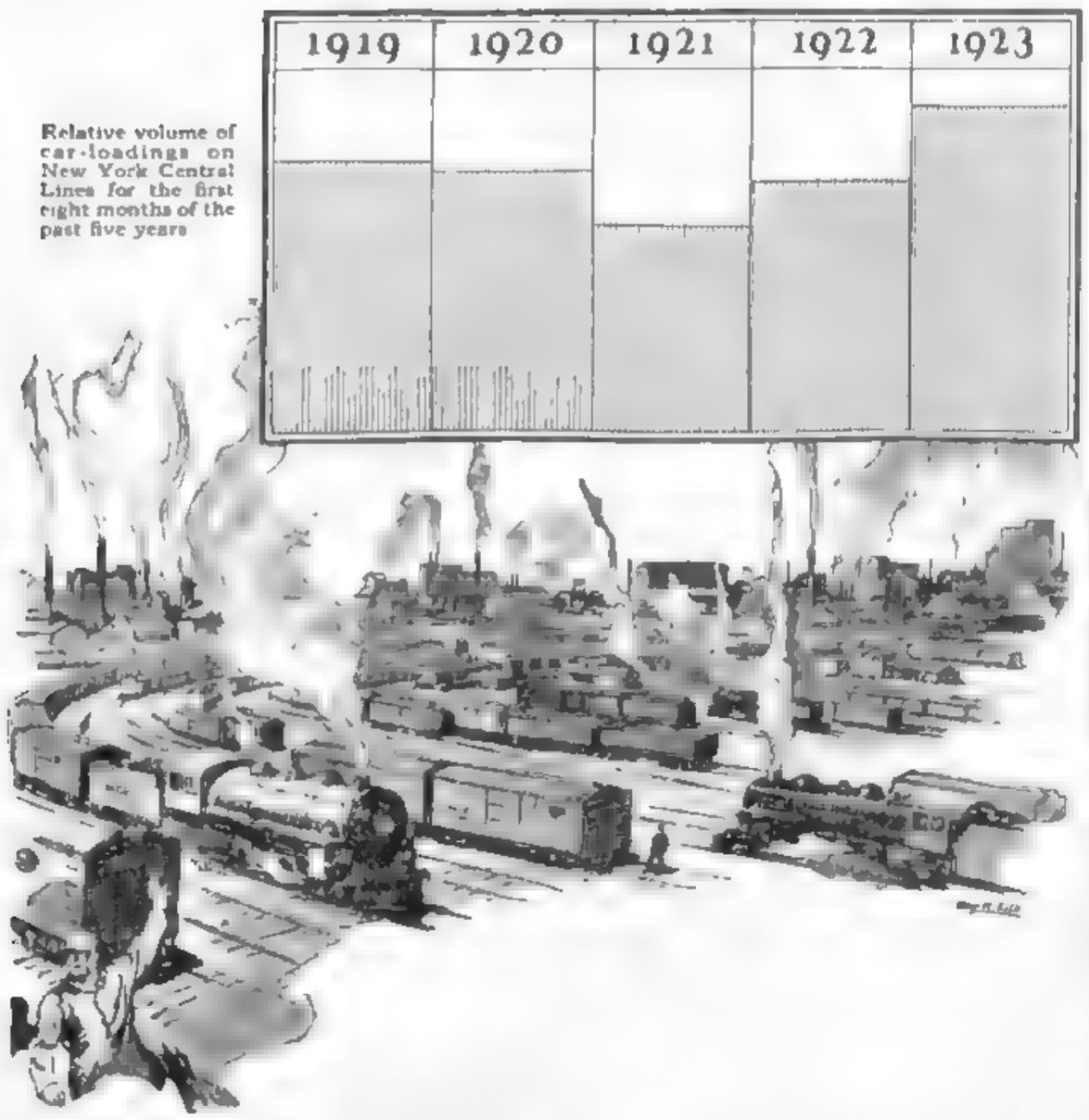
HARRISON EXAGON

STEERING GEARS
JAXON
RIMS

HYATT
Quiet
Roller Bearings

Frigidaire

MOTORS



Relative volume of car-loadings on New York Central Lines for the first eight months of the past five years

A Business Barometer

New York Central Lines traffic is a barometer of national prosperity.

This transportation system, serving the whole north-eastern industrial section of the United States, is the main artery of commerce between the Mississippi Valley and the North Atlantic ports. The volume of traffic moving from day to day, therefore, accurately reflects variations in production in the basic industries of the country.

This year a new peak in American business is reflected in a new high record in New York Central freight movement.

During the first eight months of the year 3,123,640 cars were loaded at stations on the New York Central Lines, an increase of 21.9% over 1919; 23.1% over 1920; 52.5% over 1921; and 28.3% over 1922. Including freight received from other lines at our terminals and connecting points, the total movement in this period has aggregated 5,500,000 carloads.

That this record volume of work has been performed with remarkable freedom from traffic delays is due as much to the efficient service of the army of New York Central men as to the well-known policy of the New York Central management in providing an adequate reserve of equipment and facilities to meet the demands of peak traffic.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY—MICHIGAN CENTRAL—BIG FOUR—PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

(Continued from Page 111)

moreover, against his kinsman and benefactor, a man who had always used his great power temperately, justly; a man who had come to him for rest and peace; his guest. The idea seemed like a silly dream—dreamed by somebody else.

He stepped out on the grass which grew between the house on one side and an old apple orchard on the other. The storm, though it had cleared away so that the stars were visible, had not entirely gone, but was grumbling and lightening on the horizon. He walked some time alone, and then he saw Lila come through the long lighted window looking for him. He did not speak, he did not want her to see him, but she came to him at once and slipped her bare arm through his.

"We've finished coffee, my darling," she said, and her tone was that of a woman almost swooning with love.

"Has he been asking for me?"

"Didn't you know he had? I sent Emil to look for you. He can't bear you out of his sight."

His whole figure became tense, and his voice had that note of finality which is so apt to armor a weak decision.

"Lila," he said, "we won't go on with this business." He could not see her face, and her body did not move, but he was conscious in the darkness that her whole being was withdrawing itself from his. He felt like a child lost in a hostile crowd, like a man whose god has deserted him, but he went on: "He's really fond of me—poor old fellow—and now my position with him is so solid—with this chairmanship, I shall be able —— It is idiotic now to risk everything that I already have ——" His voice died away.

She waited until it was obvious he had definitely ceased speaking. Then she said, and her voice had the keen edge of a knife: "It is certainly idiotic to suggest a scheme you have not the courage to put through. I have never complained, Beth; I have never said that I was disappointed in you, or that my life had been a hard, narrow, dull one—much worse than yours. You may believe that I've felt it, though I haven't wanted to make it any bitterer for you, and I haven't seen, up to now, how you could have changed it—being what you are. But a moment has come when you can change it. It will never come back. If you let this moment slip, it means either that you really don't care that you've spoilt my life—or else that you're just afraid. Oh, it isn't that you are so good and pure that you don't want to do this thing. You do, you do! You're sick with ambition, but you're afraid of action. You draw back like a cat that wants to get its nose in the cream pot and is afraid of a whipping; you just—don't dare."

The major horror of his life was coming true—she did despise him.

"I dare do all a man ought to do," he answered.

"And was it the beast or the angel in you that made you suggest this plan?" she returned. "Oh, Beth, you seemed like a superman to me then. I could have fallen down and worshiped you then—all the more because the thing was a crime, because you were risking death and disgrace for my sake. If I were a man I'd blow my brains out before I admitted to the woman I loved that after starting on such a project I could be shooed back again—like a hen trying to cross the road."

"But if we fail?" he said, and his voice sounded pitiful in his own ears.

"We won't." And suddenly, as he had reached the depths of despair, she was back, with her arms about him, whispering in his ear. "Oh, my darling, don't be afraid!" she said. "Listen how simple it is: These heart attacks of your uncle's come on in the early hours of the morning. That is why Ross has to sleep always in a room next—so that he can hear him call and give him a heart stimulant. Tonight Ross won't hear him if he calls; I'll take care of that. Ross will sleep through until morning; but you'll hear him. You'll hear him—whether he calls or not—and you'll go up and give him his drops; other drops. No one will know, no one can know. I have put Banks off in the extension. Everyone will believe that his death was due to Ross' failure to hear his call."

She was standing, but he had sunk, half sitting, on the arm of a heavy chair, and now he turned and buried his head on her shoulder for a few seconds like a child. Then he rose, as if he had forever put away childish things.

"If you had a son like yourself, Lila," he said, "he would have been more of a man than I am."

"I don't want a son," she answered violently. "I want a man "

"Very well," he said; "it's settled." He spoke now with the calm of a real decision, very different from the tone in which he announced his first intention. "We must go in now and make ourselves agreeable to our guests."

She was at once frightened and exultant at seeing that he had taken over the command of their lives.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Buck Hill Falls, Pocono Mountains, Pennsylvania

Getting Ahead

DUTY!

by
J. G. CHAPLINE
President
LaSalle Extension University

Duty—the word has an unpleasant sound, born of the schoolboy impulse to resist doing the things we should do.

Duty—seen in its clear light and followed—blazes the way to happiness and content.

Duty used as the scales, makes difficult problems simple—points the right road to wavering footsteps.

Hew close to the line of duty and you'll climb the heights of achievement.

Duty to those you love points to the path of self-advancement.

Duty to employer and self points to the road of well invested working hours.

Duty is never distasteful when it is coupled with ambition and action.

Only to the shirker—the wisher—the watcher—the waiter, has the word a foreboding ring.

For Duty means right action.

J. G. Chapline

Interesting Facts About LaSalle

LaSalle Extension University was founded in 1908. Its first course was in Law, and the method it employed was so different from the old-time correspondence methods that it immediately won the endorsement of many of the leading jurists and legislators in America. "I had served three terms in Congress and had gray hair before I took up the LaSalle Law Course. I speak from personal experience when I say that LaSalle has reduced the correspondence system of education to a science"—this the testimony of J. Adam Bede, distinguished lecturer, and for many years Congressman from Minnesota.

Today, LaSalle Extension University, thru its seventeen courses, offers training for every important business need.

With financial resources of $7,500,000, with educational and administrative staffs numbering 1600 people, with a total enrollment of over 400,000 and an annual enrollment of 60,000, LaSalle—thru its distinctive Problem Method—has added more than $250,000,000 to the annual earning power of the men it has trained.

LaSalle-trained men are occupying important positions with every large corporation, railroad and business institution in the United States.

"Since my employment with the_____ Co I have had a salary increase of 280 per cent, which I credit to the LaSalle Business Administration Course. Each lesson has had a direct bearing on some business function that I was called on to perform in my daily routine. I am now in full charge of operating of the plant and office, and besides my position have recently been elected secretary of the Chamber of Commerce."
THEODORE H. W. HILSMEIER, Indiana

"When I started your course in Higher Accountancy about seven months ago, I was employed as Cost Clerk; and now I am Collection and Credit Manager for one of the largest candy corporations in the United States. I have also increased my salary 46 per cent as a result of LaSalle training and cooperation in securing my present position. I am only about half way thru the course and I know by the time I have completed it, I will be able to tell you of greater accomplishments." T. C. WORTHINGTON, Wisc

"I was notified (on April 11, 1922) that I was the only one to pass the U. S. Civil Service Examinations for Auditor, Treasury Department, held in Buffalo, in which 40 competed. There were five graduates from other accounting schools, and also public accountants with six to seven years' practical experience who failed to pass this severe examination, and it gives me great pleasure to inform you that the only one who did pass it was a LaSalle Trained Man."
HARRY J. DAVIS, New York

First Came Home-Study Training —*then the $6,000 salary*

WHEN Harry J. Davis, of Buffalo, New York, was plugging away at a routine office job he had one thought—"How can I use my spare time to get me into something that will pay me real money, hold out to me a larger future?"

He found the answer to that question—as thousands and thousands of other men have found it—in home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method.

While other men in the big general offices were wasting their evenings, so far as business advancement was concerned, Davis was working out problem after problem that he knew he must face in the bigger position. He was studying the principles which govern the solution of such problems. He was learning how successful business institutions work them out in actual practice. He was making himself master of an extremely valuable fund of *practical experience.*

While Davis was *preparing* for the position he secretly had in mind, the way seemed dark, beset with obstacles. It took will power to keep to the task. But ahead he saw the realization of his dreams.

One day his friends were surprised to see Davis' picture in the paper and underneath, the following bit of news:

"Although the government is offering $6,000 a year to auditors, Harry J. Davis is the only one of 40 candidates to get a passing mark in a civil service examination for the position of traveling auditor in the income tax unit of the internal revenue department. Mr. Davis goes to Washington for three months' training in the government school of accountancy. Then he will be sent out to examine corporations' income tax returns."

The day had come, and it had found Mr. Davis *ready.* In competition with five graduates of other accountancy schools and public accountants with six or seven years' practical experience, Davis—a young man only twenty-eight—had proved the worth of what he had learned, had added one more piece of evidence in support of the truth that no investment on earth pays such dividends as home-study training.

Reporting the news to the institution that had made his appointment possible, he wrote, "I am prompted by a spirit of gratitude to LaSalle to let you know that my Golden Opportunity has come."

How You Can Profit By the Experience of Others

The paths to advancement are many and various, but every one of them—if the advancement be real and permanent—follows the route of practical experience.

For some that route is rough and tortuous. They must acquire all their "experience" thru their own struggles and mistakes.

For others that route is clear and straight ahead—as witnessed by the following letters from LaSalle-trained men:

"Before I took up with you the study of 'Modern Salesmanship' I was satisfied to sell just enough to get me a fair salary each month, but after your first talk I began to think how foolish I had been, and I went to work with a goal in view. Since the first of the month—and this is only the fifteenth—I have sold as many cars as I had previously sold in the entire month before, and I intend to make this the record-month since I started to sell cars three years ago. I firmly believe that when I finish the course as you outline it in your talks I will be up with the 'topnotchers' in the automobile business. The commissions I have made this month, due to your salesmanship talks, have paid for my course."
FRANK STANLEY, Missouri

"Since forming your acquaintance—as an enrolled member for home study training in law—through your efficient instruction and my diligent work, I have moved from the workshop at one end of the street to the court house at the other end, as judge of one of our most important courts—from 42c an hour to $4,000 a year."
H. O. GOSSETT, Texas.

"Nineteen months ago I was a stenographer with a stenographer's salary and a vague idea that I wanted to know more about my work. Today I have a department of my own in which I handle the work I used to take in dictation, with a 75 per cent increase in salary. The whole field of business has been opened to me, and my aims have gone higher and higher. Recently I have had an offer from the sales manager to represent the company on the road. It's the biggest thing that has come my way, and it's the result of LaSalle training."
L. & M. LEWIS, Ohio.

"Seven years ago, when I started your Business Management course, I was earning less than $1,000 a year. For the past three years I have earned from $4,000 to $8,000 a year, and I am sincere when I say that I believe my present earning capacity is due almost entirely to the education I received from your Business Management course."
C. R. HEANEY, Iowa

"In 1918, while employed in the Car Service Department of the Terminal Railroad Association of St. Louis, I enrolled for your course in Traffic Management. Within three months I was able to step into a better position, at a 30% increase, a position I could not possibly have held without the training I had received. By working during some of my spare time I very easily completed the course; and as to its benefits I will briefly say that my present salary is 900 per cent greater than when I enrolled, and that I can credit LaSalle with most of this. I could not possibly have secured or held my present position without the training I received from the course."
S. G. RITCHIE, Missouri

If It's Training You Need—GET IT!

One of the great delusions that beset the human race is the "hunch" that somehow, some way, a fellow can lift himself by his bootstraps.

Let the OTHER fellow think such things, if he likes. His problem is his own; he may not yet be ready to awaken the sleeping giant within him.

But if YOU have a burning ambition to get ahead—make up your mind right now that you're not going to stalk up and down the world looking for a soft snap.

If it's training you lack, then it's training you're going to GET! And know, please, that to this end LaSalle will gladly help you—to the full limit of its ability.

Below this text there's a coupon. It has meant a great deal to thousands and thousands of men.

But do not sign it, do not put it in the mail, unless you have made up your mind to say good-bye to those things that are inefficient, those ways that are shiftless, and to become in the business world—by all the measures of success—the man you have it in yourself to BE.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Dept. 1171-R Chicago, Illinois

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

- ☐ **Business Management**: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.
- ☐ **Modern Salesmanship**: Training for Salesmen and Advertising Executives, Solicitors, Sales Promotion Managers, Salesmen, Manufacturers' Agents and all those engaged in retail, wholesale or specialty selling.
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy**: Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant etc.
- ☐ **Law: Training for Bar: LL. B. Degree.**
- ☐ **Commercial Law**: Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic**: Training for positions as Railroad, Electric Railway or Steamship Traffic Manager, etc.
- ☐ **Railway Station Management**: Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance**: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods**: Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces: for Executive Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Subforemen, etc.
- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency**: For Executives, Managers, Office and Shop Employees and those desiring practical training in industrial management, personnel and production.
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management**: Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives in charge of Industrial Engineers.
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice**: Training for Sales and Collection Correspondents, Sales Promotion Managers, Credit and Office Managers, Correspondence Supervisors, Secretaries, etc.
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping**: Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.
- ☐ **Business English**: Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish**: Training for positions in Foreign Correspondence with Spanish-speaking countries.
- ☐ **Effective Speaking**: Training in the art of Effective Speech for Musicians, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**

Name_____ Present Position_____ Address_____

The Timid Salesman and the Bold Booklet

A GOOD salesman can do many things that a printed booklet cannot do. But in fairness to good printing, there are certain places where a good booklet has advantages over an untrained salesman.

A good piece of printed salesmanship is never timid. It is never self-conscious, never frightened by the buyer's indifference, never deceived by the buyer's hints that he can get a better price elsewhere.

The printed message is not oppressed by the fear of losing an order. It never hesitates, never stammers, never fidgets, never looks at its watch, never forgets what it was told to say. It is never upset by telephone interruptions, never looks for a place to deposit a half-burned cigar.

A good booklet never lets the subject be changed, never gets led into a discussion of a competitor's goods or methods, and never forgets to go promptly when the interview is over. Good printing is a salesman that does not have to be trained by bitter experience. The experience of your printer if he specializes in high-grade work is sufficient to keep you from the pitfalls caused by poor paper or too hasty work.

Better printing is a combination of the work of better printers and better paper. It is simple to employ the first; it is easy to select the second. In fact, the employment of a good printer usually means that you will certainly have your work done on printing paper of known and standard quality.

The simple way to prepare effective direct mail advertising is described in a series of books published by S. D. Warren Company. These books are known as the "More Business Series." You can obtain them as they are issued, without cost to you, from any distributer of Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or by writing direct to us.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, 101 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

THE WARREN STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS ARE

better paper ooo better printing

WARREN'S LUSTRO
Glossy coated for highest quality half tone work either in color or black and white

WARREN'S CAMEO
Dull coated paper for artistic half-tone printing. Its surface reflects no light. Also made in cover and post-card weight

WARREN'S WARRENTOWN COATED BOOK
Coated especially developed for process color printing in fine books and catalogs.

WARREN'S CUMBERLAND COATED BOOK
A generally popular, relatively inexpensive glossy coated paper for half-tone printing

WARREN'S SILKOTE
An inexpensive semi-dull surface paper noted for its practical printing qualities. Also made in postcard weight

WARREN'S LIBRARY TEXT
An English finish paper taking medium screen half-tones satisfactorily and without glare

WARREN'S OLDE STYLE
A watermarked antique finish paper which lends dignity and distinction to book work devoted to type and simple line illustrations

WARREN'S PRINTONE
A semi-coated paper especially suited to large edition work requiring half-tones.

WARREN'S CUMBERLAND SUPER BOOK
A super-calendered paper of standard quality for half-tone illustrations, line cuts and text.

WARREN'S CUMBERLAND MACHINE BOOK
A moderately priced machine finish paper of the first quality, suitable for large editions

WARREN'S THINTEXT
For thin editions. 1184 pages to the inch

WARREN'S INDIA
For extra thin edition. 1420 pages to the inch

MY CRYSTAL BALL

(Continued from Page 34)

the *mairie* when suddenly a middle-aged woman, her hair streaked with gray, her eyes aflame with purpose, entered the room. In her hand she clasped a rough-hewn walking staff. On her feet were sabots; there was no covering upon her head. Her dress was of coarse homespun, with a black knitted shawl pinned around her shoulders.

"Monsieur le Maire," she cried, "I want you to send someone to my barn, there to arrest my son, who is hiding and who refuses to do his duty. I can do nothing with him, monsieur. You must drag him out. God has cursed me with a boy who is a coward, and he is my only child! My husband has been dead some ten years."

Though moved by the tragic appeal of her story, the mayor's duty was only too clear. We were curious to follow this to the end, so, forming a procession of two gendarmes, of ourselves and of a few neighbors, we walked silently behind the woman for a distance of a mile, until we reached the shed she indicated.

The men went in and ordered the boy to appear. At the sound of voices he began to utter cries of terror. He was hiding under the straw. At last he was dragged out, his face contorted with fear. He clung to his mother's skirts, he begged her to save him, he urged her to remember that she was casting him forth to certain death.

Not a muscle moved in her face. She was deaf to his appeal. There she stood, upright and rigid, her single utterance addressed to the officers being: "Sirs, do your duty!"

As they turned to go down the mountain the boy made one more gibbering appeal: "Mama, mama, don't you know that I shall die!"

Her only answer was: "I would rather you died fighting for France than to have you live to be a coward!"

There she stood, the concentrated spirit of all that was best in her race, yet as the little procession moved out of sight she threw up her arms, unconsciously making a cross with her body, then swaying for a moment, this poor tortured woman fell forward in a swoon, her courage conquered by a mother's broken heart.

A Crippled Car

At last money reached us. We paid our bills and procured our papers which permitted us to circulate. The chauffeur who had brought us to Brides had left at the first warning of mobilization, but with no inconsiderable cunning he had carefully removed three or four parts of the motor, leaving these with me for safe-keeping in case the authorities should take it into their heads to requisition our car. This turned out to have been a wise precaution, for this very thing happened. I laugh now when I remember the disgusted look of the inspector when he left the car in the garage, muttering that it was useless spending time or money on a worthless machine. We remembered a chauffeur in Paris who was once in our employ. He was too old for the army classes which were being called.

After telegraphing, followed by a long delay, our rescuer Henri arrived. It had taken him exactly five days to come from Paris to Brides, a journey of ordinarily twelve hours. At last we started, a party of seven, as we had assumed the responsibility of several travelers besides ourselves.

At Grenoble we found regiments on the march, and there for the first time discovered the use to which Boy Scouts were to be put, for they were already being trained to serve as messengers under military orders.

It took a while to become accustomed to the constant barrier of armed sentries who recurrently asked to see our official permits, for in those early days of the war everyone was a suspect until proved otherwise.

We had a French car, the body bearing the name of a well-known Parisian carriage builder, although in the provinces this mark was unknown. It had a German twang which was nearly our undoing, for passing through a certain small town the population became excited, and upon examining the automobile and finding this name, insisted that we were German spies, despite our passports and assurances to the contrary. We were finally released and allowed to go on our way because Henri had fought with honor in 1870 and was able to show incontestable proof of this fact.

The emergency of buying tires was coped with rather intelligently. All tires had been requisitioned along our route. The army had gathered them up wholesale. Not a retailer had been allowed to keep any in reserve. I suddenly remembered that a tire factory operating in France but controlled by German capital had been confiscated and closed, yet there was reason to believe that this firm's stock of tires, which had been so widespread, could not be so promptly exhausted. Of course the government would not use them, therefore the dealers must still have them on their hands. My reasoning proved correct, for not only were we henceforth able to buy all the tires we needed but they were sold to us at a reduced price.

Gasoline was a more difficult proposition, as our only chance of securing it was in some shop off the main route which had been overlooked by the itinerant inspectors. Arriving at a certain town we found that our tank was practically empty. This was a garrison city; everything there was under military orders. Not one drop of petrol could be purchased, unless the traveler possessed an army card authorizing the sale.

The landlord of the hotel informed us that our only hope lay in our securing such a card. Where and how to get it? We decided to lunch first and to exercise our wits later.

Liter Upon Liter

Suddenly an imposing general appeared in the dining room. He was alone and seemed crabbed enough, judging by the curtness of his manner. The head waiter whispered that he was the commanding officer in that sector and that it was he who issued the orders.

Our hearts sank. He looked stern and forbidding. We watched him begin to eat. His appetite seemed amazingly good. We comforted ourselves with the thought that by the time he had finished his bottle of Burgundy he might thaw. Our surmise was logical, for when his coffee was served he was actually smiling.

Taking our courage in our hands we crossed the room, saluted with respect, and told him of our plight.

He asked why we were not traveling by train, how it was that we had been allowed to keep our automobile, and a dozen similar embarrassing questions. We lied glibly, dwelt upon our ignorance as foreigners, threw ourselves upon his chivalry, with a result that he consented to give us five liters of gasoline.

Five liters! Only a little more than five quarts, and barely enough to take us to the next town. However, we thanked him in terms of profuse appreciation and under his escort went to the yards of the arsenal, which seemed to us like a vast sea of petrol barrels. The order was given to let us have ten liters instead of five, already a hopeful sign.

We chatted merrily with the general, told him some amusing stories, one of which reached its risible climax just as a soldier was feeding our thirsty tank.

Judge of our relief when our pompous acquaintance with a gesture of rash carelessness exclaimed, "Fill up the reservoir. Let these ladies have whatever they require."

We had triumphed. Once again I was convinced that there are many advantages in being a woman. Personally I have never felt that the sex appeal *per se* required either an apology or a defense. "Male and female created He them," say the Scriptures.

No other incident occurred worth mentioning until at the end of several days we reached Biarritz, where we found Miss de Wolfe awaiting us, as well as many French friends who preferred the security of the south of France to remaining in Paris, for already the country had become divided into the classes of those who were fearless and of those who were afraid, the men who fought and the men who stayed at home, the valiant and the ambuscaded.

The news from the front was bad. The Battle of the Marne was terrifying and ominous. The government had removed to Bordeaux.

After a brief rest, we ourselves decided to push northward. Miss de Wolfe's car had been left in Spain. Our extra fellow voyagers had returned by train, so there was room for us all.

The ALCORUB *Skin-Treatment Guards Against Taking Cold*

WHEN you have taken a hot bath, dried in the usual manner, and rubbed ALCORUB over the entire surface of the body, it produces a warm glow. This glow is evidence of the action of ALCORUB, which dilates the blood-vessels and draws the warm, life-giving blood into the skin-tissues.

Then when you have dashed a second application of ALCORUB over the skin (as directed in the treatment), the skin is cooled, the pores are closed temporarily, and the blood is driven back into the deeper skin-tissues. The skin thereby becomes armored against chilling draughts, and, incidentally, against infection and injury.

Healthy Circulation Keeps You Warm

In spite of furs and wraps, the anemic person is never comfortably warm. But the person with a healthy circulation in the skin seldom feels the cold, nor takes cold readily. ALCORUB protects by increasing the blood-flow to the cells of the skin.

ALCORUB is likewise a stimulant for the nerves of the skin. Its great success lies in the fact that it was formulated with the knowledge that the skin is a physical *organ*—not merely a covering for the flesh. ALCORUB exercises the skin in somewhat the same way that raising and lowering the arm exercises certain muscles.

Wrinkled, Cosmetic-Filled Skins Yield to ALCORUB

ALCORUB does not pretend to replace creams and lotions, powders and rouges. They have their place. ALCORUB does, however, cleanse pores that have been clogged by cosmetics. The ALCORUB Skin-Treatment draws the blood to the surface to nourish the tired, overworked skin.

ALCORUB considers the skin of the entire body *as a unit*. It affects the complexion indirectly by toning up the *complete* cuticle. The face is but *part* of the skin area. True, it is the part that is seen, which is all the more reason for correcting faults at the source.

Begin the ALCORUB Skin-Treatment Tonight

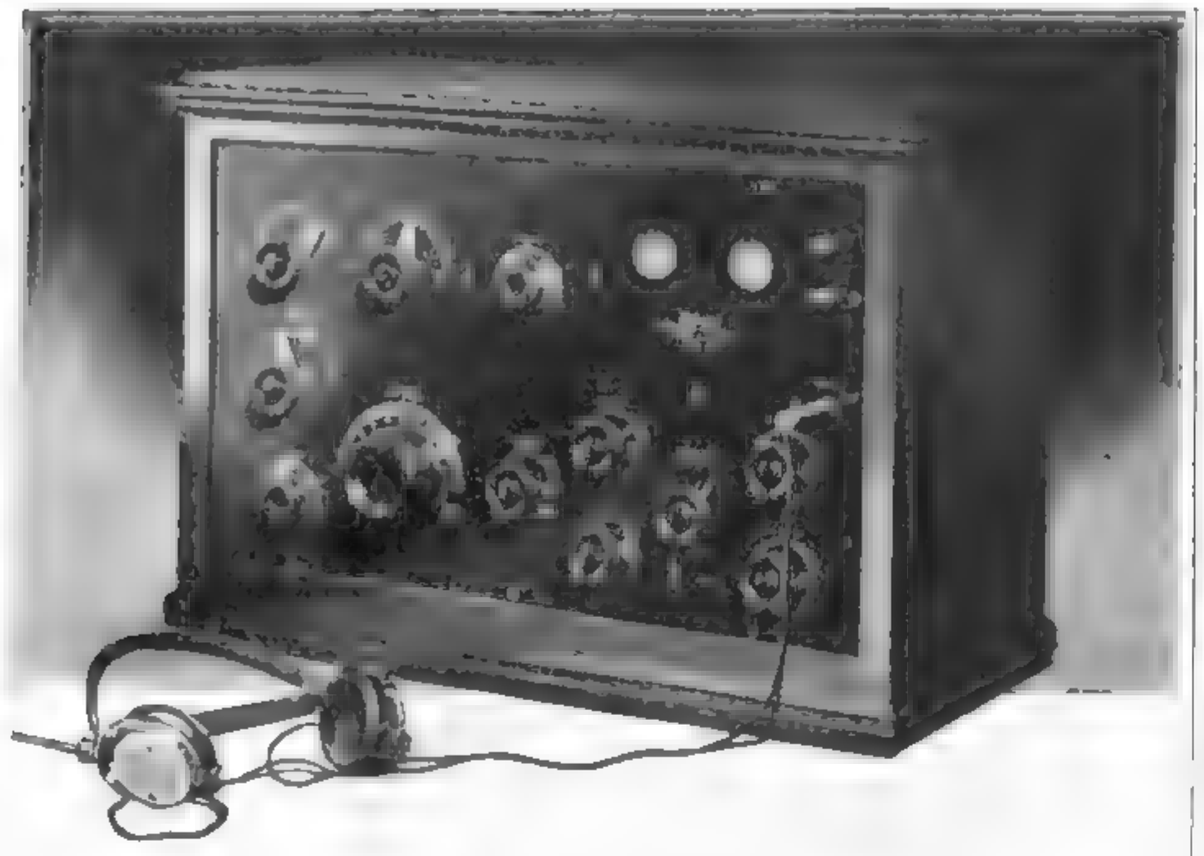
Take a hot bath every other night. Dry the body as usual. Then pour a little ALCORUB into your hand and rub it over the entire surface of the skin. When you feel the glow described above, dash a second application over the skin and *let it evaporate*. Do not rub in this second application.

Keep up this treatment until you actually *see* the improvement in your skin. It has helped thousands—it will help *you*. Persevere with ALCORUB and you will have a skin to be proud of—and fewer "colds." Ask for ALCORUB at your druggist's or at department stores. Write for the ALCORUB folder.

U. S. INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL CO.
NEW YORK

ALCORUB

For the Beauty and Health of the Skin



Federal Announces

The Newest Advancement in Radio

The new Federal Receiving Set No. 59 represents the latest advancement in Radio.

Unusual beauty of line and finish conceals new improvements in radio development which make possible:

—perfect reproduction of the human voice and music;

—unusual distance range;

—such a high degree of selectivity that distant stations may be heard through local broadcasting without interference.

The better radio dealers in all parts of the country are showing these sets.

Special Notice: The wonderful Federal parts which make possible the 59's unusual performance are all manufactured by Federal and may be purchased separately at Federal dealers'.

An interesting book of instructions, "The Radio Work Bench," showing how to assemble these parts to make an efficient set and how to avoid construction pitfalls, may be purchased from Federal dealers, or it will be sent direct upon receipt of 25c. Stamps accepted.

Federal Telephone and Telegraph Co.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Boston New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh
Chicago San Francisco
Bridgeburg, Canada London, England

Federal
Standard RADIO Products

At Bordeaux we found a strange order of things: Incessant movement, suppressed excitement. The restaurant of the Chapon Fin was literally a diplomatic beehive. Each foreign ambassador or minister had his own reserved table, to which his friends were invited to dine. At night all were in ceremonious dress or in full uniform. I remember the brilliant appearance of the Russian chargé d'affaires, who appeared in white and gold, with jeweled orders pinned across his breast.

In this connection let me say that this same gentleman stated in a loud voice for the benefit of his confreres that Russia had four million soldiers fully equipped and ready to put into the field, that she had two million more in training, and that within an incredibly short time her allies could count upon still another four million—ten million in all.

In the center of the dining room one table was reserved for the members of the Comédie Française, over which Mlle. Cecile Sorel presided. When we asked her how she and her associates happened to be there with the government, her reply was classic, for she answered, "We are of the government."

After leaving Bordeaux we pushed on to Havre, from which port we were to sail in early October. Our cabins had been reserved for some time. There seemed no reason to change our plans, but every reason to return to America, for a while at least. I remained in Havre, while Miss de Wolfe and Miss Morgan went to Paris. The news from there was daily more disquieting. German Uhlans had been seen at Pontoise. The Belgian forts had fallen like packs of cards. The English losses in the north had been disastrous. Senlis was in ruins. The silver harnesses of the Crown Prince were being held in Compiègne until such time as they were to be thrown across the backs of the black chargers which were to drag him triumphantly through the gates of Paris.

Crowded Hospitals

Panic was in the air. Not once but a dozen times the Villa Trianon was threatened with destruction, for it stood within the military zone and could at any time be condemned as an obstruction. It was due to the personal intercession of our Ambassador, Mr. Herrick, and to the American flag which he had ordered hung at our entrance, that the villa is standing today intact and inviolate.

The Casino at Havre, like many similar buildings, had been converted overnight into a hospital, for the first wounded were being sent back from the front, and there was nothing ready.

I shall not dwell upon this early chaotic condition. Looking back I realize how extremely primitive and unhygienic were the resources which were then at hand. It is little wonder that 80 per cent of the first wounded died of gangrene. There was no modern equipment of any kind. The generals were old, the surgeons were old, the hospitals were old, the nurses were old, the material was old. Age was over everything and in all directions. Drastic housecleaning at the rear was essential before there could be any hope of victory at the front. My unskilled hands and head were of as little value as were anyone else's, so I offered my services and began as a novice in the newly improvised hospital while awaiting the return of my friends.

One incident I recall. Every bed was occupied. The place was full to overflowing when suddenly at two o'clock we were told by the chief surgeon that three hundred beds would be needed at six, as a new contingent of wounded was en route. There were no beds. There was no space in the wards, but the order had to be obeyed.

Wild rushing throughout the city and its suburbs resulted in the requisite number of flat mattresses, stuffed and covered with whatever was at hand, but where to put these was the question. The floor was the solution. The only empty space was in the corridors. Not another square foot was available. More bustle, more hurry, more confusion. Nevertheless, when the rattling, out-of-date ambulances drove up to the door to discharge their loads there were beds ready to receive them.

There was hardly a pound of absorbent cotton to be had, and it was because of this dire unpreparedness that we who were in France at the beginning cabled for help from our own country, with the result that the cargoes of surgical dressings and other necessities began to pour in from America in a steady stream which never ceased for five long years, giving a total at the final summing up in 1919 of more than three billions of dollars which had gone over to France from the American people either in cash or in material; and this sum is quite apart from such wholesale giving as was represented in the subsequent aid for reconstruction.

Finally we turned our faces homeward, and in reaching the United States plunged into the various forms of relief work which had sprung up in every section of our country. Everyone was helping. All were giving of their time, money and service. The era of emotion and hysteria had set in.

The newspapers reveled in stories of German atrocities and of French bravery. Little Belgium was the headline. The costly mistakes of the respective war offices were featured. The imagination and sympathies were stimulated until the world became a victim of moral and mental indigestion from which even now it is still suffering.

Each group of workers was fascinated with the idea of inventing and of wearing uniforms, so that by 1917 it seemed as though every woman in the United States, whether she were slated to go overseas or not, found a pretext for appearing in some style of uniform. One of the most trying moments of many of the female war workers came not during the midst of their activities but when they could no longer find the slightest excuse for strutting about in stiff collars, in masculine ties, in leather belts and in brass buttons. Peace became infinitely more of a trial than war.

In 1916 I returned to France to work as an associate of an admirable organization known as the American Fund for French Wounded. No praise can be too excessive for the magnificent work done by the women who promoted and operated this society and who continued for many months under the leadership of Mrs. Lathrop, Mrs. Nevin, Miss Scarborough and Miss Morgan.

The zeal, the devotion and the efficiency of those connected with this organization can never be exaggerated. Even in the hours of her greatest tribulations France was fortunately fed and clothed. Her sufferings were never allowed to endure once the crisis of her need was made apparent.

Millions Poured Out

Many times it has been said that France has never asked for charity, a statement which need not be refuted. Her friends did the asking while she was worshiped for her grace in receiving. Millions became intoxicated over the joy of giving. Appeals were welcomed. Responses to them were chronic. The habit of generosity became prevalent. Never did I realize the extent of this prodigality until I became an active visitor in the hospitals in and around Paris. This was the particular sector assigned to me. My task consisted in the daily intelligent distribution of thousands and thousands of necessities and of comforts. It was then that I had my experience of what war really meant. It was then that I came into actual contact with this vast concentrated area of suffering. It was then that I became accustomed to such sights as in looking back seem almost creations of my fancy. To see men who had literally been shot to pieces and yet who lived was incredible. The awful side of it all was the getting used to it. To die seemed normal. I am inclined to think that the highest virtue engendered was unselfishness. For a while, at least, any thought of self was submerged. That was probably the very best which came out of it all. Bravery and courage were often extolled when often ignorance and indifference were in reality the mainsprings.

Folios of untruths have been written in defense of this tremendous upheaval, and when now and again actual facts have been expressed in either the spoken or the written word they have been most unpopular. No one yet dares to tear away the veil and to view the causes and the influences which brought on and which carried on the war. For eight years the world has voluntarily rested in its own ignorance. No one has had the courage to confess to what extent the great sacrifice has been in vain. Politicians ruled in 1914, politicians brought on the war, politicians and profiteers continued it, politicians are keeping it up, and until the peoples themselves are willing to face this hokum, until they are ready to tell the truth and to listen to the truth, just so long will the war be fought, just so long will the pacifists and the militarists line up in a

semblance of contention, whereas they are merely pawns in this international game of chess which is being played now as it was in 1914 by a comparatively small group of manipulators.

But all this is far away from the sublime conduct of those who were driven or who bravely went into the slaughterhouse. The more often we crossed this toll bridge of human lives, the more we gave of ourselves, the more we responded to the supreme call of further sacrifice.

I remember sitting one day on a bench outside an English hospital where I had become rather nauseated at an unusual sight I had witnessed, and there hearing the guns booming at no great distance. At each detonation I thought of the folly of such waste. Within the four walls behind me every effort was being made to save life, whereas there before me all skill was being employed to destroy it.

The cost of saving and the cost of killing were striving to keep apace. Bodies were being disfigured beyond recognition, and yet every shot that had been fired, every gun that had been forged, every yard of cloth that had been woven, every ounce of food that had been grown, all represented profit somewhere to somebody. The industry of the world was the oil which lubricated this greater industry of destruction.

However, none of this was our business at the time. We were engaged upon our individual jobs of helpfulness, incidents concerning which would fill a volume, and books upon the experiences of war have become unpopular reading. We lived at that time at a high pressure of idealism, which was fortunate, otherwise we should never have been given the physical and the moral strength needed for the task. We had neither time nor inclination for analysis. We didn't think. We just did. We were under orders of God Almighty. Our creed was simple. We lived it rather than recited it.

Of the soldiers who marched gayly towards the guns, I vastly admired the British Tommies. They invariably sang and joked, no matter how hard the heartstrings might be pulling within. Their pluck was proverbial and their willingness to help the other fellow was unvarying. I remember a little incident which occurred in a ward.

Looking down the long line of beds I detected one English boy among the French ads. He seemed glad to hear his own language. I asked him the usual question as to his presumable wounds, to which he replied that he had not been wounded at all, but that he had come in from the wet trenches, where he was crippled with rheumatism. His suffering from neuritis was excruciating. For nine days his whole body had been in agony. I asked what the nurses were doing for him, whether they had applied heat, which was the only relief in such cases. He said that they had done so the first night, but that since that time he guessed they had been too busy. Feeling that the case was urgent I said that I would see the head nurse so that something would be done, whereupon the boy, raising himself with difficulty, indicated the long rows of adjacent cots and murmured, "Please, lady, say nothing. Them nurses have so much to do, and them fellows need them more than I do. I can stand it, ma'am. Don't say nothing. Please!"

This was the spirit that one met. This was the spirit that glorified and excused the rest. This was the spirit that made it all seem worth while so long as it lasted.

Great experiments in surgery were being tried and recognized as successful. Deaths from blood poisoning were almost negligible. Fractures were speedily set right. Ambrine had been discovered for the painless healing of burns. Our volunteer American medical staff was leading in science. The names of our surgeons became names to conjure with. Our Neuilly Hospital was the model in the art of nursing.

Facial surgery was attracting the attention of all physicians. At Val-de-Grace, where there were four thousand beds, photographs and data describing this were eagerly studied. I recall one case which had begun treatment at the above place and which was finally discharged as finished at Meudon. The fellow's face had been three-quarters shot away. It had all been practically remade. The building of his new face had taken over six months. Talking to the young man on the morning of his dismissal, I congratulated him upon his splendid appearance. Hardly a scar was visible. His skin was smooth. His color excellent.

Instead of a gleeful acquiescence he said, "Madame would not think that the surgeons had done well if madame could study my face and then look carefully at this photograph of it as it was."

I took the photo from his hand, whereat my admiration of the skill of the surgeons only increased tenfold. Disappointed at my lack of sympathy he urged me to examine more minutely the difference between the old and the new noses, remarking that he was surprised I did not notice that the original had been rather pointed at the end whereas now he must return to his sweetheart with a square termination of this prominent feature which possibly she would never recognize as his! This was an amusing angle and an amusing incident.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of nine articles by Miss Marbury. The next will appear in an early issue

A romance in itself

The story of a candy that carried out a new idea . . . and won!

ROMANCE SELECTIONS
$1.00

A selection from the fifteen most popular Romance packages. A wide assortment of pieces—crunchy nuts, full flavored fruits in the most delicious coatings.

THE TIFFANY PACKAGE
$1.25

An unusually fine assortment of specialties, all old-time favorites, now gathered together in a package that is new and striking. An ideal gift for any occasion. Send for a box today.

ASSORTED NUTS—$1.50

Just what the name implies—fresh, crisp almonds, walnuts, filberts, brazils covered with a blend of chocolate which gives them a rare, distinctive goodness.

THE HOSTESS PACKAGE
$1.50

The choicest chocolate covered fruits and nuts—nougats, fruit cordials, glacé nuts and specialties. It makes a delightful package to offer your guests, and an equally charming remembrance of a happy visit.

FROM an experiment to an accepted fact—from a local reputation to a nation-wide vogue!

That is the record made during the past ten years by Romance Chocolates.

Designed in 1913 by some experienced candy men who were striving to bring out a box of chocolates along entirely new lines.... Taken up first by certain groups in a few of the larger cities .... Passed around among people who want their gifts to be distinctive .... Recognized today all over America as the correct candy to choose—the most delicious to eat!

Luscious new flavors—the richest of thick chocolate coatings—an astonishing assortment of nut and fruit centers to bite into for rare and added delight!

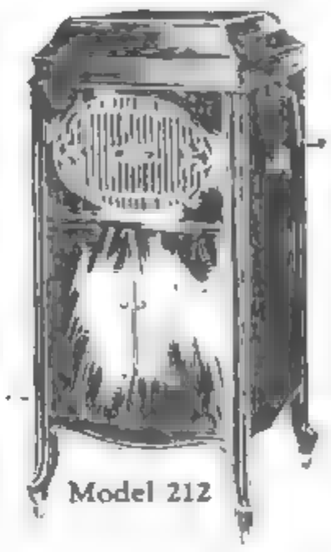
Best of all, Romance Chocolates are not priced too high. Wherever you live in the United States there should be a confectioner or druggist near you who has them. If yours can't supply you, send us his name, together with the money, and we'll mail you a box—postpaid. Cox Confectionery Company, East Boston, Massachusetts.

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

A Fellow's Best Friend. Lake Arrowhead, California

All *artists* of the New Hall of Fame on *Brunswick Double-Faced, Gold Label Records*

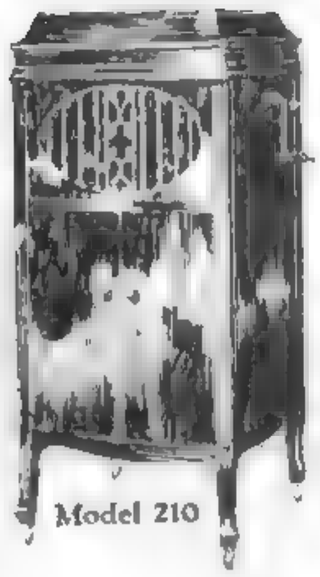
Only



Model 212

"Chippendale"

Claire Dux



Model 210

Josef Hofmann

"Raleigh"

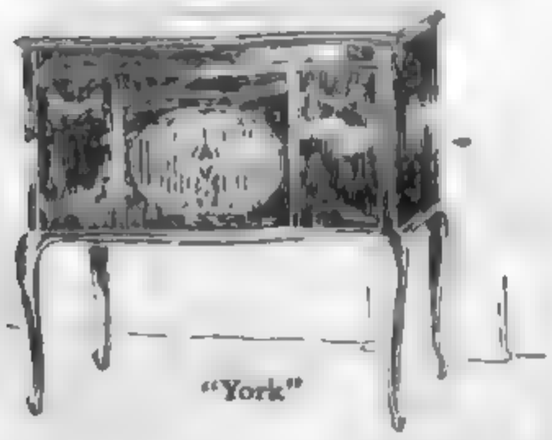
Elly Ney

Florence Easton

Bronislaw Huberman

Michael Bohnen

Giacomo Lauri-Volpi



"York"

Liberal Terms

Your Brunswick dealer will gladly arrange terms of payment to meet your requirements on any Brunswick you select. Over 24 models from which to choose, including superlatively beautiful period and console types. Prices range from $45 to $775.

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW ON BRUNSWICK RECORDS
NO WAITING FOR THE OLD ONCE A MONTH RELEASES

through Brunswick

can these Great artists of THE NEW HALL *of* FAME *be brought into your home*

A few simple facts every person considering the purchase of a phonograph should know

Leopold Godowsky

During the last five years, many important improvements have been made in the musical qualities of phonographs.

Tonal beauties, once considered impossible, have been attained. Mechanical discord has been overcome, and now supplanted by the supreme in musical expression. The difference is amazing.

Standards, too, have changed—with all the world turning to Brunswick.

Artistic preference, as expressed by internationally acclaimed artists of the New Hall of Fame, tends notably and significantly to this modern form of phonographic expression.

Hofmann, Onegin, Easton, Chamlee, Dux, Lauri-Volpi, the great Richard Strauss—these and other world-noted artists to whom the world of musical art today is paying homage—record for Brunswick, *exclusively*.

The reason

By means of advanced methods of recording and of reproduction, Brunswick brings phonographic music into the realms of higher musical expression.

The Brunswick Method of Recording attains a record superlatively clear. And according to many highest authorities, both in Europe and America, ten years ahead of its time. As unerringly faithful in portraying music as the brush of a master in portraying life on canvas.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction—embodying the internationally accepted Ultona and the Oval Tone Amplifier of moulded wood—brings out tonal qualities in amazing contrast to phonographic music as you now know it.

The instrument of today

With the unqualified endorsement of great artists of this generation, of critics and authorities of world recognition, Brunswick reflects the musical tendency of the day—the instrument of today's authoritative approval.

And ownership thereof bespeaks an appreciation of good music as accepted by cultured people the world over.

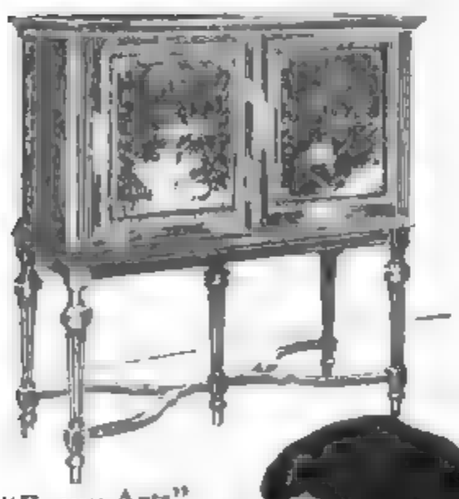
Brunswick Records play on any makes of phonographs.

Brunswick Phonographs play all makes of records.

Hear. And compare!

There is an authorized Brunswick dealer, of recognized prestige as a musical authority, in your community.

Giuseppe Danise



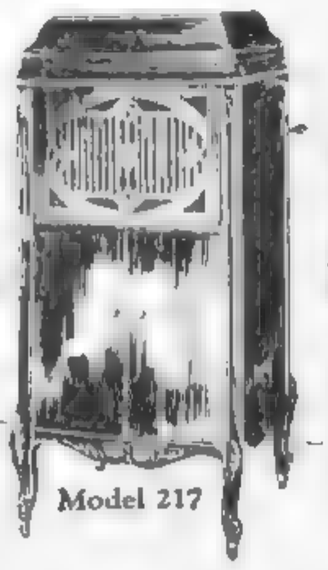
"Beaux Arts"

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO

Manufacturers—Established 1845

CHICAGO NEW YORK CINCINNATI TORONTO

Marie Tiffany



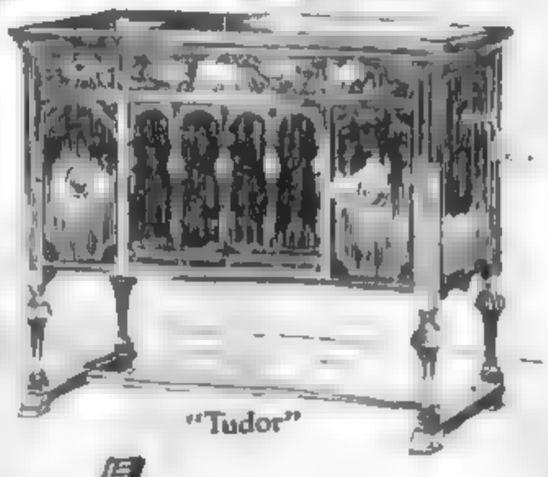
Model 217

Maria Ivogun

Theo Karle

Mario Chamlee

Max Rosen

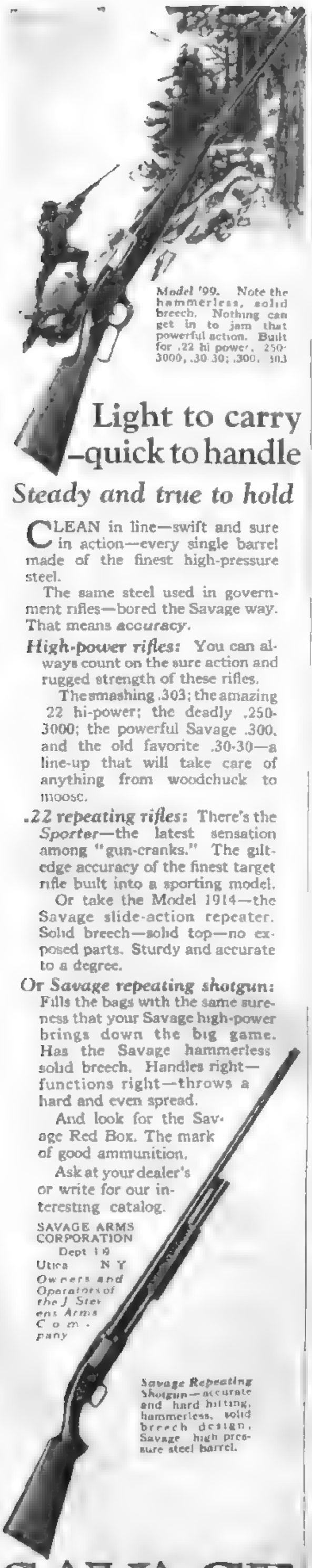


"Tudor"

Sigrid Onegin

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



Model '99. Note the hammerless, solid breech. Nothing can get in to jam that powerful action. Built for .22 hi power, 250-3000, .30-30; .300, .303

Light to carry –quick to handle

Steady and true to hold

CLEAN in line—swift and sure in action—every single barrel made of the finest high-pressure steel.

The same steel used in government rifles—bored the Savage way. That means *accuracy*.

High-power rifles: You can always count on the sure action and rugged strength of these rifles.

The smashing .303; the amazing 22 hi-power; the deadly .250-3000; the powerful Savage .300, and the old favorite .30-30—a line-up that will take care of anything from woodchuck to moose.

.22 repeating rifles: There's the *Sporter*—the latest sensation among "gun-cranks." The gilt-edge accuracy of the finest target rifle built into a sporting model.

Or take the Model 1914—the Savage slide-action repeater. Solid breech—solid top—no exposed parts. Sturdy and accurate to a degree.

Or Savage repeating shotgun: Fills the bags with the same sureness that your Savage high-power brings down the big game. Has the Savage hammerless solid breech. Handles right—functions right—throws a hard and even spread.

And look for the Savage Red Box. The mark of good ammunition.

Ask at your dealer's or write for our interesting catalog.

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Dept 19
Utica N Y

Owners and Operators of the J. Stevens Arms Company

Savage Repeating Shotgun—accurate and hard hitting, hammerless, solid breech design. Savage high pressure steel barrel.

SAVAGE

MYRTLE'S BEAU

(Continued from Page 13)

imagined them. Her large, light boxes of Korn Krinkles were ill suited to her little basket, and as she pushed open the door, feeling suddenly very tired and weak, one dropped.

"Let me get it for you," said a deep voice. The box was lifted from the floor, the door was pushed open and the deep voice followed her outside. "I'm going up Elm Street; if you're going that way let me carry your things."

Myrtle felt the basket taken from her hand and saw a pair of well-shod feet make a quick motion to get into step. It seemed to be her precise voice rather than her mind which answered.

"A cash-and-carry store is a little inconvenient, but it's economical, and Mr. Borland is so obliging."

"He is that," said the pleasant voice. "I often stop there in the afternoon to buy cigarettes." He laughed suddenly and took her into his confidence delightfully. "I'm one of those weak brothers who smoke too much and I've sworn off—that is, almost. I buy one pack and they have to do till the next afternoon."

"I guess smoking too many is harmful," said Myrtle. She managed to look up at him, and her tone suggested that of a mother who could deny her child nothing.

"This is lovely weather we're having," he said.

"Isn't it?" said Myrtle. But she spoke sorrowfully—Elm Street was only about ten steps away and when you turned into Elm Street you were soon in front of the Espenshade house. "I live here," said Myrtle.

"Let me take your parcels to the door."

"I can't get in that way," said Myrtle, amused at herself. She had been so excited that she had forgotten her key. "I must go in through the alley to the kitchen door."

The young man seemed equally willing to carry the parcels to the kitchen door. He followed her in, laughing and talking, but on the porch a sudden preoccupation seized him, and he gazed at the Thorpe house as though he were too shy to look at her. Myrtle took her parcels at once and thanked him. Her motions were final; she did not know how to get him to linger.

"Good-by," he said, and went away, and she went in and sat down, despairing.

Why had she not offered him grape juice or raspberry vinegar? It was always correct to offer food. And there was still cake of her mother's baking. She walked through the narrow alley and looked out. He had vanished entirely; she could see only the young Pefferkorns and Lynns, ready for mischief, sitting on the porch of an unoccupied house across the street. Kermit sprang up.

"Miss Myrtle has a beau!" he shrieked. "Miss Myrtle has a beau!"

Myrtle went in quickly, pretending she did not hear. New emotions filled her heart to bursting; she tasted already not only the sweetness of love but the bitterness of vain love; it was quite possible that she would never see the beautiful stranger again.

On Wednesday, in spite of her mother's general charge and what she knew would be her mother's acute aversion to her doing this particular piece of work, she washed the clothes. In the midst of her labors kind Mrs. Bergstresser came in through the alley.

"Well, Myrtle!" she said, surprised.

"Will you show me how to make starch?" she asked boldly.

"To be sure I will." The other neighbors thought Myrtle a little lazy and very proud, but Mrs. Bergstresser passed no such sharp judgment on any living soul. "Are you going to surprise your mom, then?"

"Yes, that's what I'm going to do."

"I'll show you how to starch, and when you iron I'll show you how to clearstarch. I wish I had a girl like you. But the trouble is they go away, too, like the boys."

"I won't go away," said Myrtle, a longing hope in her heart.

"Yes, you will too," said Mrs. Bergstresser with delightful positiveness.

At half past three Myrtle sat on the porch, a magazine in her hand he knew where she lived. But four came and went, and half past, and five, and he did not appear. At five Kermit Pefferkorn went by, his hands in his pockets, an impudent look on his face. He caught Myrtle's eye squarely.

"Waiting for your beau, Miss Myrtle?" he said innocently.

She went indoors and began to get supper. She did not believe that the stranger would pass in the evening; his home probably lay miles away on the Interurban.

On Thursday morning she woke with a pressure on her heart. She believed at first that it was a tangible weight, then she realized that the day was dark and that a heavy rain was falling, and she remembered yesterday's disappointment. She sprang up angrily; what had got into her? It was not possible that she could fall in love with a young man whom she had seen four times and to whom she had said about three sentences. Her heart assured her sadly that it was possible.

In the morning she ironed, and Mrs. Bergstresser kept her promise and showed her how to do up her father's collars. She had long pressed her dresses, and ironing proved easy. At noon Espenshade made but one remark.

"It's pretty soon time for mom to think about coming back."

In the afternoon, depressed by the weather and worn by her exertions, Myrtle slept. When she woke it was five o'clock and the rain was still falling. Her father talked a good deal at supper and she answered him with an effort. She declined his offer to dry the dishes; she wished she could prolong dishwashing until bedtime.

At half past seven the house grew suddenly intolerable and she opened the front door. The rain was still falling, and with his umbrella over his head a young man stood staring at the house. Or was he staring at the Thorpes'? But he saw Myrtle at once.

"Hello," he said gayly.

"Hello," said Myrtle.

"I was trying to remember which was your house. Can't you sit on the porch a while?"

"I guess so." Myrtle tried to put a becoming hesitation into her voice, but failed utterly.

The young man put his umbrella in the corner to drip, and sat down.

"You're a kind-hearted soul to take me in without even knowing my name. It's Harry Smith."

"Mine is Myrtle Espenshade."

"I know your name," confessed the young man. "I asked at the store. And you're a teacher. Do you like teaching?"

"Sometimes," said Myrtle.

"And sometimes not, I'll bet."

Myrtle told why she liked teaching and why she did not. She said also that her mother was away, and she told where and why she had gone and when she was coming back.

"I'll bet your father doesn't miss her," said Smith. "I'll bet you're a fine housekeeper."

"Well, I can clean," said Myrtle. "And wash, and iron. I can even iron collars."

"And you can cook too; I know that."

"I'm not so sure," said Myrtle, hungering for the morrow, when she meant to bake a cake, as much as one could hunger to leave one delightful state for another.

"And you made that dress."

"You guessed right," confessed Myrtle.

Myrtle did not realize that he asked her about any of the neighbors, but she talked freely about them, which was not her custom. On one side lived the Healeys, with whom she had little in common, but who were nice people, especially when it came to minding their own business. Some of the neighbors were very different, but she had to treat them all alike because many of the children were in her school. She told about Tudor Levan's eating sand as a cure for indigestion, and about the serenade given to Mr. Kane on his second marriage, and about kind Mrs. Bergstresser, who was the only mother in the state who had lost two sons in the war.

Smith looked at the houses; he said that since there was a solid wall between them and the Healeys they could not be very objectionable unless they were excessively noisy, but how about the people on the other side, whose windows opened opposite and who used the same alley?

Myrtle blushed a little before she explained that they didn't know much about the Thorpes, except that there were two men and two women. There were pleasanter subjects, and one of these Mr. Espenshade introduced. Walking in his stockinged feet to the front door to see what had become of his daughter, he put out his head like a turtle. If he could have withdrawn he would have done so, but he was too numb with surprise to move.

"Good evening, sir," said Smith, rising at once.

"Father," said Myrtle, rising also, since that seemed to be the thing to do, "meet Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, meet father."

"I had fetched her and me a little cake and root beer from the cellar," said Espenshade by way of apology. "I didn't know she had company. I could fetch you some here or you could come in"

Blushing at her father's shoeless condition, Myrtle started to say they would have it there; but Mr. Smith, accepting the invitation, stepped into the vestibule and awaited his hostess. Hypnotized, Myrtle led the way down the hall, straight to the pleasant kitchen, where Espenshade had assembled three bottles of root beer and a large cake.

Smith stayed a good while. He inquired about undeveloped land in the neighborhood, and Espenshade took him down the boardwalk, the rain having ceased, to show him the back lot and Hoy's field under a misty moon. Myrtle said little; she was experiencing a rapture which was new and overpowering.

"That's a nice man," said her father when Smith had gone. "I guess he's one of your school folks."

Myrtle did not correct this impression.

The existence and the delightful presence and the flattering attentions of Smith continued to be a reality. His visits multiplied; when Mrs. Espenshade returned he was coming three times a week and she was so excited that she could not sleep. Myrtle was dedicated to learning and to instruction, but in her heart of hearts her mother was convinced that there was a higher vocation. She accepted Smith as a school acquaintance upon the word of her husband, and she liked him at once. In his friendly way he penetrated to the center of the house and of their family life as no other person ever had.

One intensely warm evening, to their astonishment, but altogether to their pleasure, all the family found themselves seated on the upper back porch with him, trying to feel a breeze; and there he stayed till eleven o'clock, talking about his parents and his sisters and his home, but never very explicitly about his business. By this time Myrtle, feeding upon happiness and also upon more candy than she ever had in her life, had put on at least five pounds. To Elm Street it seemed that she had a new dress each day.

It was too much for Elm Street, and theirs was the agency by which the first rumbling started in the foundation of the castle of her dreams.

A week after her mother returned Myrtle insisted upon washing the dishes. Her mother had eaten no supper, and Myrtle believed it was due to the somewhat late reaction from her journey.

"Go out to the porch, mother," she said. "I'll hang up the towels, then I'll come too."

But returning to the kitchen from the yard she found Mrs. Espenshade still standing by the table, upon her pale face the premonition of disaster.

"What's the matter?" asked Myrtle, amazed and feeling instantly in her soul that her happiness was threatened.

"I was in the store," said Mrs. Espenshade with tears. "There someone asked me "

"I'll warrant it was Mrs. Pefferkorn," said Myrtle quickly. "Go on."

"She asked me if we knew this young man's name. I said yes, of course. She said did we know who he was. I said he was a friend of yours; he had something to do with the schools. She said it was nothing of the kind; she said you got acquainted with him at Borland's." Mrs. Pefferkorn had said in reality that Myrtle had made eyes at him at Borland's, and though it had sounded like a pleasantry it seemed now too insulting to repeat. "She said he does nothing but loaf, and Pefferkorn was in the City Building and he saw him coming out of the court where they have the worst criminals, and he looked at Pefferkorn ashamed. You didn't meet him in the store, did you, Myrtle?"

Myrtle's face was paler than her mother's.

(Continued on Page 125)

Through Earthquake and Fire!

IN 1919 the Japanese Government sent representatives to Europe and America to study building methods with a view to inaugurating in Japan a construction program embodying the best modern features.

The commission, after thorough study, came to the conclusion that business buildings as erected and equipped in the United States, were of superior character structurally and mechanically. A New York firm of construction experts subsequently was commissioned to organize the Geo. A. Fuller Co. of the Orient, Ltd., its first work being the erection, in Tokio, of the two giant structures illustrated above.

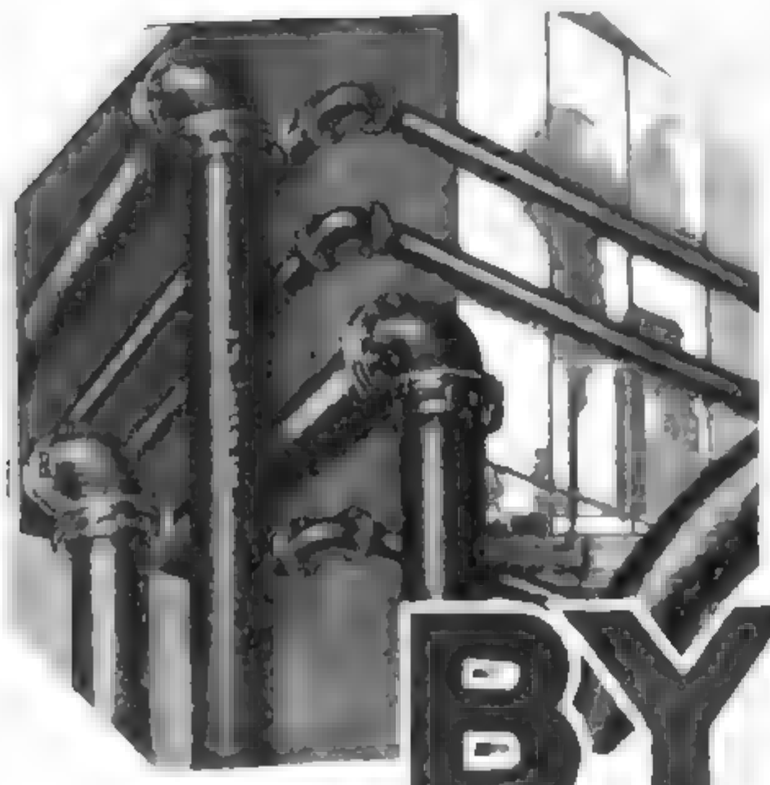
These buildings were nearing completion when the disastrous earthquake and fire occurred. American building methods scored their crowning triumph when these structures emerged with amazingly small damage from the most terrible catastrophe in recorded history.

The larger of these buildings is known as the Marunouchi Building, costing approximately $5,000,000. It now stands amidst devastation and ruin, a modern office building of gigantic proportions, a typical American structure of steel, granite, stucco and tile.

The other edifice is the mammoth headquarters of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, costing about $3,000,000. Both of these buildings contain all modern conveniences and safeguards to life and property, such as passenger elevators, electric light, plumbing, heating and other pipe systems. These latter include a number of services found only in the best equipped American business buildings, namely:

Heating System	Byers Pipe
Cold Water Supply Lines	Byers Pipe
Hot Water Supply Lines	Byers Pipe
Fire Lines	Byers Pipe
Sprinkler System	Byers Pipe
Refrigeration System	Byers Pipe
Drinking Water Lines and other services	Byers Pipe
Vacuum Sweeper Lines	Steel Pipe

It will be noted that, with due recognition of its surpassing anti-corrosion properties, Byers pipe was chosen for all but one of the above services in both buildings.



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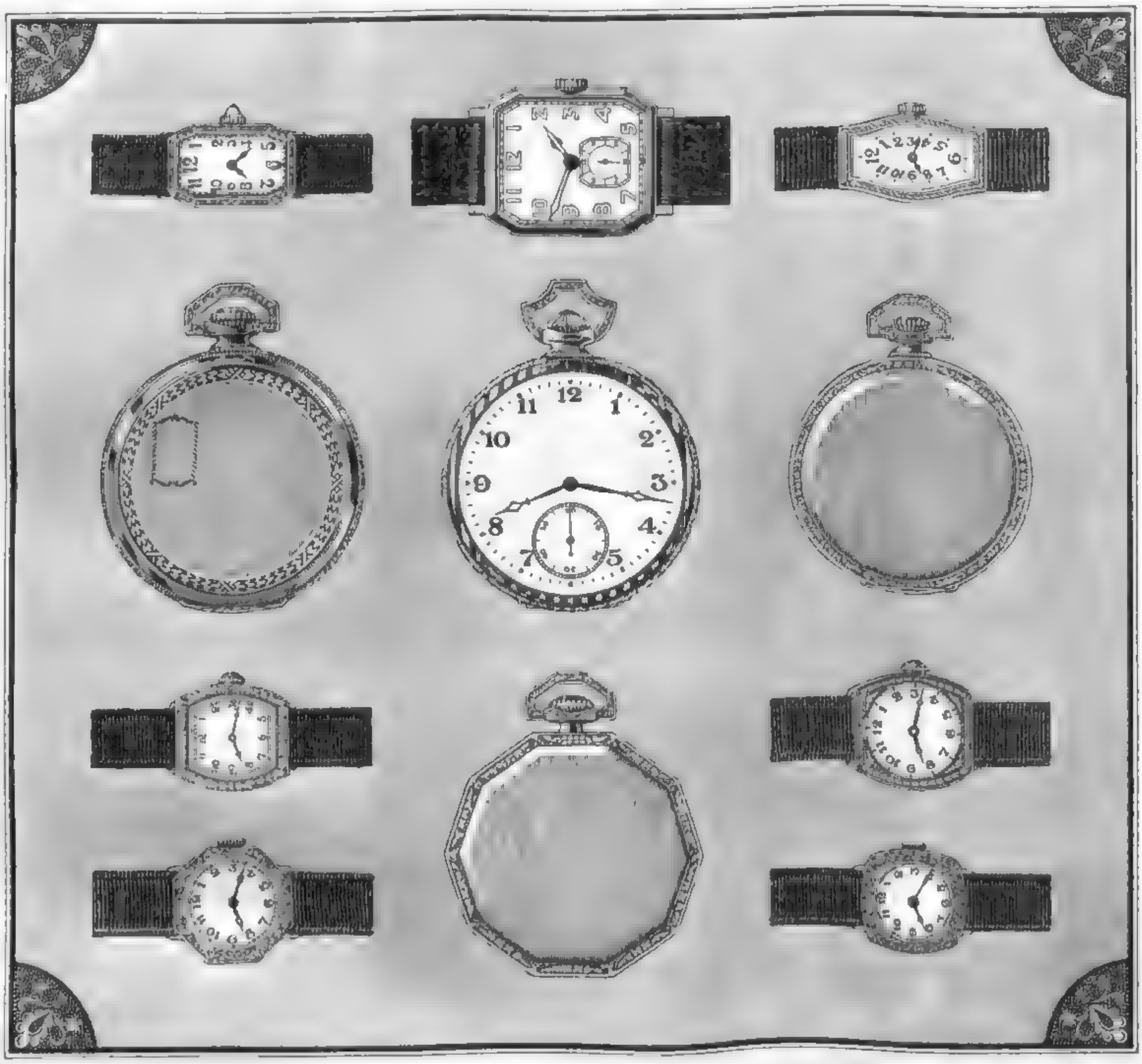

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THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY, Dayton, Ky., Suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio

Case makers for the leading watch movements

(Continued from Page 122)

"I saw him in Borland's store," she confessed bravely. "I had a lot of packages and he carried them home for me. Then he came one evening and sat on the porch. But he's not a loafer and he's all right."

Mrs. Espenshade trembled, first with astonishment because Myrtle was, after all, a human being, and second with alarm because she had fixed her heart on someone who might not deserve her.

"You can ask him any questions this evening," said Myrtle proudly.

"He's coming this evening then?"

Mrs. Espenshade took hope, Mrs. Pefferkorn had prophesied that he would come no more.

"Yes, he's coming this evening," said Myrtle.

But she did not go upstairs to dress; instead she went out to the bench in the garden. She believed suddenly and despairingly that Mr. Smith would not come.

Having waited a long time on the front porch, Mrs. Espenshade tiptoed to the back door and looked out.

"Myrtle."

"Yes."

"Aren't you coming out front?"

"No; I like it here."

"It is so full of mosquitoes."

"I don't mind them." Myrtle spoke a little impatiently; she was listening for a quick stroke of light young footsteps.

After a while she heard a slight commotion as her father and mother went upstairs. Her mother said "I must speak to her," and her father "You let her be, mom."

She followed them an hour later, holding her head high. But when she laid it on her pillow it descended in more senses than one.

On Sunday Myrtle went to church twice. She was a little pale, but she walked briskly and answered the greetings of the children. That was by daylight; when she returned after the evening service her eyes were fixed on the pavement and her head was bent. More than a week had passed and she had heard nothing. Hope had persisted until Saturday, but when Saturday went by and the young man did not come she believed that she gave up.

But now as she neared the house she caught her breath in excited emotion—suppose he should be there!

Kermit Pefferkorn was sitting on the lowest step of his house, planning mischief for his last week of freedom.

"When's your beau coming back, Miss Myrtle?" he asked impertinently.

It would do no good not to answer; he would simply repeat his question in a shout.

"You watch and see," she said pleasantly.

Callie Squire looked down over her porch railing. She was a strange creature about forty years old, whose nervousness would once have been diagnosed as a demoniac possession.

"I'd slap him if I were you, Myrtle."

Myrtle knew now that Elm Street had taken sides, and it was with difficulty that she kept to the pace of dignity. If only no one else spoke to her! But Mrs. Pefferkorn looked down from her porch.

"Kermit," she said, "if you say another word to Myrtle you'll catch it. And if you say another word to Kermit, Callie, you'll catch it. Is it true, Myrtle, that he sold your pop worthless stock?"

"My father doesn't buy stock." Myrtle walked on, but Mrs. Pefferkorn raised her voice and it rang in her ears.

"He's a rascal, Myrtle; he had a hangdog look. I saw him. You can think yourself well rid of him. He wanted"—Mrs. Pefferkorn could be heard through the whole block—"he wanted to get something out of you, Myrtle. If he comes again I'd call the police."

Myrtle walked past her own house. They would be looking for her, but she could not go in; she was trying to master a dreadful heartache and to prepare herself to take up her life once more. She would pretend that this was something that she had dreamed.

Suddenly she turned in her haste to reverse her direction, caught one foot on the other and almost fell. Perhaps he had come and she was not there! Passing a fence which extended for a half block, she ran. If she could only look at him once more, at his frank face and his gray eyes and get back her faith in him. She hurried up the steps; suppose he were sitting and talking with her father and mother in his friendly fashion!

But he was not here. Her mother and father tried to look at her cheerfully, but she could not look back at them. She went to her room and sat at the window.

"I won't listen for him! I won't listen for him!" she said, pressing her hands over her ears.

All the week she sewed. She had postponed too long the preparing of her autumn wardrobe, and with her mother's aid she made three dresses.

"You must go a little out and walk." Mrs. Espenshade was in distress over her paleness and her silence. "You can't stand it in school if you're all worn out."

"School is what I need," answered Myrtle with forced cheerfulness. "Vacation doesn't suit me."

On Saturday evening, driven by pride, she went out. She would not allow herself to sit on the porch and watch, and she could not be easy within. It was ten o'clock when she came home. It had grown cool, and the street was deserted except for one figure, that of a man, entering the Espenshade house.

He was here, he had been ill, he had come to explain! She went up the steps, holding to the railing. He was in the kitchen, and she paused to get her breath, and went on down the narrow hall, touching the wall first on one side and then on the other. In the doorway she halted, her eyes blinking. There was a man here, but it was not Mr. Smith, but a taller, stouter man. He stood by the table and her mother and father regarded him with open mouths.

"I'm an officer," he explained in a low tone. "We've been suspicious for a long time about your neighbors; we believe they are notorious criminals, and we're about to make a raid. Other officers are entering your house now, and there will be at least thirty round the place. You'd better go upstairs to your front room; there's a solid wall along that side."

"A solid wall," repeated Mrs. Espenshade, not knowing what the words meant.

"Will there be shooting?" asked Espenshade.

"Possibly," said the officer. "They are desperate characters and there are manslaughter cases against the three men. Better go at once."

"We saw only two men."

"There are three living in the house. Better go now."

As the family went, dazed, up the stairs, the front door opened quietly and six men entered. Four followed the Espenshades, the others remained in the lower rooms. They made no sound—it was strange to watch one's house being taken possession of in such a fashion. The Espenshades entered the front room, and the two men passed them and taking out the screen stepped on the porch roof. Mrs. Espenshade and Myrtle sat on the bed. Myrtle meant to put her arm round her mother, but Mrs. Espenshade forestalled her and put her arms round Myrtle. Her father placed himself mysteriously in front of her and bent over, as though they were trying to shield her.

"Oh, Myrtle," he said tremulously, "I must tell you that I saw him this week in the Thorpes' back yard in the evening. Oh, scorn him, Myrtle, scorn him!"

Myrtle lifted her hand as though to push her father away, but when there was a sudden fusillade of shots her hand remained on his breast and was clasped by his. There was the crashing sound of wood as doors were burst open, and suddenly the soft heavy thud of a human body falling from the roof of the Thorpes' porch to the pavement beneath. Elm Street, awakening to the extraordinary event transpiring, arose and shrieked; the excited voice of Nimrod Healey and the terrified yell of Tudor Levan could be heard above all other sounds.

Someone said, "Got 'em?" and a voice answered, "Yes, one dead."

Espenshade went to the window and Myrtle rose to follow.

"Ach, stay here!" begged Mrs. Espenshade.

But Myrtle looked out, her mother standing beside her. The street was filled with officers, some in uniform and some in plain clothing, and civilians, half dressed, moving in a strange mixture of deep shadow and of bright light from the street lamps and the open doors and windows. The motion of Myrtle's eyes in their sockets was painful, but she searched among the strange groups and at last found what she sought and dreaded to see, a lithe figure, handcuffed to another. Together the two stepped into a black van which drew up at the curb. She stood motionless, with her mother beside her. The tears were running

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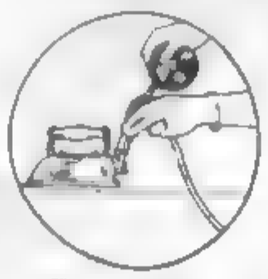

For mending household articles

What is friction tape? You've often used it—though perhaps by a different name such as "tire tape," a name given it by bicycle riders, or "electrical tape," a term used by electricians and others who employ it for insulating.

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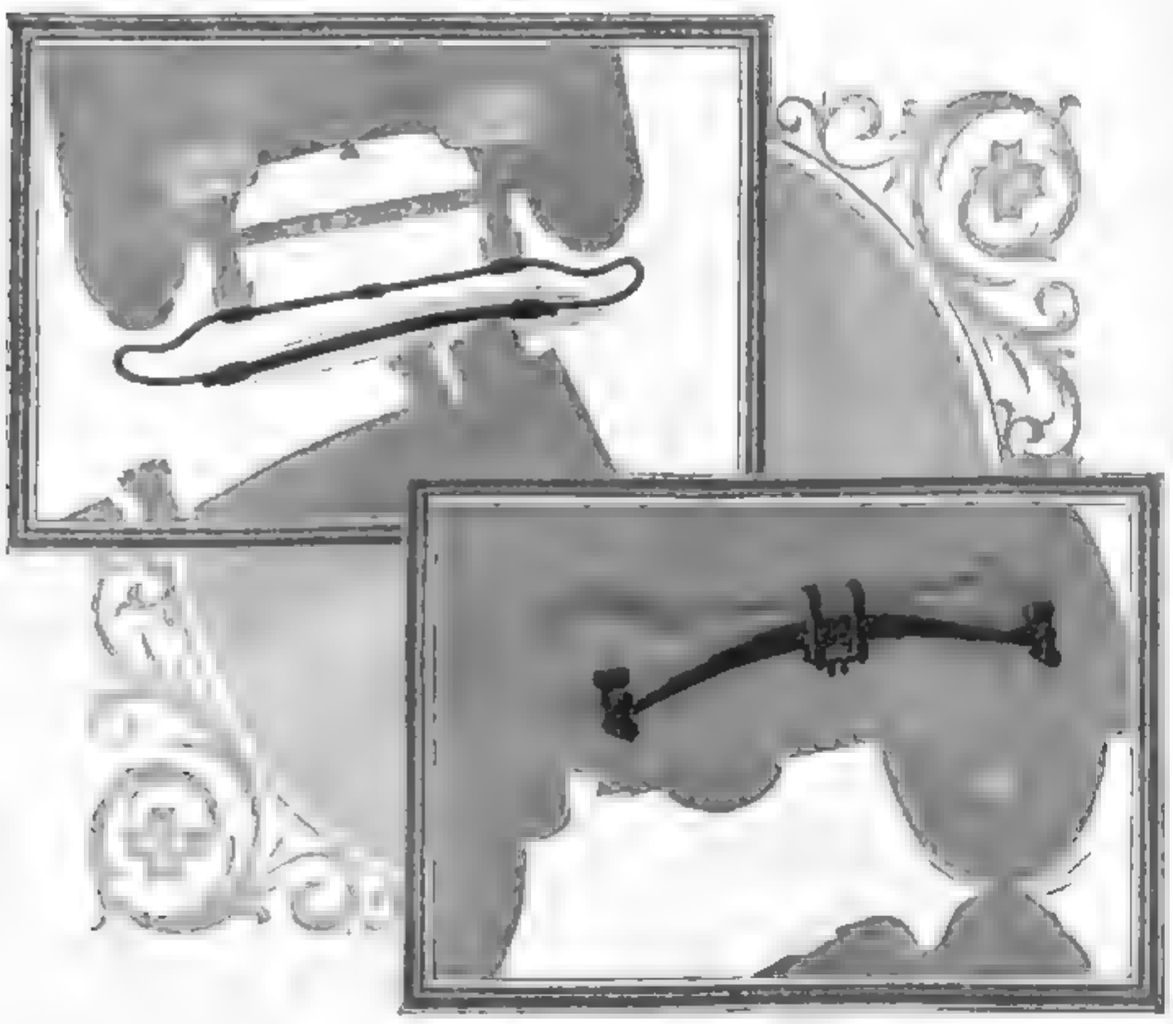

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Have you ever trailed behind a car and noticed the rear spring weaving up and down, absorbing violent road shocks so easily that the passengers were scarcely aware of them?

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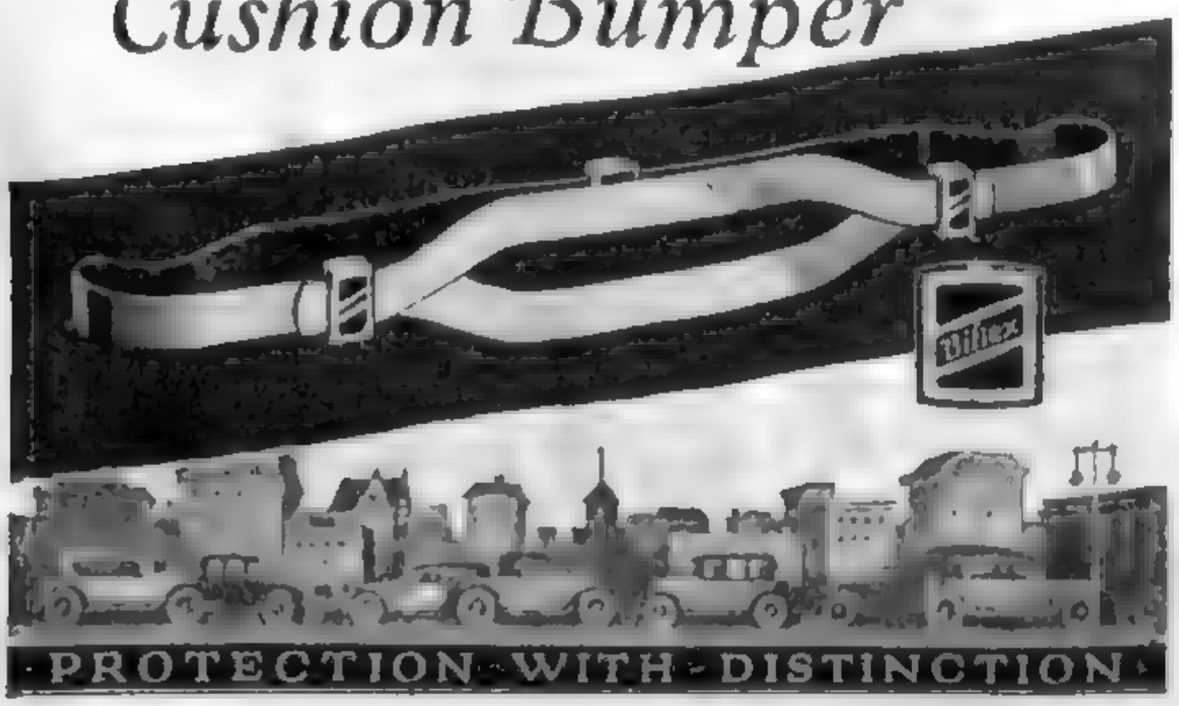

down Mrs. Espenshade's face; she wished to comfort Myrtle, but she did not know what to say. She looked round for Espenshade, but he together with the other inhabitants of Elm Street was tramping through the hall of the Thorpe house. They were not allowed to enter the rooms, but they could look their fill at an arsenal of weapons and a museum of burglars' tools.

"Ach, come lie a little down!" begged Mrs. Espenshade.

Myrtle pulled away from her mother's grasp and leaned out the window. The older Bergstresser boy, who was a member of the city fire department and acquainted with city affairs, stood beneath, holding forth in a loud and positive voice:

"Get out; he was no criminal. He's a special officer of the state police. I know him well. Freeland's his real name. He was handcuffed to a prisoner, but he wasn't a prisoner. Don't you suppose I know?" The question was uttered in a roar. "Well, where could he get a better view than at Myrtle's? That was why he got acquainted there; that was his job. He'll never come back. Like as not he'll be sent to Pittsburgh or Erie or some distant place tonight. He's a shark. He'd do anything to get his man."

"You're mistaken," shouted Mrs. Pefferkorn. "He's a thief, like the rest. I knew it the first time I saw him."

Myrtle withdrew from the window and at the same time from her mother's embrace.

"I'm going to bed," she said with dignity. "Good night, mother."

"Good night, Myrtle." Mrs. Espenshade with fine feeling said no more.

Myrtle sat on the porch on Sunday evening. Nothing would have persuaded her to seem to hide. She had been to church in the morning and she was going to start to teach tomorrow. She seemed to herself to be two persons—Myrtle who went quietly about her business and Myrtle whose heart weighted her side, who shrank from the glance of man, who found life intolerable. The book in her hand was Harris on Teaching, and once in so often she turned a page.

She could hear the voices of the neighbors; there was not one who did not pity her, now that she had been so cruelly humiliated. Mrs. Pefferkorn had been persuaded that the stranger was not a thief, but she said that he deserved to be jailed with those he had captured, and Callie Squire declared her willingness to shoot him. Myrtle lifted her eyes occasionally from her book and looked about. She had not even selected a chair at the back of the porch, but sat on the upper step, leaning against a pillar.

Hearing someone approach, she looked up involuntarily. It was an officer, and she was sick of officers. She saw, however, before she focused her eyes on the page that this was not an ordinary policeman. With determination she gazed at her book. She had been ambitious a month ago and she was resolved to be ambitious again. It was her intention to enter college the next fall.

But the approaching footstep held her attention; it rang upon the pavement in a most familiar way. She felt a sort of agony. No, no, she would not look up! The step drew nearer.

"'The teacher should be, above all, devoted to his task.'" she read aloud in terror and confusion.

The footstep came to a pause beside her, and all the voices in Elm Street ceased to speak, except such as uttered amazed exclamations.

Myrtle looked up. The officer sat down. His uniform was not blue but black, with silver decorations, and it added to his height and fitted him like an outer skin. He was in reality a magnificent creature.

"Well, Myrtle?" he said pleasantly.

Myrtle's tongue was tied, her blood seemed about to burst her veins and arteries, her heart to press against her side, her lungs to be painfully filled with air. Her hands, however, obeyed her; she turned the book over and, with an air which resembled nonchalance, laid it face downward upon her knee. She tried to say lightly "Well?" but she did not succeed.

"Got my parties," said the stranger. "I've been promoted. Now I'm going to——" He bent, smiling, toward Myrtle; in knowledge of evil he was old, in heart and feeling a boy. He looked at Myrtle as though she were an angelic being. "I'm going to get married," he concluded.

Myrtle regarded him as a victim of the Inquisition might look at a member of the Holy Office.

"That is, if you're willing."

Still uncomprehending, she looked like a creature caught in a trap. He laid his hand on hers in the sight of everyone.

"You understand, of course, that I couldn't tell you my business. I couldn't give you even a hint. And the last week I had to stay away, and I couldn't send any word. I thought I saw one of 'em watching me."

Radiance dawned on Myrtle's face.

"You understand?"

"Yes," said Myrtle; "I understand."

The stranger turned his head and looked down the street and grinned. He observed that a change had taken place in the position of the population; the most distant porches had emptied themselves upon those more near. The neighbors seemed to be closing in upon the Espenshades. He slipped his hand inside Myrtle's arm.

"Look at the gazabos! I'm going to kiss you in one second, Myrtle. Will you have it here or in the house?"

Animated by a new but less serious sort of fright, Myrtle rose quickly. She stumbled and the young man caught her and with his arm round her opened the front door

"Father and mother are in the house," she said, trying to speak soberly.

"All the better."

There was a loud stir; magnetically drawn by this dramatic climax to a series of dramatic events, Elm Street was pressing forward, Kermit Pefferkorn in the van, even kindly Mrs. Bergstresser not far behind. They did not look at Myrtle—they knew Myrtle well; it was the stranger they wished to see, the hero in his panoply. Kermit Pefferkorn, who would have crept the length of the block to touch so much as a silver button, was already springing up the porch steps.

But their pleasure was postponed; laughing in their very faces, his arm still round Myrtle, the stranger closed the door.

In 1965. Snapshot of an Artist Out to Paint a Woodland Scene

EASY

Continued from Page 19

terrifying but enchantingly Oriental, and the food was terrifying only. We even went to a Syrian place down in that quarter, and it was almost like a trip to the Orient.

Fancy a whole city of Syrians right in the heart of New York! Too amazing and quaint for words!

We went to Chinatown, too, with a big crowd one night, and I couldn't sleep for hours afterward for the excitement of it. It was as if Aladdin's lamp had brought a big slice of China across the ocean and laid it down bodily on Manhattan Island. In fact, the whole East Side was wonderful to me, especially those sections where a person could walk for blocks and blocks without hearing anything spoken but Yiddish. I felt I should never tire of New York the Miraculous, the great melting pot—where, however, folks didn't seem to melt a particle, after all!

But the best eating place was Angelo's, and there one night I met Adrian Lee.

When I look back on how I didn't want to go to that party—how I almost reneged at the very last minute—I experience a very queer sensation! It was of a Sunday night, along in November, and I was tired out by five o'clock that afternoon, for Lila and I, having left the matter until the last minute, had been frantically house hunting all day.

Finding a place to live in on Manhattan Isle is difficult at any time. And when your choice is arbitrarily limited to the area below Fourteenth Street and north of Washington Square, it becomes a problem. But at length we had found the very place—a huge studio, bedroom and bath, at the top of an old house—crude, but attractive, and almost within our means—which is as close as a rental ever seems to be. The only drawback was some doubt as to whether we could actually get possession. And when the landlady said we would have to come back in the morning for our definite answer, I collapsed.

"We've got to have it!" said Lila grimly as we trudged away. "I'm desperate, for I haven't a nickel left and the girls kicked me out this morning. Thank heaven, Taylor has the price of a party, and he's going to blow us at Angelo's. See you there at seven, Nancy!"

My feet were so tired and I felt so grouchy and disagreeable that I almost decided in favor of Aunt Ellen's prunes. But after a wash-up my confidence came back and I decided to go to the dinner.

Angelo's was one of those Italian places where you can still get red ink with it, and parties there were always hilarious. This night promised to be a plus one; I could tell that the minute I opened the door from the frozen street, and the hot steamy air rushed out at me like a mist. The low ceiling rang with gay sounds—laughter, and the jazz box going full cry. Our pet table was already filled, familiar faces crowding the inadequate space, and among them was a stranger—a man the like of whom I had never seen.

He was tall and powerfully built, his head covered with vigorous close-cropped brown hair which curled strongly, and his face was regular to a degree—almost Semitic, I thought, but Semitic as were the drawings in my copy of the Bible in Pictures, which I owned as a child. His clothes, though individual almost to the point of picturesqueness, were at the same time conspicuously smart, his grooming perfect. Altogether he was a most striking personality, and when he looked directly at me I was fairly startled out of my manners by his eyes, which were of the type inadequately called golden. They had a capacity for saying incredible things. Their message went through me, deliciously terrifying, sweetly intimate, without rime or reason, the very instant my gaze met his. And then Taylor was doing the honors and I found my hand in the stranger's—such a firm hand it was!

"Nancy Steerforth, this is Adrian Lee!" said Taylor. "The great man has come downtown to see how the Village makes love!"

"I am always willing to learn," said Adrian Lee.

"Nancy is a slummer too," said Taylor. "She's crazy about the East Side. I don't see what you want to go messing about those filthy places for," he added. "Just for novelty I'd like to see a quaint, almost obsolete American family, with a homekeeping mother, a churchgoing father and half a dozen kids who have had the self-expression properly licked out of them! I'd like to see some quaint old homemade apple pie, and get a peep at an intriguing example of early American morality—but I suppose it would have a wonderful patina on it by now, if I could succeed in picking up a bit anywhere!"

"Oh, dry up, Taylor!" said I. "Your Italian-antique business wouldn't be so thriving if many people felt as you do!"

Adrian laughed, then turned to me as Taylor moved away. "May I sit beside you?" he asked.

When we were seated he offered me wine. I refused.

"I never need it," said I. "This is enough—the people talking. Absurd, isn't it?"

He shook his head in smiling negation.

"So do I like to be under perfect control," said he, his back deliberately turned to the others, his wonderful eyes holding me. "I never touch anything to drink. So many other things are more intoxicating. Tell me, child, who are you?"

"A painter," said I. "Not much of a one yet. And you?"

"I'm a dealer in paintings," said he. "So we should be friends. I have a place uptown."

I felt myself flooded with an agonizing blush. Good Lord! Of course I should have known without asking. He was Adrian Lee the dealer, of whom all the Village talked. To sell Lee a painting and to buy a print from his distinguished little shop in the West Fifties were almost equal marks of virtue. And, following the usual Village custom, I had asked him who he was!

"You come from the country," said he.

"No wonder you say that!" I gasped. "But now I realize I have often passed your place—because I was afraid to go in, although I wanted to, most awfully."

"Next time you will come in," he said significantly. "You are as interested as I am in art."

"I am," said I. "Above everything." And let him take it as he would. I had such a sudden mysterious kinship with this man—and yet a fear of him, as well.

"A little mystic person from New England," said he. "Massachusetts, isn't it? Superstitious, sensitive, imaginative—you see, I know a lot about you, eh?"

"But how could you?" said I. "Unless, of course, Lila told you?"

"Nobody had to tell me," said Adrian Lee. "I have an odd way of knowing things, that's all. Taylor brought me down here tonight, but he said nothing about you. I like these people. They know how to talk and I enjoy the relaxation in listening to them. You must find it a relief, too, after that narrow little town."

The man was positively uncanny. And yet, how it thrilled me to be so profoundly, instantly understood!

"It was just that sort of place," said I. "But I must seem an awful hick, if I show it so plainly."

"That remark is unworthy of our mutual understanding," said he. "The little towns often produce the biggest people, as you well know. And living by the sea all your life has kept you from becoming cramped by the rest of your environment."

"The sea!" I cried. "But how on earth could you tell that?"

"I can tell it from your eyes," said Adrian. "Your eyes mean a great deal to me. They are very beautiful."

"Let's talk about something else, please," said I, disturbed. "You, for example. And your work."

He gave a little laugh—a laugh that seemed to indulge me—tenderly. Oh! It was too sudden, too upsetting of every tradition with which I had been raised. And yet it was unmistakable: The man was making love to me, and I liked it!

"There is very little to tell," said he. "I am a business man, an outsider here. They let me come once in a while and listen to their gabble on politics, the revolution, art, what not! It does me good. Because, of course, selling art is much like selling anything else. Excepting one's soul, perhaps. In my line a bit of that has to go, too, with almost every deal. Some day I

(Continued on Page 130)

The Nickel Lunch

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Eat the confection that is a food. Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts are as good for you as they are good to taste. The very finest, biggest peanuts in the whole crop. Roasted to a crisp, savory brown and salted just right to add zest to appetite. Nothing you could choose for lunch could be more tempting nor more full of real food value. The familiar glassine bag is overflowing with delicious, strength-building nutriment in easily digested form. Just 5c. Everywhere.

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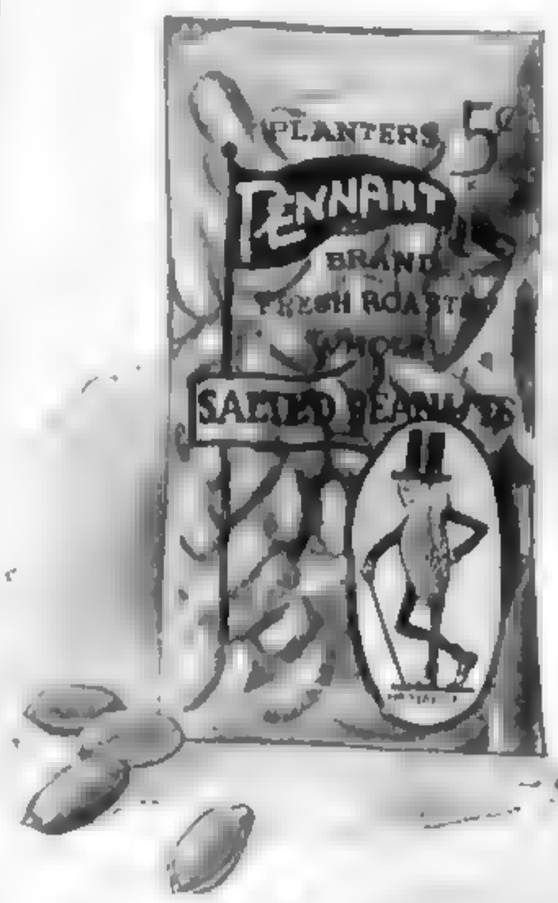

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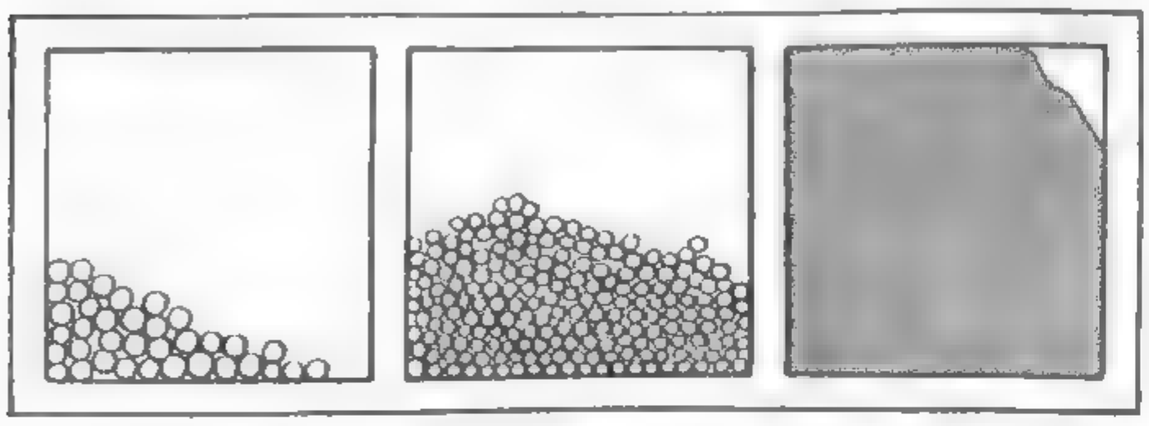
PEANUTS

Nothing else

The "Household Guide" to home painting and decorating prevents disappointment



1 pound 1 pound 1 pound

WHY *SWP* COVERS
more surface per gallon

Hunters know that the finer the shot, the greater the spread and closer the cover. Painters know that the same applies to paint: the finer the lead and zinc, the greater the spread and covering power of paint.

A POUND of buckshot, spread on a square foot of space will cover 1 5; a pound of B B shot will cover 1/2; but *a pound of fine bird shot will cover the entire square.*

The pigments of SWP (Sherwin-Williams House Paint) are refined to the greatest extremes possible, in chemical and mechanical science. Cheap paint cannot equal this fineness and spreading power because cheap paint is never so thoroughly ground. A gallon of SWP covers 360 square feet with two coats of paint, while ordinary paint covers 200 to 250 feet.

The economy of SWP is clear on this account alone, but consider also the paint's greater durability. High quality of ingredients and fineness of grinding both mean ability of paint to resist exposure to the weather where cheap paint cracks, crumbles, flakes, peels or chalks and must soon be renewed.

WHO has not seen the different kinds of trouble that come when the wrong paint, varnish, stain or enamel is used? Who will not welcome the chance to purchase his paints, varnishes, stains, and enamels from a merchant equipped with this remarkable help? Remember, only a Sherwin-Williams agent has the Household Guide.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Why do Sherwin-Williams go to such lengths as to own their own lead and zinc mines and smelters—their own flaxseed crushers and oil refineries?

Answer:
To assure high quality and uniformity, which are extremely uncertain where there is no control of raw materials from their source.

Why do Sherwin-Williams grind their paints and enamels so long and so thoroughly, as against the faster, more common commercial method?

Answer:
Because without such grinding the life of the paint is shortened.

Why do Sherwin-Williams get the pick of the world's choice varnish gums in the markets of New Zealand, Africa, East Indies and other countries?

Answer:
Because of their great purchases as the largest manufacturers of their kind.

Why do Sherwin-Williams maintain the most complete Technical Service Department in the industry?

Answer:
To study all painting, varnishing, staining and enameling needs of house, farm and industry and to guide the manufacture of the right product for each need.

Save the Household Guide and keep it at home in a handy place

Mark on it the particular surface or article you have in mind to finish. The Guide covers the more common problems. If you have some painting, varnishing, enameling or staining problems in your home, not covered by the Guide, write us.

A more extensive Guide will be found prominently displayed in the store of any Sherwin-Williams agent—a part of his service.

Write for free booklet B 430 with complete Household Guide and useful information on all painting, varnishing, staining and enameling. Valuable whether you do the work yourself or employ a master painter.

Send [illegible] Painting Manual [illegible] pages, [illegible] some full color [illegible] plete book on the subject ever published. Address Dept. B. 433.

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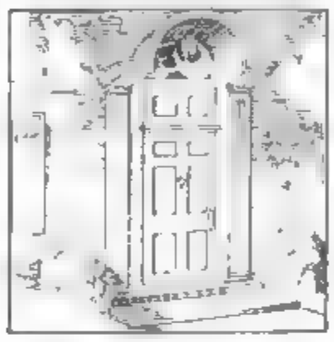
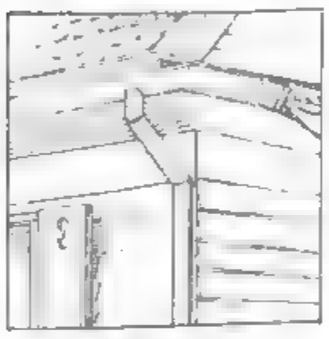
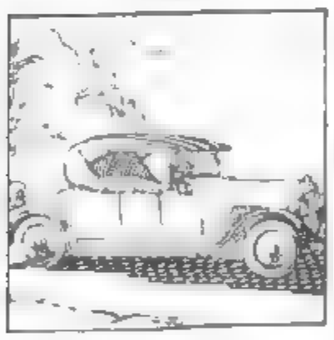


To protect its beauty

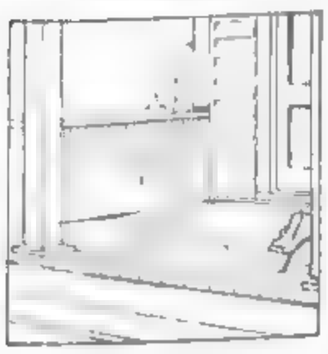


To "insure" your roof

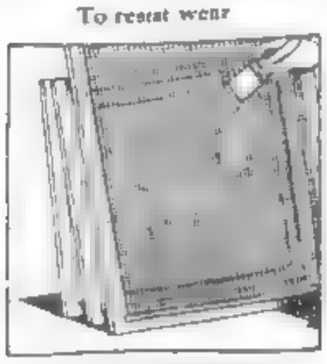


To "re-new" your car

For lasting attractiveness



To resist wear



To save your screens

SAVE this guide for reference with your family, your painter and the Sherwin-Williams dealer

CONDENSED

HOUSEHOLD GUIDE

For Painting, Varnishing, Staining and Enameling

IMPORTANT: Each of the products specified below bears our name and trade mark

TRADE MARK

	TO PAINT *Use product named below*	TO VARNISH *Use product named below*	TO STAIN *Use product named below*	TO ENAMEL *Use product named below*
AUTOMOBILES	*S-W Auto Enamels* for the man who paints his own car	*S-W Auto Enamel Clears* a colorless varnish		*S-W Auto Enamels* assorted colors
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	*S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing*			
BRICK	*SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss *S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* dull finish			*Old Dutch Enamel:* full gloss for outside exposure
CEILINGS, Interior	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* for woodwork only, such as beamed ceilings, etc.	*S-W Handcraft Stain* Penetrating spirit stain for new hard wood *Floorlac:* varnish and stain combined, new or old wood	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paints*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting, for porch ceilings, etc.	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
CONCRETE	*S-W Concrete Wall Finish* a paint, resists weather			
DOORS, Interior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Scar-Not Varnish:* gloss *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries to a dull finish without rubbing	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined *S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new wood only	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting spar varnish	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory For interior and exterior use
FENCES	*SWP House Paint* *Metalastic* (iron or wire only) *S-W Roof and Bridge Paint* for rough work		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain*	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* water resisting, heel proof	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel like finish
Concrete	*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* wears well, washes well			*S-W Concrete Floor Finish* high gloss, durable
Porch	*S-W Porch and Deck Paint:*			
FURNITURE, Indoors	*Enameloid:* the decorative enamel	*Scar-Not Varnish:* stands hard usage	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid:* assorted colors
Porch	*Enameloid:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	*Old Dutch Enamel:* enduring gloss
LINOLEUM	*S-W Inside Floor Paint,* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* protects the pattern		*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel like finish
RADIATORS	*Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint *S-W Aluminum* or *Gold Paint*			*Enameloid:* assorted colors
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	*S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* *Metalastic:* *Ebonol:* black coal tar paint		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	
SCREENS	*S-W Screen Enamel:*			*S-W Screen Enamel*
TOYS	*S-W Family Paint:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:*	*Floorlac* (inside use) a varnish and stain combined	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint *SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss			*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory; gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid:* assorted colors
WICKER	*Enameloid:* high gloss assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish* durable, elastic	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
WOODWORK, Interior	*SWP House Paint:* gloss *Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* high gloss but can be rubbed to a dull finish *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries dull without rubbing	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new hard wood *S-W Oil Stain:* for new soft wood *Floorlac:* for new or old wood, a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory; dull or gloss, aristocrat of enamels, specified by leading architects *Enameloid:* assorted colors

NOTE: Best results can be had by following the carefully prepared directions on labels.

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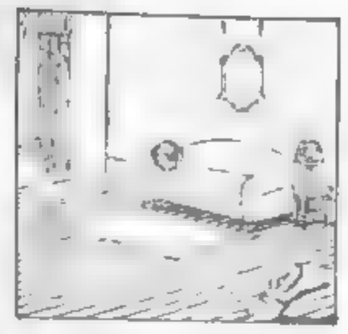
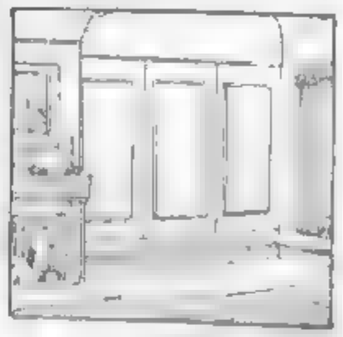
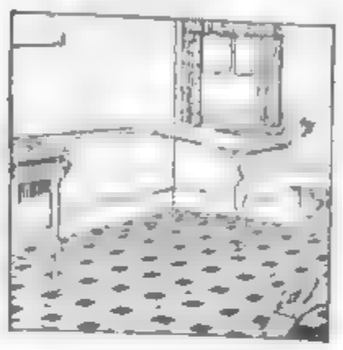


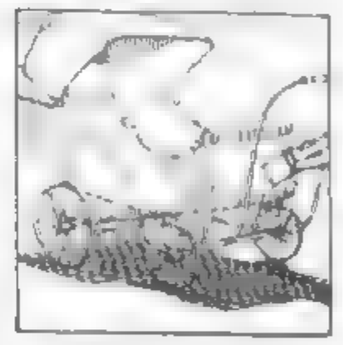
To enrich hard wood



For cheerful satisfactory walls

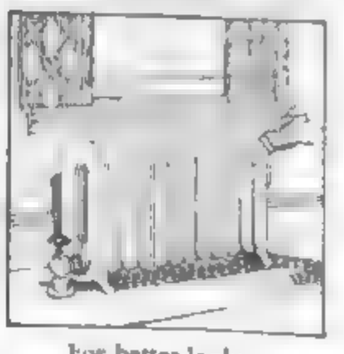


To keep linoleum like new

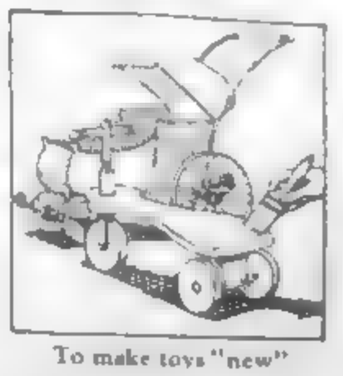


To make it "new"

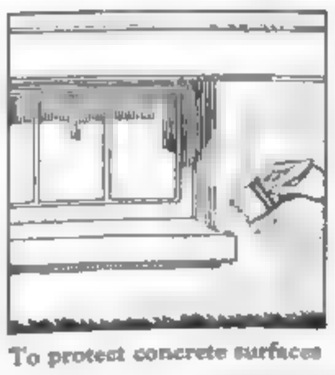
To properly finish woodwork



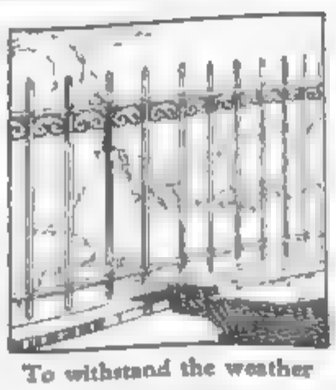
For better-looking radiators



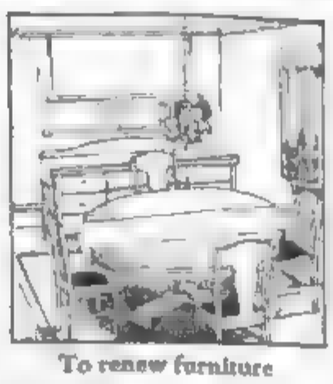
To make toys "new"



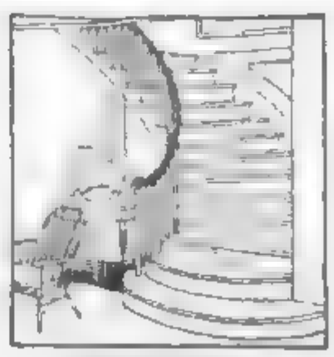
To protect concrete surfaces



To withstand the weather

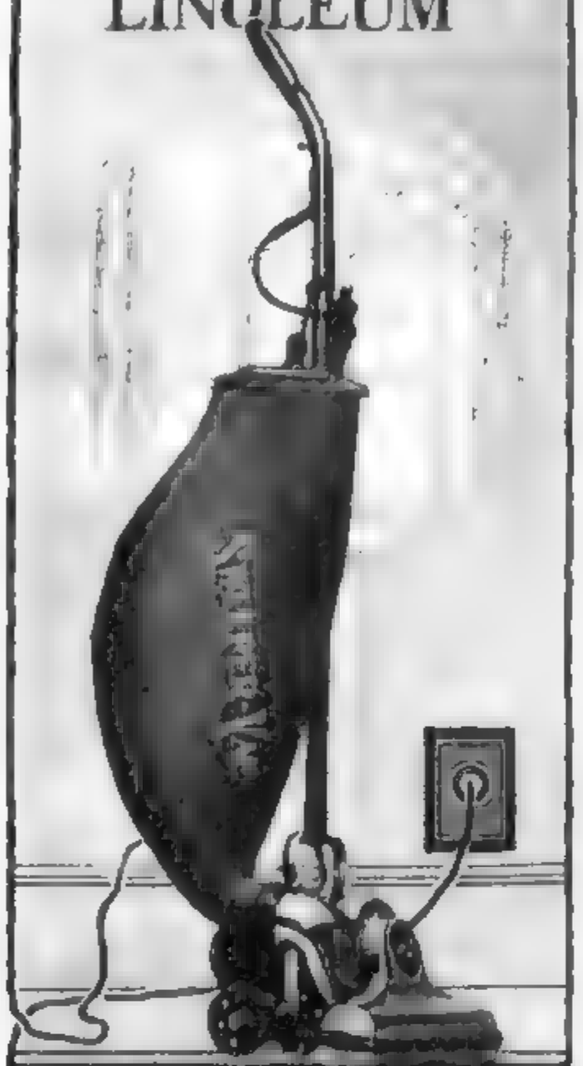


To renew furniture



To keep attractive

Mop by Vacuum
HARDWOOD-TILE LINOLEUM



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the vacuum cleaner with the Vac-Mop

THE Vac-Mop, given only with the Sweeper-Vac, provides yet other important uses for this famous all-purpose Cleaner.

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Kindly send, without obligation, your booklet describing the new one-piece Sweeper Vac and its wonderful Vac Mop.

(Continued from Page 127)

am going to be rich, and then perhaps I can take time to cultivate a few ideas of my own. Meanwhile I bask in the accomplishments of people who excite my spiritual curiosity and stimulate my imagination. Ah! That is the very finest sensation in the world—eh, what? To feel your intellect grow, to feel it strain at the leashes of your limitations—eh?"

Never before in my life had a full-sized man with a proper tie and smartly brushed hair talked to me about his soul and his imagination! Fascinated I sat and watched him like a quiet little mouse. And like some great Persian cat he played with me, but without claws. How cheap he made everyone else I had ever known seem in retrospect! How glad I was that I had made the break from home which led me to the side of this glorious creature!

The party grew noisy, but it didn't touch us, somehow. It was as if an invisible wall sprang up around us, so great was the solitude of our sympathy. Even when, later in the evening, the crowd, and we with it, began to circulate, the magic spell held. The Blue Kitten, Joel's Coffee House, then back to the Village, and eventually to somebody's studio, where incense was burning on the hearth, and Lila kept changing the records on the big new phonograph—records that flooded the room with remotely crashing music.

Adrian and I sat on a low couch in the dimmest corner. I felt as though I had traveled ten thousand miles with him; that I had always known him; that I did not know him at all, and never would. Then he asked me to dance. I was in the seventh heaven when, just as Lila put on The Suwanee Waltz for the sixth time, Taylor, contrary to all the Village rules, cut in on Adrian and waltzed away with me.

"Say, Nancy Tallyho!" said he crisply into my ear. "I just wanted to slip you a tip about Lee. He's a bad egg, sister, so look out for him!"

"I don't believe it!" I whispered indignantly. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, he can't hurt you if you don't take him seriously," Taylor amended. "He's a holy terror with the women, that's all. He hands 'em all about the same line, as far as I can make out. Don't fall for it, old stocking, that's the girl."

He might as well have talked to a stone fence.

"So I'm simple, eh?" said I. "But I am a great little chaperon for myself, thanks!"

"Yes, you're a wise guy, but you don't know anything!" grunted Taylor.

And then at length it was time to go.

I lay long awake on my strange bed, for I had spent the night at Esther Mathews' studio, it being so very late when the party broke up that I was afraid to return to the settlement house. Adrian's image hung vividly before me, his moist yellow eyes devouring me, his presence almost as real as when we had danced together. I was no fool, no child, and my realization shocked me. I hadn't really needed to be told all that by Taylor.

I knew Adrian was dangerous, and with a little chill of horror I discovered that I liked him for it.

But I didn't trust him. He represented a code, a method of life too utterly foreign to all my beliefs. Suddenly I longed for protection—for Aunt Ellen and the settlement house even. That was the answer. I would stay with her; it was better, safer in every way. Two crazy, inexperienced girls such as Lila and myself had no business living in a studio alone; it simply wasn't right!

In the morning I was up very late. Esther Mathews had gone to work, leaving coffee and a note. But late as it was I determined to go first of all to that studio on the south side of the Square and tell them we would not take it. Then I would break the news to Lila.

Hastily throwing on my clothes and gulping down the remnant of hospitality left me on the stove, I went out to make this plan a fact. But Lila was ahead of me.

As I entered the lower hall and began climbing the echoing wooden stairs to our prospective lodging, I heard her strident voice giving directions to some persons unseen.

"Put them over there in the corner!" she was shouting. "No—over there. Be careful with that canvas, please! Now the other trunk—that's it!"

At which juncture I appeared, breathless, in the doorway. She turned upon me with a shrill squeal of delight, a big smudge across her face, a businesslike smock protecting her clothing.

"Give me credit, kid!" she cried. "And call me friend! I got up early and moved us in—your trunk and all! There was a message about this heavenly place waiting when I got in last night, and I thought we couldn't afford to miss the chance, and here we are. That's what I call service!"

"But, Lila!" I cried, completely dazed. "The deposit for the rent? I thought you ——"

"Oh, that's all right," said she. "I borrowed it from your Aunt Ellen!"

IV

IF SOMEBODY else runs you into a situation that you have determined to avoid because you liked it too well, you will probably shrug your shoulders, pretend it was inevitable, and accept it.

A week after finding my things all nicely settled in the studio I felt as though I had never lived in any other manner. To eat and sleep when I liked—or, at worst, when Lila Hoadley liked—to come in when I pleased, to sit up unconscionably late—all that was, at first, such a fascinating novelty that my time was fully occupied doing it. I would rather spend the whole of an afternoon in the Blue Kitten drinking coffee with the gang than to work at all.

And then in the evenings there was often Adrian, who when he was in town was usually with me. His profession seemed to take him away from the city quite frequently, on visits to various artists or clients throughout the country.

We had fallen into a curious relationship as the weeks went on, never speaking of what was uppermost in both our minds. Yet our intimacy was there—strong and undeniable, but with something of the quality of dynamite in precarious storage. Everything was all right just so long as nothing occurred to explode it. Lila nagged me a good deal about the affair.

"Why the devil don't you work it for what it's worth, Nancy?" she said to me petulantly one day after more than two months of this had gone by. "The man is demented about you, and he's a dealer. Why don't you get him to put your stuff on sale? We are going to starve to death in short order, otherwise, so far as I can see?"

"No, we won't!" I said laughingly. "Because I'd actually rather work than have that happen. Besides, Adrian knows too much about art for me even to show him my pictures."

"You let the rest of the crowd look at your paintings," she complained. "Why not the one who can do most for you?"

"I've told you—because it's not good enough!" I repeated impatiently.

"Well, then," said Lila, "you might stick some of it in the show Esther is going to hold in the back room of the Blue Kitten. It's the annual Village Independents, but you don't have to belong. Go on, hang something there!"

Well, it was sweet of Lila to say "something," just as if I had a dozen canvases, while as a matter of fact I had only my Italiana and one other, a view of the Square, besides my little water-color flower sketches. And of course it would never do to show those bromidic little bunches of asters, morning glories, and so on. Anyway, I didn't have them now. Lila was unaware of the fact, but these flower pieces were scattered around town at the offices of various post card and advertising concerns as samples of my work.

For the truth of the matter was that living in New York was costing about four times what I had calculated on, and I wasn't such a nut but that I could now see art was going to be a longer study than I at first believed. My instructor had taken one look at Italiana and said a mouthful that I was not likely to forget in a hurry. All this, and the high rent, plus the fact that Lila had now frankly become a financial responsibility, able to pay her way only with her optimistic presence, had combined to eat into my fifteen hundred dollars most alarmingly. And judging from my Brother Bobby's infrequent and noncommittal letters there was no use in counting on any help from him. Besides, I had promised to go home if I made a flop of it, and I now felt that I could not go back—never, never!

Hence my secret trips to the advertising agencies. If I could sell hack work and keep it a secret it would help us along, and if none of Lila's set of intellectual, uncommercial friends got to know about it—why, it would be no disgrace to commercialize my art. Besides, it wasn't my real art that I was offering for sale. So far my oil painting was wholly uncontaminated by commercialism, as Lila bitterly pointed out. When she suggested the Blue Kitten Shop exhibit, I unearthed the Italiana and dusted it off.

"Would you change the name before putting it in, Lila?" I asked. "This is a terrible daub, honestly!"

"It's the best thing you ever did!" replied Lila in her emphatic way. "The very fact that you are not perfectly sure of what it is proves its value as an example of pure soul expression. But I tell you what! Why not simply call it Complex? That's what it really is, you know!"

She was right, I felt, and we hung the picture under that name. Complex, by Nancy Steerforth. It did give me rather a thrill to see that label, even if the canvas was hung in the back room of a basement shop instead of in a real gallery. Of course the dreams of a year ago I now looked back upon as childish, and I felt a good deal ashamed of the little simpleton who had painted that canvas back in the barn at Little Cape. Still, it might be good, at that!

If it was, nobody seemed to notice the fact, and for the next two months the painting hung where I had put it.

Neither did the water colors go over very well. I got an order or two which, when I finished the work, were pronounced as being more than satisfactory, and the manager of one place, the Greenbough Agency, promised me all I could do—another season, fully six months away. The pay was small, but it was better than nothing.

Weeks and weeks slipped by breathlessly, in the New York fashion, as if time didn't want to be noticed; and somehow Lila and I skimped along on my fast-shrinking bank roll until I got so thin and worried that one evening Adrian forced the truth out of me.

He had just come back from a long trip to Canada, where he told me that he had sold something for a large sum. He insisted upon my going uptown to celebrate.

"Let's go to a real place, Nancy," said he. "How about dinner at the Ritz and a drive around the park afterward? The leaves are coming out into a faint mist of green and there is a full moon tonight—what say?"

What could I say? Spring—it was actually spring again after a chaos of winter that had been incredibly short and at the same time interminable. Spring again! Adrian again, after the long weeks—a moon—and, thank the Lord, a good dinner!

I tried not to appear too hungry, for Lila and I were making milk and crackers a diet by this time. But though the golden eyes saw right through me he didn't say a word about my appearance or my appetite. He spoke only of his trip, of how late the spring came to Canada, of indifferent things, the while looking handsomer and more utterly, hopelessly his own property than ever.

Even later, when, comfortably ensconced in the back seat of his enormous car, we made the slow circle of the Central Park driveway, winding at last up Riverside Drive along the brink of the gleaming river, he didn't at once broach the subject of which he usually talked exclusively—to wit, myself.

"Nancy, what a fearful thing it must be to find yourself tied down to a routine!" said he. "Think of spending your whole existence in a shop or a factory, grinding your nose—eh? Myself, I'd like a sword and a charger, and the world before me, like those old fellows—the professional adventurers. Or piracy. That would be good—eh?"

"You say that because you have a shop, Adrian," I replied. "Perhaps you wouldn't crave adventure if you had it! Personally, a job behind a counter wouldn't look so badly to me. After all, I suppose most real Americans like to work at something, and you can't get away from that any more than the rest of us."

"But I'm not an American," said Adrian unexpectedly. "Nor do I care to be. When I am rich enough I shall go back to the old country."

"Adrian, I had no idea!" I gasped. "What country?"

"Russia," said he, taking my hand and drawing me back toward him from the far corner of the seat into which I had instinctively shrunk. "Good Lord, I thought of course you knew! I—a stolid American? No, dear Nancy! I will try

(Continued on Page 133)

Your bath goes only skin deep

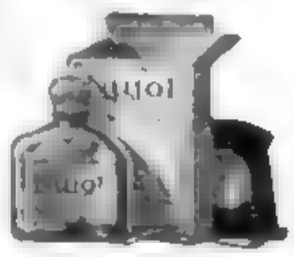
REFRESHING and necessary as the bath may be, it secures only external cleanliness. Far more important is *internal cleanliness.* For on this depend health and youthful energy.

You cannot be healthy if you do not keep clean internally. A clogged intestinal system is a disease-breeder. Here starts such ailments as headaches, bilious attacks and insomnia—each of which takes toll of your health and vitality. Poisons flood your system and your power of resistance is lowered. Health, even life itself, is threatened. In this clogging, say intestinal specialists, lies the primary cause of more than three-quarters of all illness, including the gravest diseases of life.

Thousands of healthy men and women have learned to prevent illness by maintaining internal cleanliness through the regular use of Nujol. Nujol is not a laxative. Nujol prevents intestinal clogging by lubrication, the method now employed by medical authorities throughout the world. Nujol lubricates and softens the food waste and thus hastens its passage through and out of the body.

Don't give disease a start. Take Nujol as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Nujol is not a medicine. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol establishes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world.

If you would maintain health and youthful energy adopt this habit of internal cleanliness. Nujol will make every day brighter and your enjoyment of life more keen. Keep a bottle of Nujol in the bath room cabinet as a daily reminder. For sale at all druggists.



Nujol

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Internal Cleanliness

Faulty Elimination

Your doctor will tell you that most of the gravest diseases of life are caused by poisoning which results from intestinal clogging. Such minor ills as headaches, bilious attacks, loss of appetite, etc. warn that clogging is present and call for systematic measures to overcome the condition.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

Medical science, through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, has found in *lubrication* a means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables Nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a medicine and cannot cause distress. Nujol hastens the rate of flow of the intestinal stream, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in people of all ages.

Complexion Troubles: Science now knows that poisons from intestinal sluggishness are the chief cause of personal unattractiveness. Carried by the blood they reach every body cell, the millions of cells that compose the skin, the roots of the hair and the eyes. No wonder that through faulty elimination the skin becomes sallow, muddy, roughened, blotched or disfigured with pimples or other blemishes. It is not strange that the hair loses its sheen and the eyes become dull.

Nujol should be taken regularly for the complexion. Nujol overcomes and prevents intestinal sluggishness. It thus keeps the body free from poisons which are the principal cause of complexion troubles.

Nujol is the most effective aid to a clear, healthy, lovely skin.

Elderly People: In youth and perfect health the intestine supplies a natural lubricating liquid in sufficient quantity to soften the food waste and hasten its movement out of the body. In advanced years this lubricant decreases in quantity. Hence the need for something to give assistance. The action of Nujol so closely resembles that of Nature's lubricant that it is especially beneficial to those in advanced years. Nujol softens the waste, thus enabling the intestinal muscles to move it along and out of the body.

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories — *Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)*

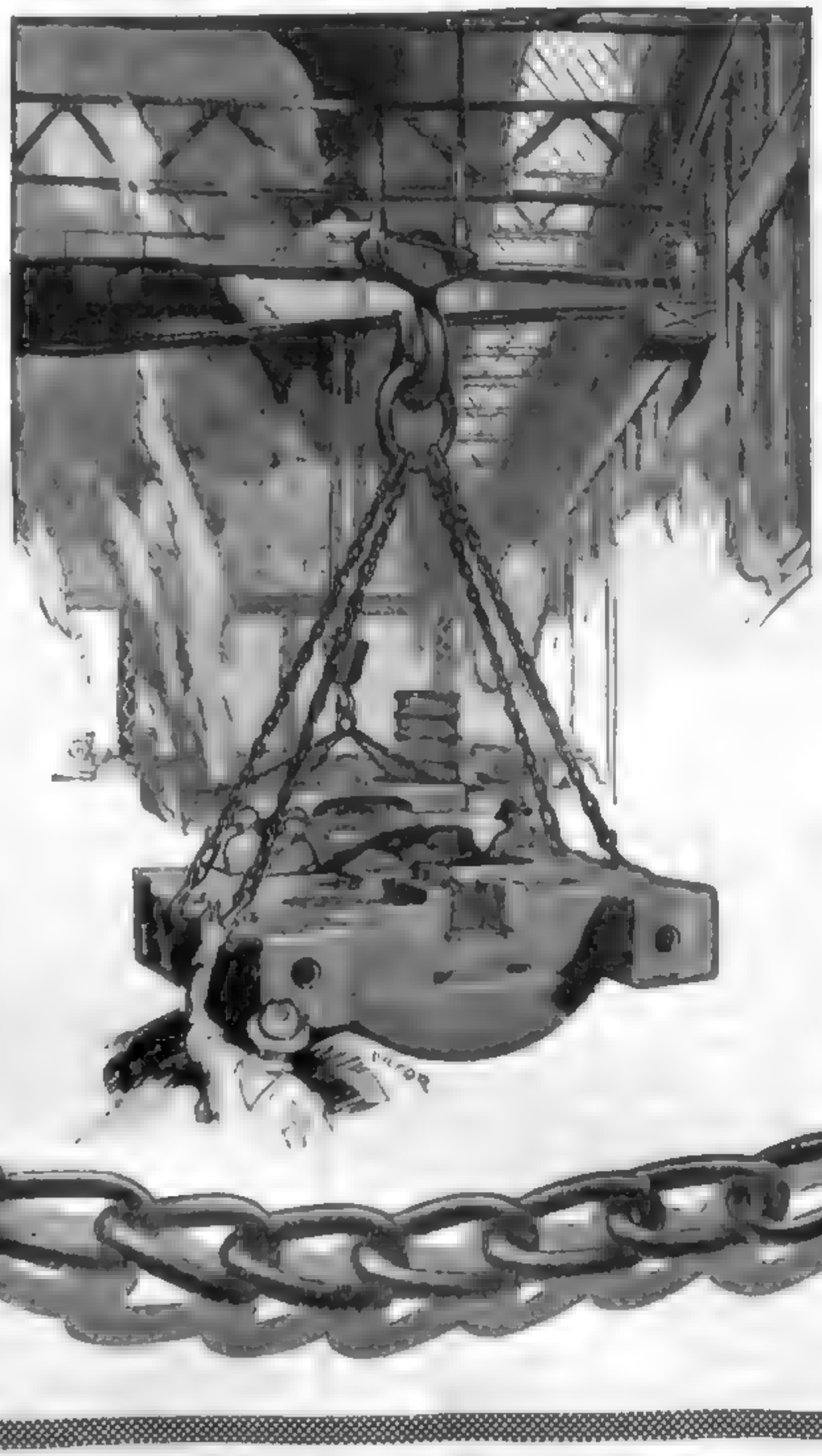
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE!

Nujol, Room 831-Y, 7 Hanover Square, New York. For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "Faulty Elimination." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name_____

Address_____

Crane Chains or Tire Chains



It's All in "Knowing How"

The long life, the lasting powers, the dependability of McKay Tire Chains are all explained in one word —*experience*. Back of every set of McKays is forty years of experience in making crane chains and other industrial chains on whose long life and lasting powers lives depend.

Only this long experience, only these 40 years of knowing how, could have made possible the development of the special McKay hardening process, now used in the manufacture of McKay Tire Chains. And the result is a tire chain whose remarkably long life will surprise you, a tire chain that will be on the job months and miles after any ordinary chain would be worn through and broken.

McKay Tire Chains cost no more in the first place—in the end they cost much less because they last longer. Be sure your next set is McKays. Ask for the Better Black Chains in the Red Band Bag.

McKay Shurout Chains, a real motoring necessity—get you out of the mud—meet all emergencies.

McKay Ready Repair Links for the instant repair of broken cross chains without tools.

UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING CO.
Union Trust Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Makers of Complete Lines of Chains for All Commercial and Industrial Purposes
Plants at York and McKee's Rocks, Pa.; Columbus and Marietta, Ohio; Huntington, W. Va.

McKAY TIRE CHAINS

McK

(Continued from Page 130)

sometime to make you understand the soul of my people, and through that you will perhaps come to understand me—and my beliefs about life and love and the cheap conventions of a stupid bourgeois Anglo-Saxon so-called civilization!"

"You talk like a Bolshevik, Adrian," said I, disturbed. "But you make too much money for that! It must be very profitable, selling paintings. I wish I could sell one—just to give me confidence."

"You will some day," said he. "Lila showed me some of your sketches once when you were out. Keep on studying—that's all!"

"Do you really think that?" I cried. "Oh, but, Adrian—I can't go on! I'm broke. Soon I won't even be able to eat! Tonight—well, you saw I was hungry. And it's not the first time. I've got to get work."

For a few moments we rode on in silence, the quiet car and the motionless chauffeur carrying us magically through the silver-mottled blackness of the night. At last Adrian's grasp on my hand tightened and he broke the silence.

"See here, dear Nancy!" said he. "I don't want you to stop your studies and go to work at an absurd job. Let me lend you some money. Whatever you like. And more when you need it. Count on me—eh?"

"Oh, Adrian, I couldn't do that!" I exclaimed. "It's utterly impossible!"

"But why?" he persisted softly, letting my hand go at once. "If you insist, we will make it a business proposition. I will take your note, and you shall repay me. Surely there is nothing wrong about that?"

I thought rapidly of ways and means. Something throbbing strongly in my throat. In time the Greenbough Agency's order would be due. But there would never be money enough in that! I was desperately in need of cash. I owed for my winter coat and we were two months behind with the rent. To go to Aunt Ellen was useless; she had only her meager salary, which was barely enough to keep her. How could I take Adrian's money honorably? Suddenly I knew.

"Adrian!" I said chokingly. "I heard you say that you needed someone in your shop—someone who really cared about pictures. Is that place filled, or could I come and work for you?"

He was silent again while I hung trembling on his answer.

"I do still want someone whom I can trust," said he slowly. "But it would only be worth, say, fifty dollars a week. That's so little, and I am sure you need money right away. Nancy—let me give you five hundred now, and you can work it out. I'll let you pay it off a few dollars each week if you like."

"Will you take my note too?" I asked.

"Of course!" said he. "It shall be just as you desire."

Then he told the chauffeur to take us downtown, and without touching me again he left me at the studio door. As I watched him drive away he seemed like a god to me. So considerate, so good! The instant I was under obligations to him he stopped all attempt at familiarities! How I loved him at that minute, and how his belief in me and my work gave me back my fast-failing belief in myself!

The next morning, just before noon, I had my five hundred dollars, the landlord had a hundred of it, a second hundred had gone in little bills, and Adrian had my signed note. I made sure of that, although over the phone he suggested that I bring it when I came to work next day. But I couldn't wait, and when I had sent it up to him by messenger I felt better. Somehow it made things seem so much more regular. Yet at the same time I adored taking the money from Adrian, just because it was so unconventional.

At any rate the thing was done, and scarcely had the messenger departed when Lila, who had been out of town overnight, came pounding up the stairs in a great state of excitement.

"My heavens, woman!" she shouted. "Where did you dig up the rent? I met old Sour Face at the door, and by his smile I knew the impossible had happened. That's psychoanalysis for you!"

"Yes, I gave him the money this morning," said I. "I've got a good job, and—and a small advance on my salary. That's how!"

She gave me a long stare and a whistle, started to say something, and then changed her mind.

"Say, Nancy!" she broke out after a minute of silence. "It's bully of you paying up like that! I—well, I got a little money this morning, myself, and I was going to pay the rent. But so long as you've already done it, what say we give a party tonight instead? Ask in all the bunch—you put up ten if you've still got it, and I'll put up the same. Yes?"

"That's how!" said I, mechanically consenting. It was so like her.

"Good!" said she. "I'll go round up the makings and a few of the gang, and see you about six tonight. Say, by the way, who are you going to work for?"

"Adrian Lee," said I. "I start in at the gallery tomorrow!"

"Work for him!" she shrieked. "You poor dumb-bell! Well, I suppose that's New England for you! Good heaven, before I'd dream of letting a man I was crazy over see me in his office every day! First thing you know he'll mistake you for the telephone or some other piece of furniture!"

"And then again he may find I'm a piece of furniture he can't get along without."

"Nix!" said she. "Adrian's sort only want what they can't get, and can only see the wrens they have to chase with an opera glass!"

And with that she flounced out, leaving me to a day devoted to the exquisite pleasure of marching boldly into places where I owed money and paying it up.

Late in the afternoon I was back at the studio, washing my hair—because, of course, washing one's hair is an inevitable preliminary to any feminine enterprise of importance. At any rate I washed it and, with it hanging down my back over a towel, was sewing little white cuffs and collar to the black gown I intended wearing to work, when the doorbell rang.

Now I don't know why it is, but every woman living loathes answering the bell while she is drying her hair, even when it's a good head like mine. She'll go, of course, but it's always with mumbled protest as if the caller should have exercised a little second sight in such a matter. And so, grumbling, I pushed the button in the hall, and then flew around the room tucking things out of sight, the way girls who live as we did always have to. And just as I was in the act of thrusting my sewing basket under a couple of sofa cushions a familiar voice spoke behind me.

"That ought to be useful," it said. "Especially if an unwelcome guest was to sit on it!"

I whirled around, and there was Easy! His big quiet presence seemed to fill even our enormous room, and for an instant I felt as though the whole village of Little Cape had moved in.

"David Cooper!" said I stupidly. "How did you get here?"

"Much the usual way," he admitted. "Train, Subway, flight of stairs. And now that's over, will you let me stay a few moments?"

"Of course," said I, my heart in an unexpected flutter.

His sudden appearance upset me. It was exactly as though he had done it on purpose, this walking in on me at the very moment when I was going to a whole new sort of life with another man. However, the thought of Adrian, rich salve to my wounded feelings, gave me courage to smile cordially at Easy. Somebody wanted me, believed in me, if David Cooper didn't!

"Come in, and everything!" said I. "Sit down. Look out! That's where the pincushion is. Sit over here and tell me all the news! What on earth brought you to town?"

"Official business," he said with pride. "I'm in the Federal service now. My, but you look pretty, Nancy! Where'd you get all that hair?"

"Never mind my hair!" said I impatiently. "Tell me about Little Cape. About Bobby—how is Bobby? His letters are so unsatisfactory!"

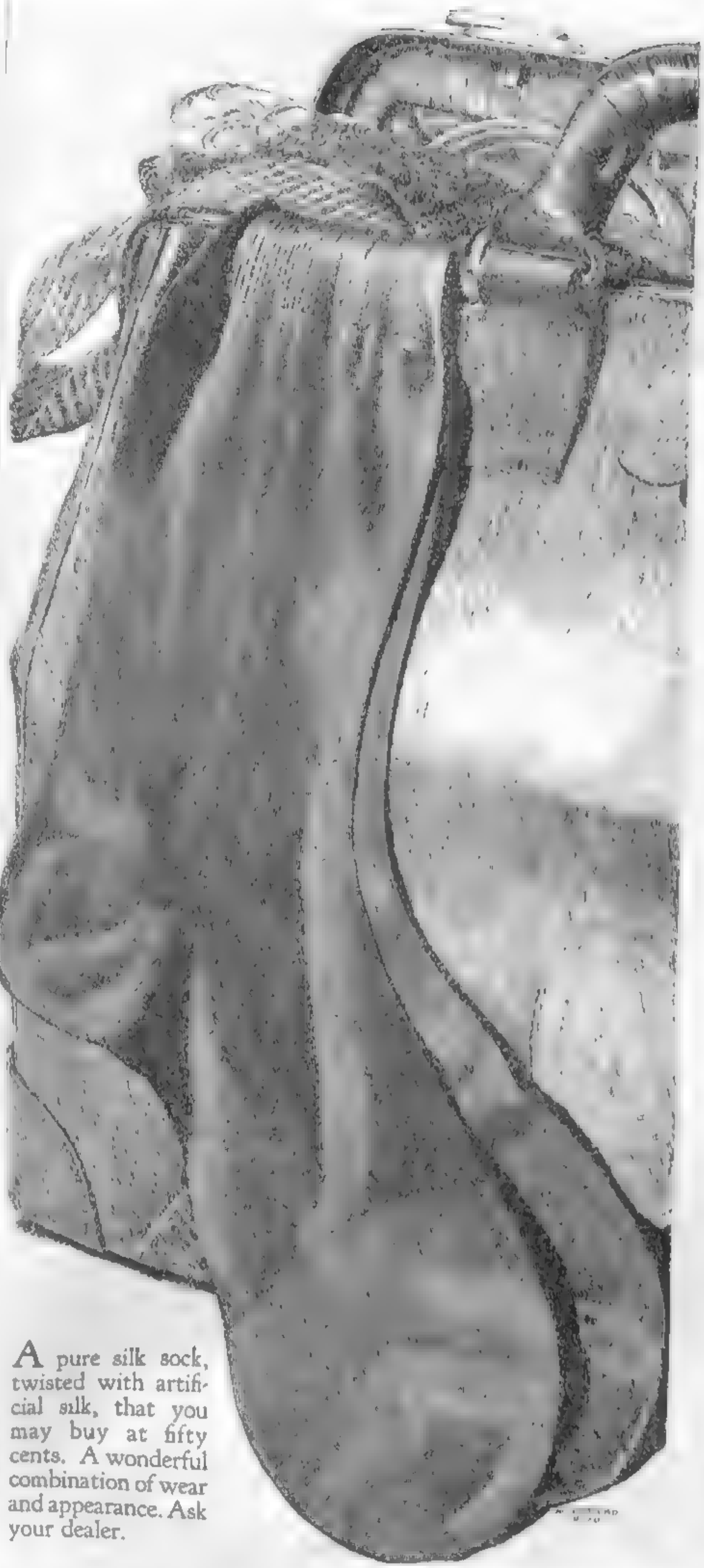
Easy gave me a piercing look that I couldn't understand. "Bobby is getting along remarkably well," said he. "I should have thought you would know."

"That's great!" said I with a big sigh of relief. "He never writes much about himself. And the aunts—have you seen them? Oh, tell me everything—even about those awful Bowditches!"

"Well, they've bought the Hoadley place, you know," said he.

"No!" I cried. "Across from our house? Oh, Easy, you don't mean it!"

"I certainly do!" said he. "They are tearing down the barns and putting up a movie theater with four shops under the



A pure silk sock, twisted with artificial silk, that you may buy at fifty cents. A wonderful combination of wear and appearance. Ask your dealer.

NOTASEME
HOSIERY

front of it—darnedest looking building you ever saw in your life!"

"How hateful!" I exclaimed.

"I thought you'd approve of our getting a picture house in town," said he dryly. "And what is more, I should have supposed that sale was one thing you would have been certain to know about."

"But why?" I asked. "I never see anyone from home."

"But it was your roommate who sold them the place," he explained. "Got ten thousand for it, I understand. That ought to be useful!"

"Lila Hoadley!" I cried. "Why, of course she's owned it since the old lady died. I never thought. And only this morning —— Why, the grafter! Easy, are you sure?"

"Of course I am," said he. "Now see here, Nancy—about you. Why haven't you written?"

"I tore your letters up," said I, too bewildered by my discovery about Lila to pretend with him. "I—well, I thought I was putting Little Cape behind me, but it seems I was not!"

"Not while I belong there!" said Easy. "Lookee, hon! I'm probably going to make you mad, coming here after your saying you'd never speak to me again, but I was pretty sick to see you."

"Can't we forget all that?" I begged. "Easy, tell me some more about—home! And about you and this Federal thing—what do you mean by that?"

"Well, it's this way!" Easy began, settling his huge shoulders in the old familiar way that he had when he was about to try to talk in words of more than one syllable. "You see I had this traffic-cop job. It ran to bigger things than I thought. It wasn't only Spinelli's having no license to run a car, or Max Engle, the Dutchie from up on the hill, making bad hooch and selling it to our boys around town, although it made me slippery all over to see the damn hulk, who can't even speak English, poisoning our fool kids that way. And what I'm trying to tell you is that—well, the traffic-cop job turned out to be a political one, see? Since you left, Old Jansen, that big bum who used to run the ice business, has somehow got to be probate judge and town clerk rolled into one. And he got Spinelli on the board of selectmen, and first thing I knew I was working for them and I didn't crave my soup! No, Nancy, not when it came to allowing Max Engle to run the stuff down the street in his flivver so open you couldn't smell his gasoline for the stink of it!"

"But you have always known Max made hooch!" said I.

"But I wasn't always an officer," said Easy, twisting his eyebrows at me. "Well, those and a number of other things began to annoy me considerable. So I quit—at least they all think I have quit—and set up a carpenter shop again. And so I have set up shop. But what they don't know, and mustn't know just yet, is that I pried me off a Federal revenue agent's job. The foreign trash in our town is a bad thing, Nancy, and the worst thing about them is that they do most of the bootlegging. If they would content themselves with stealing our land by working their whole families on it and feeding 'em trash while they sell the sound product, or if they'd rest on cheap shops selling poor stuff, or even with worming their way into local politics on the strength of being thoroughly crooked—why, mebbe they wouldn't have pulled my cork so. But when folks commence adding active crime to their accomplishments I am just naturally goaded into action against my will."

"Easy," said I, my eyes sticking out of my head, "this is breathless! Just what are you after now?"

"I'll tell you, hon," said Easy, whose clear eyes had never left mine, "but don't, of course, speak to Miss Hoadley about it. She is probably O. K., but just the same I don't like her not telling you about that sale."

"Neither do I!" said I hotly. "Go on, Easy."

"Well, it's like this!" said he. "There is a gang of bootleggers recently started operating along our neck o' the woods. My boss got a hunch the stuff came through our town, and set me to watch. Well, I've done so, and it's not the Spinellis nor Max they're nickel-in-the-slot tunes, all of 'em! So I took another tack and caught a breeze. Only one family in town had grown unreasonably prosperous—the Bowditches."

"But, Easy, what nonsense!" I cried. "They are a hard-working decent family. Although I have never liked them, I'm going to grant them that!"

"I admit it looks a lot like real business enterprise," said Easy. "But wait until I tell you some more. I couldn't get a thing on them—I haven't yet. And still and all, pretty soon I get word from my chief that a man by the same name—perhaps a cousin of theirs, see?—is believed to be the chief Indian in this new crowd that's blowing along our coast. I'm told to look out for him. They haven't a thing to go on except

Every Woman Living Loathes Answering the Bell While She Is Drying Her Hair, Even When It's a Good Head Like Mine

a snapshot some fast worker managed to get. Personally I have it figured that he's in New York, and I've come down to get in touch with headquarters here, and see if I can pry off a little help from them. He's a big catch if I can land him, hon."

"Well, Easy," said I, "it all seems too ridiculously impossible to be real. To think of you caring enough about enforcing prohibition to want to clean up like this!"

He made a wide gesture with his open hands.

"Oh, what I care about is Little Cape. And all the other places like it—towns with any imported disease that needs curing. An officer is a kind of doctor, see? Nancy, I know you don't give a damn, but I'm beginning to realize trachoma and smallpox and so forth aren't the only diseases that ought to be looked for at Ellis Island. There's a lot of germs don't show, and get by there—and they come to life and hatch out in a town like Little Cape. If they'd only give us a chance to fumigate the ones we've got already before they rush any more in! I tell you, Nancy, this bootlegging is only one of the things I want to see stopped. Bootlegging merely happens to be the thing I'm trailing at this particular moment."

"Phew!" said I, laughing. "Why, you might go on the lecture platform if the police game stops paying salaries!"

"Say, hon, forgive a poor kluck!" he exclaimed contritely, stopping in the excited walk he had started up and down the room. "Anybody would think I had come here to talk about myself, when what I really craved was to know about you. You are still Nancy Steerforth—thank the good Lord for that! But how about art, and so forth? Sold any yet?"

"No," said I, "but I—I have a picture in an exhibition, and—well, I'm going on with my studies."

He frowned at me severely.

"Nancy, I told you so!" said he. "Why on earth do you stick it out?"

"Not selling doesn't mean a thing!" I replied hotly. "Lots of the best artists don't, for years and years."

"Don't they, just!" he flung back at me. "Nancy, you are a peach, my very dear, but as an artist you're a wonderful cook. Why on earth won't you admit it and hop along home? You'll never sell one of those cow licks of yours in a thousand years."

A funny weakness came over me when he said that. Because I felt it, for the moment, horribly true. I went over and grabbed him by the lapels.

"Easy!" I said. "Don't, please! I can't come—not just yet. There are things which keep me here. My work. And I do get discouraged. Believe me, there are heaps of times when the safe sweet street down East, with the big trees—well, it was pretty good, as I remember it! But I realize it is only my sentimental side that betrays me into that. It's nothing but a habit of mind—my subconscious, inherited instincts which my true ego should be able to overcome. I mean intellectually, if you understand me!"

"I don't understand you," said Easy, his hands slipping over mine. "But I do wish you'd come home—with me!"

Well, it's an awful thing to confess, because of course I was crazy about Adrian, but for a moment I felt as if Easy was the only thing in the world that mattered. He was so real, so simple and clean, and I knew him so well. There was no mystery about Easy. Suddenly I liked that. And goodness knows what rash thing might not have happened if at that very instant there hadn't been a great clatter on the stairs, and the door burst open to admit Lila, waving her cap, her coat streaming out behind her.

"Nancy!" she shouted. "Your picture is sold! Some poor nut bought Italiana Over the Spaghetti—I mean they bought Complex! And paid twenty-five dollars cash for it and took it away with them!"

Her words thrilled me to the very marrow of my bones, and I broke away from Easy with a whoop of joy. I forgot everything in the glory of it.

"No!" I cried, daring her to agree, however. "Never, Lila!"

"Surest thing you know!" said she triumphantly. "Here's the money. And now how about an introduction to your gentleman friend?"

"Now look!" I cried to Easy, shaking the little sheaf of somewhat soiled bills at him. "See, you were all wrong about my not having any talent and never selling anything! I'm going to be a success!"

"Well, I'm not glad a bit!" said he ruefully. "I thought you had made a flop and that it ought to be useful!"

"Lila, this is David Cooper," said I breathlessly, trying to remember my manners. "Miss Hoadley, Easy."

"I'm glad to have this chance, Miss Hoadley," said Easy, "of congratulating you upon the sale of the property you inherited back in Little Cape, where I come from!"

There was an awkward silence, with Lila gaping at him and flushing a deep crimson. Abruptly she dropped his hand.

"Thanks!" said she. "They were a long time sending the money. I only got the second payment this morning. But it was a good price, praise be to Mammon!"

"We who live back home," said he, "are sorry to see the fine old places change hands—for the worse. If folks had known in advance that you had wanted to part with the homestead we might have got together to buy it. The place would make a fine little town hall or community house. But it would have been even better to keep one of the old families in it."

"Oh, I didn't give a hang about the place," said she lightly. "I used to have to go there to visit grandmother once in a while, and it bored me stiff, even as a child. Mighty lucky to get rid of the old tomb at any price, I call it. They are building stores or something, aren't they?"

"Yes," said Easy briefly. Then he turned to me. "I'm very busy tonight," said he, "but can I see you tomorrow evening? Shall I get seats for a show? And take you for dinner?"

"Yes, do, Dave," said I. "Tomorrow, then!"

He gathered up his hat, made a face at Lila behind it, for my benefit, and departed, his footsteps echoing down our eloquent staircase and dying away before Lila came across with any explanation.

"I suppose you think I'm a pig," said she, moving restlessly around the room, "and so I am, I guess. Well, I've got the habit of grafting. This is the first nickel and a half I've ever had, and I've put it all away in the savings bank. But I'll divvy up—honestly, I will. I'll pay you back my full share as fast as I can"

"Never mind that, Lila," I said coldly. "I'm not asking anything of you. That sort of problem is for you to straighten out inside yourself. Don't let's talk about it, please."

"Well, I've got to!" said she, still prowling. "That man, David Cooper! Why should he care about who bought grandmother's house? The big hulk! Where did he drop from, anyhow! Well, dropping seems to be one of the best things he does!" she added, whining. "He seems to have dropped his pocketbook, as well as a few bombs!"

Stooping she picked up a dark object from the floor. It was indeed Easy's little old leather pocket case—one I had seen him handle a thousand times. But it was not the sight of it alone which brought me to my feet with a cry. Lila, unscrupulous as ever, had opened it, and a little photograph fluttered to the floor at my feet and lay there, face upward. It was a snapshot, and the pictured face was that of Adrian Lee.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

North–South–East–West

WHEREVER you hunt, you'll find better sport if your gun is kept in shooting trim with 3-in-One Oil—

Never a fleck of rust or dirt in the barrels—no jamming of the firing or ejector mechanisms to delay shots or rattle your nerve.

3-in-One *The High Quality Gun Oil*

For 29 years, experts with shotgun, rifle and pistol—civilians, soldiers, police—have employed the wonderful lubricating, cleaning, polishing and rust preventing qualities of 3-in-One.

Firearms manufacturers think so well of 3-in-One that many of the largest pack a sample with every gun and pistol.

Army Manuals recommend 3-in-One and soldiers swear by it. Ask any World War Veteran.

Before starting out in mist or rain, saturate a cloth with 3-in-One and rub all over your gun to waterproof it and prevent rust.

Before putting away, do the same. Also oil the working parts and swab the barrels with 3-in-One to prevent rust inside. It won't gum or dry out.

Rubbed on the stock, 3-in-One produces and keeps a beautiful rich luster that doesn't fingermark easily.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans; also in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles. Ask for it by name—3-in-One—and look for the Big Red One on the label.

FREE—Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal or use the coupon below.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 130 G. William St., New York, N. Y.

FREE SAMPLE AND DICTIONARY

Three-in-One Oil Co., 130 G. William St., N. Y.
Please send sample and Dictionary of Uses

Name

Street Address
or R. R.

City State

3 Cross Chains always on the ground

More Traction-Greater Safety

Regular Dreadnaught

For light passenger cars. The cross links cannot become clogged up with mud or snow and ice.

Super Dreadnaught

Especially designed for use on pneumatic tire trucks, speed wagons, etc., where satisfactory service is more important than price

THE power of your tire chains to grip into ice and steep, slippery pavement—the number of cross chains on the ground—the anti-skid design of the cross links themselves—in short, the *traction* of your chains is vitally important because it affects safety.

Dreadnaught Double Duty Chains have an extra-heavy, extra-durable cross chain for every other link of side chain. *Three cross chains are always on the ground.* This means at least 50% greater traction, 50% greater protection. It also means quick starting, quick and sure stopping, and freedom from the rumbling vibration which breaks down rear axles.

Dreadnaught Chains cannot drop off accidentally—they fasten with a convenient lever fastener that draws up the slack and locks tight. This patented fastener is unsurpassed—for either convenience, simplicity or safety.

The extra mileage built into **Dreadnaught Tire Chains** means *economy*. The simplicity and ease of the Dreadnaught Lever Fastener means *convenience*. But important as these qualities are, the vital thing is *safety*. Ask your dealer for a set of **Dreadnaught Double Duty Tire Chains.** If he cannot supply you from stock, jobbers can supply him.

THE COLUMBUS McKINNON CHAIN CO.

General Offices: COLUMBUS OHIO, U. S. A.

In Canada: McKinnon Columbus Chain Co., Ltd., ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

District Sales Offices: New York City, San Francisco, Chicago, Tonawanda, N. Y., Lebanon, Pa., Salt Lake City, New Orleans, Jacksonville, Denver.

Factories: COLUMBUS, OHIO; LEBANON, PA.; TONAWANDA, N. Y.

Do You Use

Industrial Chain?

Many operators have not only materially decreased their chain expense but have eliminated costly delays caused by the breaking of chain, by using one or more of the following brands:

"Hercules Solid Weld"
Steam Shovel Chains
(were used to dig the Panama Canal)
"Hercules Electric Weld"
Steel Loading Chains
"Hercules Log Haul Up"
Conveyor Chains
"Hercules Wheel Chains"
For Chain Hoists
"Inswell" Coil Chain
"Special C. C. Dredge Chain"

We manufacture all kinds of Electric Weld and Fire Weld chain.

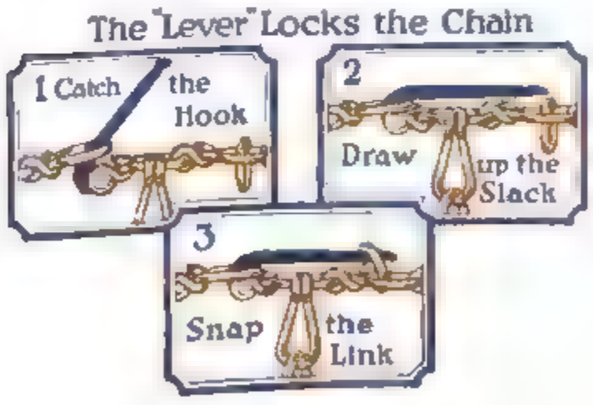
May We Send You More Information?

Dreadnaught

Greater Mileage

Dreadnaught Cross Chains are made of special alloy steel, case-hardened to diamond quality. A malleable inner core prevents brittleness. The copper finish prevents rust. All **Dreadnaughts** are over-weight. Put a **Dreadnaught Double Duty Chain** on a scale and compare with any other. The surprising difference accounts in part for the greater mileage and safety they give.

The "Lever" Locks the Chain



Greater Convenience

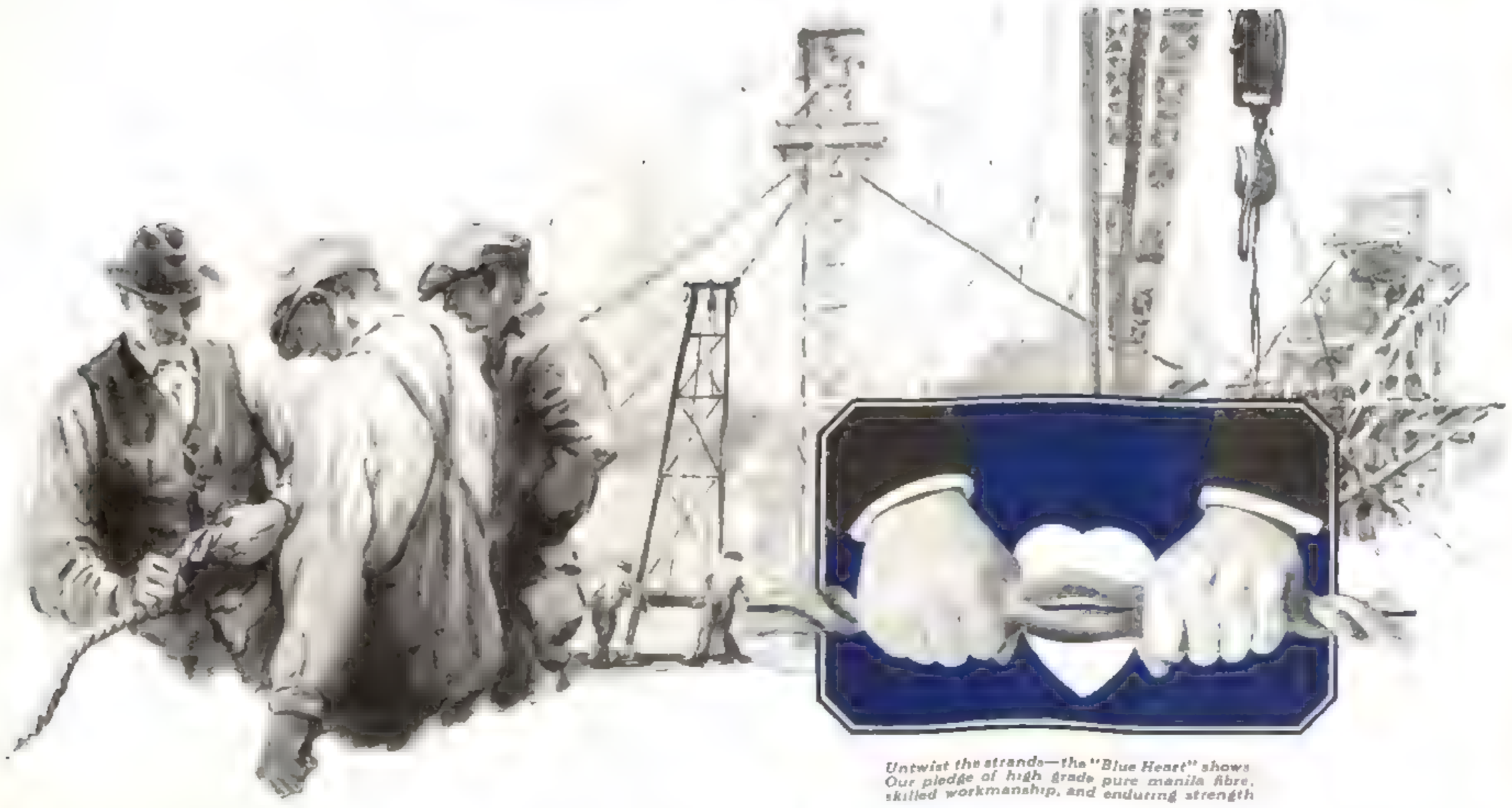
Every **Dreadnaught Tire Chain** fastens with a patented lever lock of improved design, the simplest, easiest and *safest* fastener made. Positively prevents chains from dropping off while in use. Makes them very easy to put on or take off.

Buy Your Chains From This Cabinet

EVERY DEALER can have the use of a display like the one illustrated, without charge. **Dreadnaught Chains** come in cartons and crates instead of bags and barrels. Labels are plainly legible. Cartons are permanent, waterproof, convenient. Cabinet keeps stock in prime condition, prevents overbuying or running short, keeps goods on display, makes sales. Top compartment contains full assortment of **Dreadnaught Cross Chains** to repair old chains of all kinds. Ask your jobber's salesman about our new merchandising plan or write

The Columbus McKinnon
Chain Company
Automotive Division
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Double Duty Tire Chains



Untwist the strands—the "Blue Heart" shows Our pledge of high grade pure manila fibre, skilled workmanship, and enduring strength

More jobs from the same rope

— when the untwisted strands reveal the "Blue Heart" trade mark

YOU can safely judge a rope by the amount of hard work it can do and still be ready for more.

Some rope wears out after an ordinary amount of work; it may even quit on the job, causing delay, perhaps loss of life.

But if you buy H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope you get more jobs from the same rope. Internal grinding over hot sheaves, sudden tugs, exposure to rotting rains or abrasive wet gravel—your rope can endure all these when the untwisted strands reveal the "Blue Heart", our pledge mark of high quality.

What the "Blue Heart" signifies

The "Blue Heart" Marker assures you of these three essential qualities:

(1) That the rope is genuine H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope—spun from high grade, pure, selected, long manila fibre.

(2) That it is spun by rope makers of the highest skill, possessed of the accumulated experience of more than half a century.

(3) That, in any size, on any job, it will wear longer and deliver without fail the strength you have a right to expect.

Why it wears longer

Expert selection of just the right grades of pure, long manila fibre; the exact "drawing," "spinning," and "laying" which insure the smooth working of each fibre, yarn and strand; the proper degree of lubrication without overloading—these things give to H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope its great strength and long resistance to wear and weather.

Buy rope scientifically. Know what you are getting. Untwist the strands and look for the "Blue Heart"—our registered trade mark that assures you of dependable rope value.

A rope for every purpose

Where manila rope is not required and a high grade sisal rope is wanted, use the best—H. & A. "Red Heart" Sisal Rope, spun from selected sisal fibre by the same skilled rope makers.

Whatever may be your need, you will find an H. & A. brand of cordage that will exactly meet your requirements. Ask for it at hardware stores, farm implement stores, builders' supply dealers, mill and mine supply concerns. Our full line of Oil Well Cordage is distributed through regular representatives in the oil and gas fields.

We also manufacture a complete line of the following items:

Fine and coarse commercial twines of jute and hemp. Hard and soft fibre balings

Clotheslines	Lath yarn
Tarred twines	Packing and Oakum
H. & A. "Star Brand" Binder Twine	

GUARANTEE

H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope is guaranteed to equal in yardage and exceed in tensile strength the specifications of the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards. Any H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope found to be not as represented will be replaced

THE HOOVEN & ALLISON COMPANY
"Spinners of fine cordage since 1869"
XENIA, OHIO

H&A

H&A "Blue Heart" Manila Rope

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

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DEUCES WILD

(Continued from Page 5)

the remnants of the Democratic Party on the political dump is still in its early and formative processes and not actually at the point of deposit. The professionals are keeping these moribund organizations alive with oxygen, pulmotors and injections of nitroglycerin, and they probably will function at convention times next summer as real, alive parties so far as one Presidential candidate will have the label of Republicanism on him, and another candidate will be tagged as a Democrat.

There will be no organized public protest over this, although there may be some political protest in the shape of independent candidacies. The people will look over the work of these conventions, pick out one of the aspirants, and slam him into the White House with such force that the disturbance will keep the seismograph at Georgetown University in a high state of excitement for two weeks. Which aspirant this will be, or why, or wherefore, must await the event and the developments thereof, save in this regard: The choice will fall on the candidate the people think will give them the best of the small percentage of an even break they can hope for, irrespective of party labels, designations or regularities.

This party stuff, this rally-boys-rally ballyhoo is as archaic as a hansom cab. It would take a barrage from a battery of sixteen-inch political guns to disperse this solid and somewhat sullen mass of voters who face the professional politicians, and the professionals are using subcalibers. "All duds," the people say of their shells, and will do their own shooting on election day. Pity the poor candidate they will use for a target! They will fill him so full of holes there will be nothing left of him, politically, but a line of fine type in the political almanacs.

It begins to look as if the days of close elections in this country are over for quite a spell, unless, of course, in this forthcoming fight a third party, or even a third and a fourth party should complicate things so the result would be close, and that could happen. This latest Presidential election wasn't so close that it took any delicately adjusted instruments to measure the result of it, but that only goes to prove the contention. The people hopped to Harding in 1920 with a unanimity that was equaled only by the eagerness with which they hopped on him in the Congressional elections of 1922. The fact that they gave Harding's party a plurality of seven millions in 1920 didn't mean a thing in the inconstant political lives of the voters of 1922. They swarmed away from the Republicans just as ardently as they swarmed to them two years before. And they didn't swarm or unswarm partisanly in either instance. The thing was a protest both ways.

The Legislative Situation

All the old and usual spells, incantations, charms and medicine of the politicians fail to work in these days, either as result predicters or even hint provokers. Of course in 1920, everybody save Mr. Cox—and he seemed to have an inkling towards the last - knew that Harding was to be elected, but nobody came within five millions of guessing by how many, and in 1922 there was room for suspicion that the overwhelming Republican majority in the House of Representatives would be reduced, but not a soul had an idea that it would be all but annihilated. Before the event, I mean The political highways and byways were all cluttered up with persons who knew after the event, and claimed prevision, which is the usual after-election humbug.

So, facing this mutability on the part of the people, and facing a condition wherein an analysis of Republicanism and Democracy would show no differing constituents except a trace of states' rights in the Democratic residue, and a smudge of high tariff in the Republican débris, we start the ensuing six or seven preconvention months with nothing certain save taxes, that certainty being the largest contributing element to all the uncertainty there is.

As the first session of the Sixty-eighth Congress, which is the outcome of those 1922 elections, is upon us, and as the legislative troubles of the two existing parties will be of considerable importance in their Presidential troubles further on, it may be as well to consider the legislative situation into which the professional politicians have been thrown by their fickle and febrile and undependable public. We had in the Sixty-seventh Congress, which did not reduce the taxes, fifty-eight Republicans in the Senate, and thirty-seven Democrats, and Brother Hiram Johnson, of California, calling himself Republican and Progressive in order to be able to get a start from either foot. In the House there were 298 Republicans and 130 Democrats, with one Socialist and six vacancies when the session closed.

We would have had in the Sixty-eighth Congress, which goes into session on the first Monday in December of this year, and which cannot reduce the taxes, fifty-three Republicans in the Senate, forty-two Democrats, and one Farmer-Labor adherent—would have had, had not death intervened in several instances, with resultant losses to the Republicans; as was the case when a Democrat succeeded the late Senator Nicholson, of Colorado, and the unterrified and practically unclassed Magnus Johnson came after the late Senator Nelson, of Minnesota. When you whittle off one vote from a political majority in a legislative body like the Senate or the House, you really cut into the majority for two votes—the one that is lost and the one that is gained by the opposition. Consequently, as will be shown further on, the Republicans in the Senate are hanging on to their control by their lacerated finger tips.

Those imposing figures, 298 Republicans to 130 Democrats, of the House of the Sixty-seventh Congress were revised by the voters of the 1922 election in a manner rude to the point of brutality—heinous, in fact. The compilation of the latest edition of the Congressional Directory shows 223 Republicans, 206 Democrats, one Independent, one Socialist, one Farmer-Labor, and three vacancies. Heedless of exhortations to support the Administration they so tremendously put into power two years before, the people trimmed 150 majority—seventy-five seats—off the Republican membership and left that outfit suffering horribly from the results of this drastic operation.

Mischievous Voters

Now, even a legislative body of 435 members, which is the membership of the House, can be worked as is required by the politics of the arising situations with so small a majority as seventeen votes, for there is a partisan Rules Committee and some other little governing gadgets that help in that regard; but that sort of manipulation and control requires that every member of the majority shall be true-blue, subject to discipline, and ready to take and obey orders. It requires a solidarity that will withstand all shocks and all intrigue. Right here is where the voting public, the unstable voting public, operating off its own for once, played it low down on the Republicans, for although they conferred an apparent majority of seventeen on the Republicans in mocking lieu of the 150 majority they had, they in reality handed the Republicans a lemon bigger than the Capitol dome and sourer than Senator Lodge's attitude toward the League of Nations.

The mischievous voters scattered among that ostensible saved-from-the-wreck band of 223 Republicans about twenty-five Progressives, and so on, and these promptly got together and announced that they intend to act as a Progressive Bloc, neither Republican nor Democratic, but particularly not Republican save when they feel like it; and said, further, that the only time they would show even symptoms of feeling like it would be when the Republicans indorsed their measures and supported them. They announced that the Republican majority, the Rules Committee, the Grand Old Party and all the rest of the machinery would be welcome to do as they directed, but as for the Progressive Bloc doing anything the Republican majority desired, that was preposterous and would remain so. They said they intend to introduce a few wrinkles in independent voting and maneuvering, to say nothing of expert balancing of power that will establish them as the one factor to be reckoned with if there is to be any legislation at all next session.

It does not take a very wide or detailed knowledge of legislative procedures to grasp the fact that in a lawmaking body where the majority has but a surplus of seventeen votes over the opposition the splitting off of twenty-five members who are counted in making up that controlling seventeen means that the so-called majority is thereby reduced to a minority. Nor does it require much political acumen to reach the conclusion that if these twenty-five votes shall combine with the opposition the majority cannot do much about it but rage and tear such hair as it possesses. Further, as the opposition has but one object in its political life, which is to make things more difficult for the majority, the feasibility of such combinations from time to time is apparent even if the measures supported are not originally of Democratic or opposition origination, and are of the Progressive brand, on the theory that half a loaf is better than no bread, and that whatever harasses the Republicans is water on the Democratic wheel even if the grist ground is Progressive grist.

The situation is identical in the Senate so far as the potential trouble-making abilities of the so-called Progressives are concerned. The Republicans have a majority of only about half a dozen votes; exactly how many must await the official roll after the Senate assembles and the alignments of various senators who are merely nominal in their partisan allegiances are shown. But if three or four Progressives and the other independents combine, the Republican majority dies the death. It requires less than a half dozen in combination against it to make the Republican majority inoperative on any partisan measure.

That is the fix the Grand Old Party is in in the Senate.

The most important adjuncts of the work of the Senate and the House are the committees. All legislation is shaped in committee, and most of the actual work done therein. The majority always seeks to control, and does control, the important committees; but in the case of the forthcoming Senate, which, on the inside, is a body wherein precedent, seniority and other accustomed fraternities are paramount, there is a situation that is causing the gravest concern among the Republican leaders and that is likely to create a disturbance that will embroil the whole session.

The two most important committees in the Senate are the Finance Committee and the Interstate Commerce Committee. All revenue measures, including tariff and taxation, go to the Finance Committee, and all railroad measures go to the Interstate Commerce Committee. The great power of every committee rests in its chairman. Consider this, therefore: The three questions that will be most troublesome, most dangerous in a political sense, and most important in an election sense, are taxes, tariff and railroads. Sitting second from the top, on the majority side of both the Finance Committee and the Interstate Commerce Committee, is Senator Robert M. La Follette, the greatest insurrectionist of them all; most radical in his tariff, his tax and his railroad views. Senator Smoot outranks La Follette on Finance, and Senator Cummins outranks him on Interstate Commerce.

Committee Chairmanships

Senator Smoot was chairman of the great Public Lands Committee in the last Congress, as well as high up on Appropriations, Finance and Pensions. The task of the Committee on Committees will be to use Smoot to block La Follette on Finance, and to try to use Cummins to block him on Interstate Commerce. Now that may be simple enough on Finance, depending on how Senator Smoot looks at it, but it will not be so simple on Interstate Commerce, because Senator Cummins has an ambition to be elected president pro tempore of the Senate, a vital place now that the Vice President, who is the presiding officer of the Senate, has become President. Senator Cummins has had long and loyal Republican service, having first come to that body in 1908, and he is a poor man. The $4,500 additional in salary he would receive over his senatorial salary for the presidency pro tempore would be most welcome to him, and he wants the place. Naturally, his colleagues want to give it to him, but there sits La Follette, next in line for the chairmanship of the great Interstate Commerce Committee, and who can tell what would be sought in the way of radical railroad legislation by this foe of the railroads with La Follette as chairman? Or what would happen, in the way of disruption by the

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

How a whole town got a Red Edge on

ONE of our salesmen, bent on the laudable purpose of selling Red Edge in a certain town in Alabama, had to convert the whole foundry industry of that city before he could sell a single shovel.

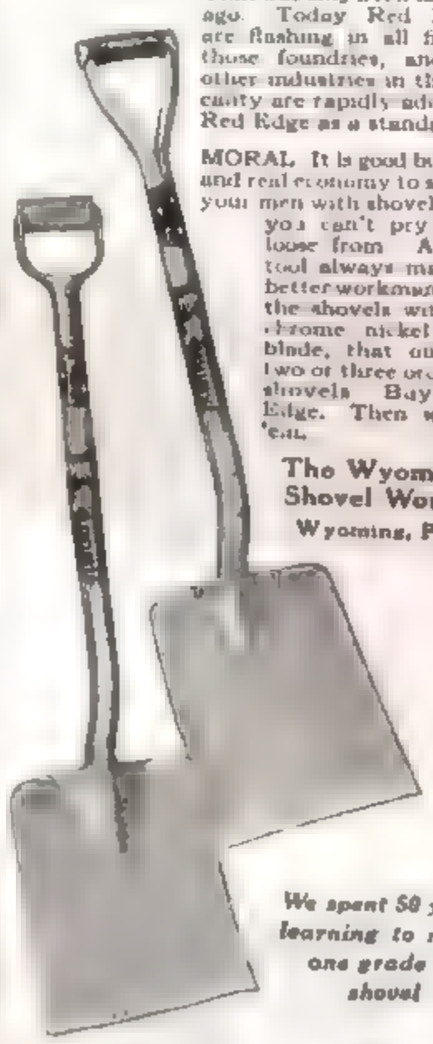
"We've tried Red Edges," said the first purchasing agent he approached, "and they're *too good*. There are five pipe foundries in this town, and our hands are nomads, shifting continuously from one foundry to another. We tried furnishing our men with Red Edge, and every time a man quit his job the Red Edge went with him. He just wasn't going to lose a shovel that had such lightness and balance and bite to it. You can't blame a fellow for freezing onto a good shovel. But I'm not going to buy Red Edge Shovels for every foundry in this burg."

"If I can get the other foundries to buy Red Edge, will you play, too?" asked the salesman. "You bet you," replied the P. A.

That was only a few months ago. Today Red Edges are flashing in all five of those foundries, and the other industries in that locality are rapidly adopting Red Edge as a standard.

MORAL. It is good business and real economy to supply your men with shovels that you can't pry them loose from. A good tool always makes a better workman. Buy the shovels with the chrome nickel steel blade, that outwear two or three ordinary shovels. Buy Red Edge. Then *watch 'em*.

The Wyoming Shovel Works
Wyoming, Pa.



We spent 50 years learning to make one grade of shovel

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

Eight different size drill points furnished free with this drill.

"I bore holes

eight different sizes"

SAYS MR. PUNCH

Mr. Punch, the automatic drill, hurries through hardwood without splitting it, through softwood without mushing it, through plaster without cracking it. You push—he twists. Quick, clean holes—any size—that's his job.

In the handle of Mr. Punch are eight different size drill points, each in a separate compartment. Sizes from 1-16 to 11-64 inches. Drill is 10 inches long. Weighs 8 ounces. Exposed metal parts are nickel-plated, highly polished.

Sold by good hardware stores everywhere. If your dealer hasn't it, write us.

Send for free booklet—
"The House that Jack Fixed"

Full of interest for the home tinker. Your name and address on a postcard brings it.

Goodell-Pratt Co.
Greenfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Toolsmiths

Mr. Punch says: *"Give me to the home tinker for Christmas."*

GOODELL-PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS

Progressives of majority plans, if La Follette is not given the place to which he is entitled by seniority and precedent?

Again, consider the predicament of the Republicans with their almost vanished majority in regard to these very subjects of tariff, taxes and railroads, which are vital in an election sense as well as of principal concern to the people. Obviously the Republicans, being in majority in the Senate and House, should try to do something along tariff, taxation and railroad lines to adjust inequalities, limit burdens, and get reductions in the rates pertaining to all three; but, with equal obviousness, if the Republicans try to do something, what they will try to do will be conservative in nature rather than radical. What will happen if the Republicans do open these subjects, with a radical balance of power in both Senate and House, and with the Democratic opposition eager and willing to do all that may be required in combination with these radicals to harass the Republicans? What sort of nonconservative measures may be evolved and, in the present temper of the people, hailed as helpful? What sort of nonconservative, non-Republican doctrine may be put forth and, even if not made into law, have the onus of its defeat laid to the Republicans?

Agricultural Conditions

Further, suppose the Republicans, realizing these things, shall decide to retain the tariff laws, the tax laws, and hold the railroad situation as it is, on the ground that though the present laws may be subject to criticism, new and revisionary legislation may be worse than that in force at present; suppose the Republicans decide on inaction rather than action. Then they are impaled on the other horn of the dilemma, because the radicals will at once point out that by that inaction the Republican majority is depriving the people of benefits that would accrue if the radicals could make their remedies effective by law. The Republicans appear to be in the desolate situation of the willipus-wallapus, famed in mythology, which, as will be recalled, couldn't live on land and died in the water.

These are but hints of the Congressional difficulties that are ahead of the Republicans in the next Congressional session, which comes in the early months of a Presidential year. Naturally, the Republicans want to win the coming election. They want to retain their present power. What they do in Congress will have a great bearing on whether they will win or lose, because out in the country are several acute situations, in addition to the general situation herein described, and all these are subject to Congressional relief. At least, those who are concerned in them think they are, which amounts to the same thing.

Most important of these is the condition of agriculture. The farmers are demanding help. Benjamin F. Yoakum, former president of the Frisco Railroad, and a great farmer himself, has made a study of crop dispositions in 1922. Exclusive of cotton, tobacco and livestock, the American consumer paid $22,500,000,000 for farm products in 1922. The farmers, who are the producers, received $7,500,000,000 of this total for their products. The railroads got $500,000,000 for transportation of this produce, and $14,500,000,000, or twice as much as the farmers got, went to the nonproductive middlemen between the producer and the consumer. There is no shortage of production. The consumer, which is the people, is paying high prices for the product, and the farmer, owing to increased taxation, high cost of labor and other conditions, is facing bad living and economic conditions.

These agricultural phases have arisen from time to time in this country, and the farmer's recourse has been an attempt at direct political action in the hope that with legislators favorable to the farmers conditions may be legislatively improved. The farmer, in the mass, has the usual American idea that any economic ill can be cured by political legislative action—by making a law about it—and if the Republicans do not make the laws he thinks he wants he will try the experiment, so far as he is able to swing it, of putting into legislative and executive positions men who will make the laws he demands. And in a good many of the so-called Republican states the farmer has furnished the Republican votes. Further, what he can do is well instanced in the recent Minnesota senatorial election.

Thus it behooves the Republicans to pay pretty close attention to the farmer, but there again they are faced with that radical balance of power, which is fluid enough to resolve itself into a potent revival of the former Farm Bloc, with much better chances of success for the legislation it desires than the former Farm Bloc had, and with a lion's share of the credit if legislation ensues.

This is but one of several situations that have a direct bearing on the Presidential prospects of the Republicans—the professional Presidential prospects, because the actual Presidential prospects are tied up in the general political situation that is described in this article. Professionally the Republicans have one real candidate for the 1924 nomination, and a number by implication. The real candidate is President Coolidge, made so by force of circumstances, and in a most advantageous position, because whatever of good will towards his party there is is Coolidge's, and no blame attaches to him for whatever is in disfavor. If Coolidge takes firm hold, manages and controls his party, does not truckle to Congress, and can retain this good will his nomination cannot be prevented by the other candidates against him.

The event must determine all this, but it is to be said that President Coolidge has had a longer, more thorough and more effective political training than any other man who has been President in our time. He has been elected to public political office thirteen times, and has never been defeated. He has been through the political mill from councilman for a small city in Massachusetts to Vice President of the United States, progressing up through county, legislative and gubernatorial offices in Massachusetts, and associated with that political expert, the late Senator Murray Crane. He will need no advice from politicians as to how to play his politics, which is beginning to be apparent even to these dubious persons. He has the political knowledge and experience. If he develops leadership there will be no stopping him for the nomination.

New England and the West

The professional politicians know this, but they know also then when we get west of Buffalo and Pittsburgh there begins a strong anti-New-England political prejudice, and that the farther west we go the stronger the prejudice grows. It is disheartening to relate the fact, but it is a fact that the folks of the Central West, the Far West, the Northwest and the Southwest don't care for the New Englanders in a political way. They have their own certain notions about New Englanders, which, whether just or unjust, are common, and it will not help any in a vote-getting way to nominate a New Englander for President. On the contrary.

A Robin Selected the Sheltering Arms of This Statue in Fairmount, Indiana, in Which to Build Her Nest

Other things being equal in a national convention, a New Englander would fail of nomination when set against a man from any point west of Buffalo and east of the Rocky Mountains. The great Mississippi Valley and its environs do not cotton to New England and the inhabitants thereof. They have no taste for either. Therefore, if President Coolidge does not dominate before June of next year he may have harder sledding than he thinks for his nomination. However, he undoubtedly will have his New England solidly behind him, and it looks from this angle, just before Congress meets and his real troubles begin, as if he has it in him to do a fair job of dominant leadership. There are no appearances so deceptive as political appearances, but that is how it looks at present.

Democrats Much Heartened

Meantime the other aspirants are creatures of a waiting circumstance. Senator Johnson, of California, may develop himself into an active candidate, but most of the others will secure themselves as favorite sons and go to the convention to await the event. If President Coolidge is potent no harm will have been done, for these favorite sons can swing in behind him with full faith and credit; but if President Coolidge shows weaknesses they will be in good strategic positions to go out after the nomination themselves. And there we must leave them for the time, all hopefully watching—a large stable full of dark horses that may continue so dark as to be invisible, or from which one may be snatched by the convention and scrubbed into the required whiteness that signifies nomination. The South Dakota delegate convention in mid-December may furnish the first line on what the spring has in store in the way of professional Republican combat for the prize of June.

The Democrats have one advantage, which is this: This fluid, inconstant vote that is so notable in our present political situation is largely a protest vote; and a protest, to be effective, must lodge against what is in power and not against what is not in power. The protestant always favors the outs, and the Democrats are out far enough to be considered remote. If a third party does not arise, as it may or may not, the Democratic candidate for President will have in his favor the aggregated protest of the voting public, and that is an enormous factor in these days. It is what elected Harding so overwhelmingly in 1920, and what devastated the Republican Congress in 1922. It is an error to think that because the Republican candidate got a seven-million plurality in 1920 the Republican candidate in 1924 will have a walk-over. That very fact makes it certain that he will not, because, tabbing them all, there are not seven million more Republicans than Democrats in this country. However, there are several million—a good many million—voters who are neither one nor the other, except nominally.

Hence the Democrats are much heartened and feel that they have an excellent chance. The leading public aspirants for an opportunity to take this chance are William G. McAdoo, Senator Oscar Underwood, and Senator-elect Samuel M. Ralston, of Indiana, although Ralston is more in the he-might-do stage than the others, who are actively engaged in getting delegates. There are numerous others, of course, but there is not enough to any of these to make them more than favorably mentioned, save Governor Al Smith, of New York, for whom there is much indorsement as governor of New York, but little consideration as a candidate save among his own friends. All these have strenuous times ahead of them before nomination is secured, strenuous times, and a disheartening necessity of obtaining two-thirds of 1094 delegates, which is a large order.

So we start on the first Monday in December what promises to be the most interesting political period we have enjoyed for many years, and we start it with many uncertainties, and but one certainty. That one certainty is that the former deuces in the political deck are running wild, and that they will be the aces of the election of November, 1924.

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YOUR OVERCOAT

JUDGMENT DICTATES THE STYLE OF OVERCOAT BEST SUITED TO YOUR REQUIREMENTS. A PAR-KERRY LABEL DENOTES CORRECTNESS.

ACCREDITED FASHION PARK AGENTS NOW FEATURE PAR-KERRY, OF NOTABLE VALUE, AT FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND MORE.

CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT
THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON
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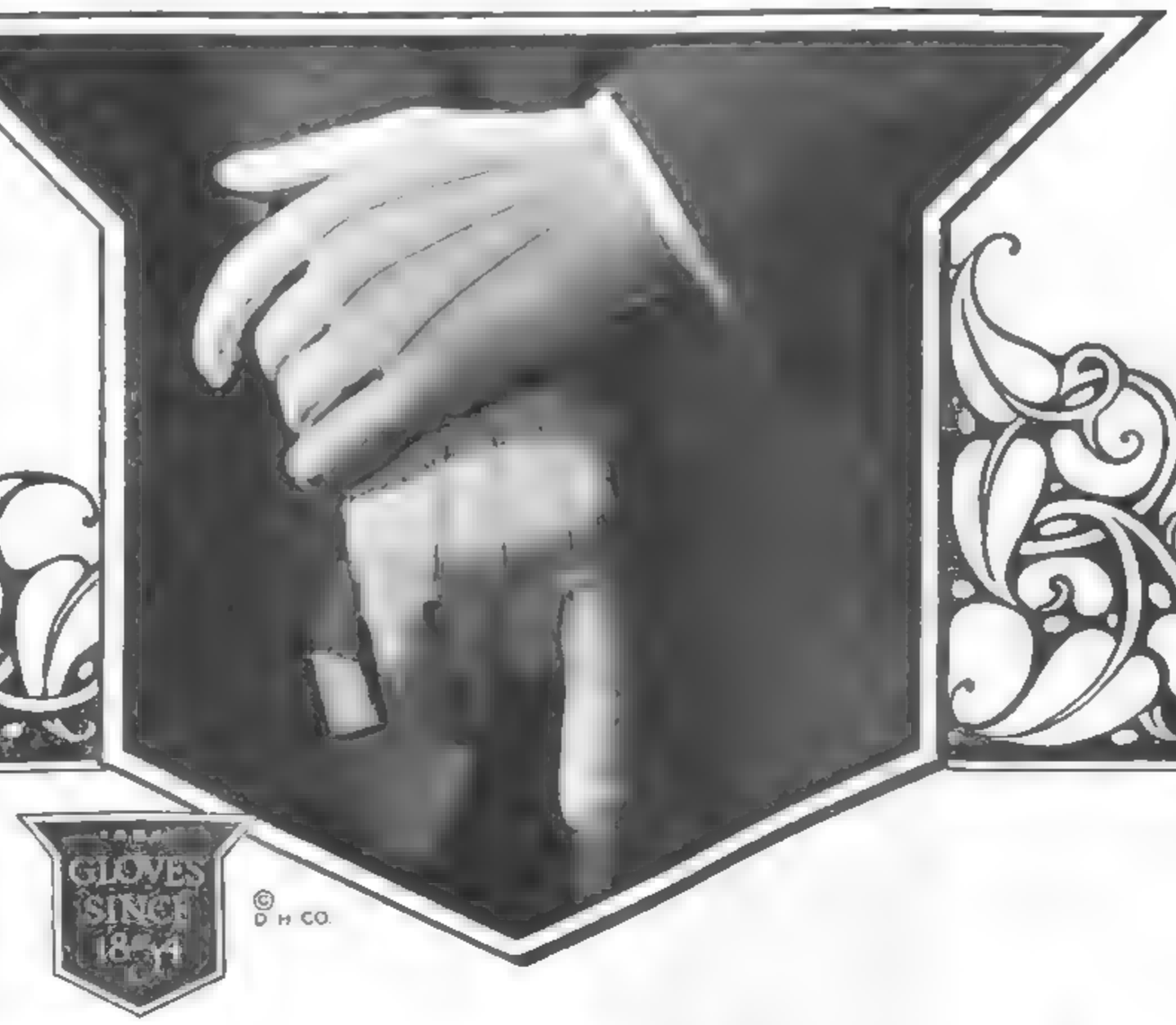
Rochester, New York



Illustrating
HAYS BUCKSKIN No. 2201
Military Back
Favored by men who appreciate quality and winter comfort.

GLOVES SINCE 18[illegible]

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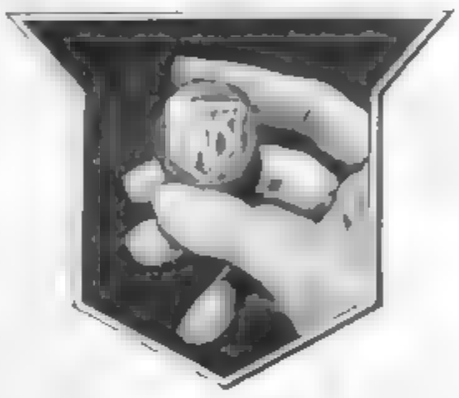
Good Taste and Comfort Both Require Buckskin Gloves For Fall and Winter Wear



No need to GUESS at the quality of the leather or workmanship in your gloves if you make sure the name HAYS is on the button of the gloves you buy.

There is no type of glove that is more distinguished in appearance—that is warmer or more comfortable—that is more durable than Buckskin.

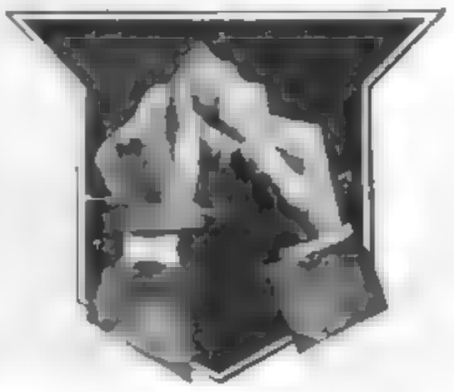
Moreover, Buckskin Gloves are correct in style for street wear or any outdoor occasion.

There is one infallible rule in the selection of Buckskin Gloves

It you would be certain of FIRST QUALITY in leather and workmanship—if you wish assurance that the seams will not ravel even though the thread is cut or broken—

FIRST: Look for the HAYS Button (shown at left); NEXT: Look inside the glove and see that it is stamped "Superseam."

You may then buy with the knowledge that you are getting exceptional value, because the gloves are genuine



You can cut the thread but you cannot make the seam ravel if inside the HAYS glove you find the word

Superseam

The ordinary Rip and Trouble Kind of Stitching.

"Superseam" Stitching that cannot ravel.

Hays Superseam Buckskin Gloves

Hays Superseam Gloves are also made in Cape and Mocha in all the newest models, colorings and styles of back.

At Leading Dealers'

The Daniel Hays Company, Gloversville, N. Y.

Largest producers of Fine Buckskin Gloves in the world

THE BOX-OFFICE VERDICT

(Continued from Page 15

whom has a committee of exhibitors who decide whether or not a picture is worth a distributing contract. They all gravely catalogued Nanook as a scenic picture. It so happened that Robert J. Flaherty, a mining engineer with an artist's eyes and imagination, had seen a story in the snow-bound arctic and made of it a simple, rugged and telling drama of human existence. So the public pronounced it the moment it was permitted to have distribution; otherwise it would have been filed away in the deadly film catalogue as a nice little scenic, but not a feature picture. One distributor alone saw the light of it; otherwise the public would have lacked what some critics say is one of the three best pictures ever made.

Again, and recently, a splendid picture was made of South Africa. The distributors turned it down, but it was placed in a leased legitimate theater in New York and had a remarkable run. I saw it and was carried away by its dramatic force; for two hours that evening a large audience sat spellbound. I therefore wrote an editorial exclaiming at the indifference of the big distributors toward a picture which the public so plainly enjoyed.

One of the more daring ones finally bought the picture and paid a good round sum for it. A spirited advertising campaign was put back of it and in many places the picture went big; but, on the whole, it was a disappointment to the purchaser.

In Philadelphia, for instance—and it was thought that here was an ideal city for such a picture—it lost money.

"Why?" I asked a sales manager.

"Well," said he, "I noticed this: that in practically every audience throughout the run there was barely a person under thirty years of age. And that age limit," he went on, "will knock the props from under success."

"You liked the picture," he went on. "Perhaps to you it seemed the great picture of the year. But when you judge for the public you are just like every other critic. You cannot, in most instances, help being swayed by your own likes. But," he added, "we fell down too. So there you are!"

Then I was shown the box-office record of another picture put forth by the same company, a melodrama of the Northwest called The Storm. It is reckoned that there are about 8000 theaters in the country where a picture may be shown. That is to say, there are 8000 localities. In some there is only one theater; in others two or even three competing houses. But the picture will be shown in only one theater in each of these 8000 points. Few pictures ever reach this maximum. Some distributors average 1500 houses for their pictures, others from 4000 to 5500. The Storm, at this writing, has over 7000 bookings to its credit, and is still going merrily on.

Realism or Fancy?

Here is a situation to ponder over. Both are fine pictures. One is pure fiction, the other pure realism. Each lifts you out of the drabness of everyday life; one through the eyes of imagination, the other with a veritable trip over a continent unknown and vibrant with mystery, thrilling at every step through close contact with its animal and native life, filled with daring adventure.

Said a director to me: "I could have made a greater picture of this South African production. I would have had the big diamond stolen from the offices at the Kimberley mines—where the picture opens—and then had a chase for it over the continent—intrigue, fighting, love interest too—right on to the great extinct crater where the wild elephants are fought."

"In other words, a serial of South Africa," I said.

"Well, yes," he replied; "a serial story and action type plus all the realism, and condensed to eight reels."

Which brings up, for the instant, the subject of serial pictures. Before censorship came along they were made in dime-novel style, although some eminent actors appeared in them and some of the best authors wrote them and the worst of them were not nearly so dime-novelly as some people who never saw any of them insisted they must be. It was felt that children shouldn't see these thrillers—the colored comic supplements were provocative enough of child crime—but instead they should go to matinées arranged by some of the parents, and see pictures of butterflies, fish, and so on. Whereupon the youngsters, declining, if they could, the free tickets, begged for dimes and scuttled around the corner to join a thousand more children at The Perils of Pauline.

Nowadays we are making the lives of Robinson Crusoe, Buffalo Bill and any other adventurers far enough back in history to make idealization possible. "But, believe me," said a sales manager with much earnestness, "you've got to take liberties and pack 'em full of fights or the public just won't go, that's all."

To return to the two pictures: I am sure that if they were shown to any group of critics, any civic or educational or religious organization in the country, any intellectual group whatever, it would be decided hands down that the public wanted most the South African picture. And the voice of the box office, representing in the event of 8000 theater distribution at least 5,000,000 people, says otherwise.

The Miracle Man was a picture which almost everyone agreed was an outstanding achievement. It was art; it was clean; it taught a potent lesson for good; it made a lot of money. I recall its opening night in New York City. A friend said to me as we left the theater: "Now, that's fine. Why don't you make more pictures like that?"

Which, of course, is like asking the book publishers: "Why don't you make more books that are good, great and highly profitable?"

The layman figures that once you have a good picture you must then have the recipe for making more good pictures.

Well, let us see what the recipe of The Miracle Man was.

Story, Star and Director

A man came to New York one day, fired with the idea of making pictures. What he really wanted to make was money. He didn't know anything about art and he wasn't at all anxious to do good to the world. He had heard some lurid tales of financial successes in the picture game, and he was a good promoter, so he came with money.

He sat about the hotels where the picture people congregate, and pretty soon he gathered from the general conversation that about the first step toward the making of successful pictures was to secure a successful director—a fond and superficial belief over which some wiser film men are still stubbing their financial toes; for a good director doesn't necessarily make a good picture.

"Who," he asked naïvely, "is a good director?"

It so happened that George Loane Tucker was at liberty at that time—just at that time, for good directors then and now are always in demand. And Mr. Tucker was one of the best. So the promoter went post-haste to get him.

And also it so happened that I was lunching with Mr. Tucker at the Lambs' Club a few days later. He wanted to make several pictures and believed that leading exhibitors would finance them; and he suggested that I go forth and do this work for him. It was a practical idea, as has since been proved, but as an editor I was not free for any business project. He told me then of an offer he had just received and which he did not care to but might accept as a last financial resort.

Had he any picture themes in mind, I asked.

Yes, but he was on the lookout for a big story. Did I know of one?

That same afternoon Tom Meighan happened into the Lambs' and also happened to sit down in the chair I had just left. This was before he had achieved picture stardom and a fat contract, and he was seriously and pertinaciously after a good job.

"Star me in a picture," he suggested.

"All right," smiled Tucker. "Get me a story."

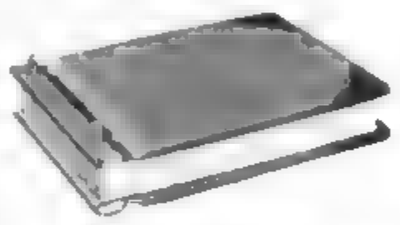
"I've got the greatest one ever," said Meighan earnestly. "I mean, I know where I can get it." And he then with much conviction related the plot of The Miracle Man, a novel by Frank L. Packard, the theatrical rights to which were owned by George M. Cohan.

Continued on Page 145

What sort of care would you give thousand-dollar bills?

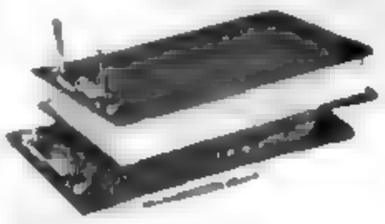
Saxon Post Binders
Endlock and Toplock
Canvas Hinges

Heavy, durable, blue slate canvas with leather corners over strong binder's board covers. Two 5/16" or 4/8" sectional posts, heavily nickel plated. Saxon Binders are tremendously popular for their ruggedness and very low price.



Celtic Post Binders
Endlock and Toplock
Metal Hinges

The extra wearing qualities of the Metal Hinges, attractive appearance and low price, make the new "Celtic" a good buy. Blue slate colored canvas binding with leather corners over heavy boards. Two 4/8" or 5/16" sectional posts, heavily nickel plated. Endlock operates by key, Toplock by push button. Buy these binders for big value.



Norman Post Binders
3 16 in. Solid and Sectional Posts

Full duck binding with Texhide corners. Slotted top for quick easy adjustment. Two 3/16" posts, either sectional or solid. Special sizes made to order with only standard punching gauges. Practical office requirements for filing book sheets and punched papers. Solid posts, 6 in. high

WOULD you keep thousand-dollar bills in any "happen-to-be-handy" drawer around the office? Of course not. Thousand-dollar bills are too precious to take chances with.

Then what about your firm's records? They couldn't be replaced for *several* thousand-dollar bills.

You think enough of your accounting records to lock them up in a safe—secure from fire hazards. Yet the danger to them through insecure bindings, rough usage, and possible loss is great—greater perhaps than the danger of fire.

National Post Binders will protect your records under all sorts of handling that tear and damage sheets kept in flimsy, cheaply made binders.

National Post Binders are strong, durable, good-looking, mechanically foolproof. They insure for your records permanency, safety, and convenience of reference.

A push of a button or turn of a key unlocks the top cover for removal or insertion of sheets. Locked, the top cover grips both posts at once, affording security to the contents of the binder. Exposed parts are heavily nickeled and polished. A big range of stock sizes and styles is available, and special sizes can be quickly made to order.

National bindings are of high-grade leather, corduroy, and canvas—a style for every purpose—many reinforced with metal caps and steel hinges. They last a lifetime and cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Ask your stationer to show you National Post Binders and other National Business Equipment. Comparison will show you why National is preferred by business houses.

Folder describing complete line of National Post Binders will be mailed you on request

NATIONAL BLANK BOOK CO., 123 Riverside, Holyoke, Mass.
New York, 54 Duane St., Chicago, 620 W. Jackson Blvd.
Boston, 163 Devonshire St., Philadelphia, 1003 Market St.

National Blank Book Co.

LOOSE LEAF AND BOUND BOOKS

NATIONAL

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YOU ARE A SIEVE

LIKE the sieve, your skin is a mesh of tiny holes —pores.

By working in harmony with these pores, Wright's Health Underwear helps to keep you free from colds.

Every day, your pores give off over a pound of poisonous excretion. If this matter is not absorbed, it clogs the pores. Your system becomes sensitive to colds.

But Wright's Health Underwear does absorb it —instantly. It keeps your body dry—at a warm, *even* temperature. The garment, *instead of you*, absorbs the shocks of sudden weather changes.

Wright's Health Underwear is knitted with a patented loop-stitch. This stitch increases the natural absorbency of the wool in every garment. The wool, too, is a non-conductor of heat. This keeps your body-warmth in—and the cold out. It keeps you warm on the coldest days. It prevents that strain on your vitality which is caused by wearing insufficient underwear in winter.

Get Wright's Health Underwear! Heavy, light or in between, there's a weight to suit your personal preference and the climate in which you live. Buy *it* in *all pure wool*, in worsted, or in cotton-and-wool mixtures. In union suits or separate garments.

If you want complete information about Wright's Health Underwear, write for our booklet, "Comfort." Enclose your dealer's name. And see the underwear itself at your favorite store.

WRIGHT'S
Health Underwear
FOR MEN AND BOYS

WRIGHT'S UNDERWEAR COMPANY, INC., 74 Leonard Street, New York City
Mills at Troy, N. Y.

FOR OVER FORTY YEARS, THE FINEST OF UNDERWEAR

Copyright, 1923, Wright's Underwear Company, Inc.

(Continued from Page 143)

Tucker knew that when an actor sees himself in a rôle and has lived it in his thoughts for some time he generally does exceptionally well in it. He also liked the theme. At any rate, he then and there decided to get Meighan and the story and take the promoter's offer.

So here we have the chance meeting of money, director, actor and story. But one could scarcely make of it a formula for further successes; and none of those concerned in its making ever did. The picture, in its inception, was just an accident.

Of the three main elements in the gamble of production—story, star, director—the star value seems the most stable, the surest one for the producer to bet on. Yet even the established stars and leading directors do not hesitate to pay the highest sums for story material; and the greatest stars go in for the heaviest production expenses

The record-breaking price of $225,000 was paid for Turn to the Right for Rex Ingram after he had scored a directorial success with The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. D. W. Griffith, the leading director, paid $175,000 for Way Down East. Mary Pickford paid $75,000 for Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall—to Madge Kennedy, who bought the novel for $12,500. Then W. R. Hearst offered $85,000 in an effort to get it for Marion Davies. Fairbanks paid $90,000 for The Virginian, and resold it to a new producing company at a nice profit. The same latter concern paid $100,000 for The First Year. A rival company is reputed to have contracted with David Belasco for Tiger Rose, Daddies, The Gold Diggers, and so on, at a price of $100,000 each. Mary Pickford bought A Tailor Made Man for her brother, Jack Pickford, for $105,000, and later sold it to Charles Ray for $90,000.

These very high prices are paid largely because of the advertising value of the widely known book or play. It is figured that so much advertising must be done anyway, and that the value of a well-known title is in reality an economical purchase.

Emerson Hough's Great Picture

Story prices, too, are going up, while the salaries of some former well-paid stars have sadly declined. Three years ago a large producing company bought 105 properties—books, plays, short stories—at an average price of $6300. The year following 90 properties were purchased at an average cost of $8800 each. Last year 41 properties averaged $10,000 each, while today the average cost of a still smaller group of purchases is close to $20,000.

An author's picture success, like that of a star, immediately advances the value of his books. The Covered Wagon was bought for $8500. No sooner was the picture shown than North of 36 was in demand at $30,000; whereas before The Covered Wagon was made, the picture rights to two previous novels by Emerson Hough were sold for only $1500 each.

But the stars, too, are a gamble, especially when heavy sums are given for their services. Some of the greatest personages of the stage and operatic worlds appear in red ink on the producers' books. Caruso starred in two pictures, each made with considerable production effort and expense. The first was such a failure that the second was never offered to the theaters at all. Mary Garden was not a success. Some favorite actresses have proven heavy losses in pictures. On the other hand, two picture stars, Wallace Reid and Tom Mix, have proven so uniformly popular that their pictures have become known among the theater owners as bread-and-butter and life-saver pictures. They never fail to make money for both producer and exhibitor. This type of picture is exceedingly popular in the smaller towns; and this brings up still another problem: The 200 larger cities and the 3500 smaller communities in which picture theaters prevail rarely agree on pictures. Each type of community has its general preference to such an extent that in the future it may prove expedient to make pictures definitely for the urban and for the rural audiences.

I have simply been trying to indicate here that the film makers themselves, with all their show sense and experience and their voluminous fact records, do not know what pictures the public wants right along. The few instances given are typical of the broad situation. In the case of every company the same record of good and bad guesses could be given. Just one picture, time and again, has saved the financial life of almost every concern when tons of money have been squandered upon a production policy that went contrariwise to the public will.

In speaking of good pictures I mean those that are commercially good—successful, in other words. This is a fact article; so I shall not go into any discussion as to just what defines the goodness of pictures, whether it is art or preachment or commercial success, or what not. If pictures cannot be made profitably, however, how on earth can they be made at all?

Just here I want to speak of one interesting phase of this broad and vibrant situation—namely, the motion picture of today as it is affected by the youth of America.

To begin with, this country of ours governs today both the making and the marketing of motion pictures. We make the pictures for the world to see. And no other country can make pictures to any great extent for the world unless we approve of them.

For instance, Great Britain is our best foreign market; then come, in order, Australia, Scandinavia, South America, France. It will be seen that the Anglo-Saxon influence dominates in pictures today.

We make 85 per cent of all the pictures shown in the 3000 or 3500 British theaters. And this is an important market. Rights for the United Kingdom to the best American pictures used to reach $50,000; today they may go as high as $200,000; Chaplin's Pilgrim has just sold for £35,000—and at any rate this additional income from the foreign field has saved the ledger balance on many an American picture and even helped finance some American producers in advance of the picture's release.

But here's the point: Our own domestic market with its 15,000 theaters—this includes Canada—is the greatest in the world. We have as many theaters here as there are in all the rest of the world put together. So we can or should afford to make pictures for this country alone, and to put such sums into them and make so many of them that the cream of them becomes almost inevitably the cream of the world's markets.

Great Britain, on the other hand, has a domestic market only about one-fifth as large. She is very ambitious to produce, but the British producer faces a dilemma. To compete at home with our expensive pictures he must put as much money into his own; and he cannot do this unless he can also get as good a circulation over here as our American pictures enjoy.

To put it in figures: The American producer doesn't hesitate to put $200,000 into a picture, or $500,000, or more if the theme seems big enough. The British producer, if he must rely upon his home theaters, shies at risking more than $30,000.

Is America Youth Mad?

So much for the money side of it; money doesn't necessarily make better pictures, but it has a lot to do in acquiring story, star and technical values. I sometimes think that America makes good pictures just as England makes good ships. It is the natural expression of a race. English pictures have better actors and more logical construction; but generally they are stolid, too methodical.

American pictures commit dramatic faults, but they are swift, lively and full of emotional jabs.

At any rate, no foreign pictures have ever succeeded here, save only the earlier Italian spectacles such as Cabirea, Quo Vadis, Last Days of Pompeii, and more recently the German-made historical dramas issued under the titles of Passion, Deception, and so on; and these latter were successful only in the larger cities. The smaller town wants pictures of American life.

So we of the United States, holding as we do in the hollow of our hands the making of the world's motion pictures, are facing a tremendous responsibility—to ourselves, to the world. It is not merely the responsibility of the film makers. It is the American public that also is making the American motion picture. A producing concern may run contrariwise to the public taste, but not for long—not long enough to count heavily.

And what is the taste of the American public of today?

A foreign critic of the films—one in whose judgment I have a lot of confidence—says "America is youth mad."

Here is something to ponder over.

IVER JOHNSON VELOCIPEDES

For your little boy or girl

IVER JOHNSON Velocipedes are built with the same skilled workmanship and fine materials which for thirty-eight years have made the Iver Johnson the best-liked bicycle in America.

All vital parts are drop-forged in our own plant, which doubles the strength. Cup and cone annular ball bearings, flush joints throughout, full one-inch rubber cushion tires.

These paramount features make the Iver Johnson Velocipede handsome in appearance, easy riding and long lasting. It is made in three sizes, with choice of red or blue enamel with white head, nickel plated fork and fittings.

America's Best-liked Bicycle—the Iver Johnson

The result of thirty-eight years of skill and experience in bicycle building. The famous truss-bridge construction assures absolute rigidity. High carbon seamless steel tubing, drop-forged parts, two-piece crank set, two-point ball bearings. Nickeled parts. Colors: Ivory Black, Copper Bronze, Poilu Blue, Iver Johnson Blue and Maroon.

Ride an Iver Johnson for fun, health, convenience, and economy.

Write for catalog "B"

Describing our various models of bicycles for men, women, boys and girls; and also velocipedes.

Write also for firearms catalog "A," showing Iver Johnson Shot Guns and the famous "Hammer the Hammer" Revolvers.

DEALERS: A golden opportunity is yours to sell the entire Iver Johnson line. Write for information.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

7 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 151 Chambers St. Chicago: 108 W. Lake St.

San Francisco: 717 Market St.

3 MINUTE
TRADE MARK
OAT FLAKES
Means the product of the Rich Bros. Cereal Co.

Even the Kiddies are delighted with the new flavor

The deliciously different flavor in a dish of 3-MINUTE Oat Flakes is a real delight to the kiddies. This flavor surprised even the makers with its delicacy and sweetness.

While perfecting a process for making a flake that would cook quickly, it was discovered that in the new method the flakes developed a rich, nut-like flavor.

Bringing out to the very fullest extent the hidden sweetness and richness, the new and exclusive process also made the grain more digestible by dextrinizing the starches—breaking down the starch cells in the oats.

Give the kiddies all they want of this easily digested, deliciously flavored health food, beginning now—today.

A Hot Breakfast in a Jiffy

There is no tedious preparation required to cook 3-MINUTE Oat Flakes—it is all done in 180 seconds—making it easy to give the kiddies a hot breakfast every morning.

A Pound for a Dime

(Except in the Far West)

3-MINUTE Oat Flakes gives the greatest cereal food value obtainable. Try it today. Almost any independent grocer can supply you.

RICH BROS. CEREAL CO.
Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Try it Today

We are fully aware of the flapper today, and also of the flipper, if we may thus define the youth of the land. Much discussed as they are, they remain somewhat of a mystery to the adult population, especially and unfortunately to those who do most of our thinking and talking.

We know that the youth of the day around the age of twelve to eighteen is somewhat radical in thought and action. We don't consider their numbers and their influence upon the American home.

If you—the reader—are interested enough, suppose you discuss the subject with your local theater manager. He is pretty apt to tell you that the young people bring the elders out, and that the picture must please the eager and highly critical younger mind.

The Better Films Committee of the Russell Sage Foundation recently made a survey of high-school students in seventy-six of the cities and towns of the country, covering all the states. Questionnaires were filled out by 37,000 boys and girls, and the uniformity of the replies indicates, first, that sectional differences do not count to any degree, and, all in all, that the statistics acquired apply pretty well to the entire youth of the land.

The average attendance at the movies is one and one-quarter times a week; 83 per cent of the boys and 88 per cent of the girls go at least twice a week to their local movie theater. So we may conclude, easily enough, that young America sees most of the pictures shown, and that their knowledge of picture values must be such that it largely rules the theatergoing decisions of their elders at home.

Why Clean Pictures Go Best

Other interesting results of the survey are these: 47,470 books were named as read because of the pictures seen; the favorite pictures cited were, in order of preference: The Four Horsemen, Way Down East, The Sheik, Over the Hill, Birth of a Nation, Three Musketeers, Connecticut Yankee, Old Nest, Humoresque, Hearts of the World, Orphans of the Storm, Smilin' Through; the boys' favorite stars, in order, were [actors]: Douglas Fairbanks, Wallace Reid, Tom Mix, William S. Hart, Rodolph Valentino, Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Charles Ray, William Farnum, Thomas Meighan; [actresses] Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Pearl White, Mae Murray, Agnes Ayres, Mary Miles Minter, Dorothy Gish. And the girls' [actors]: Rodolph Valentino, Wallace Reid, Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Thomas Meighan, Charles Ray, Tom Mix, Harold Lloyd, William S. Hart, Jackie Coogan; [actresses] Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Mary Miles Minter, Bebe Daniels, Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, Viola Dana.

And so I revert, after this long preamble, to what seems a curious phase of this great world problem of motion pictures. I believe that the American youth today is largely shaping the present-day motion picture, the one that is shown all over the world. Anyway, I know this: That if I wanted to secure a correct prerelease appraisal of a picture—a box-office appraisal—I would get together a roomful not of photoplay and stage critics but of nice young flappers and boys from good American homes. Their common judgment would settle that picture's fate beyond any doubt of mine.

I say "nice" young people because, unquestionably, clean pictures go best, and they go best because the preponderance of American boys and girls are wholesome and they want pictures clean.

To go back to the film makers and their deep and constant quandary over what the public wants. We have spoken of them just as if each were more or less free, like authors, for instance, to create when and how they see fit. But for the great part they are not free. On the contrary, they are the cogs in a large and potent industrial machine—the first industrial machine we have had thus far for the making of entertainment, or at least the first of such magnitude and economic character.

There is the art of the motion picture and the industry of the motion picture. It is difficult to say which makes which. Each is constantly shaping the other, and out of the eternal warfare pictures are evolved to be what they are. The pressure that makes all the wheels go round is the pressure of public taste.

It is a fascinating subject, this one of the picture industry. At least the public will be interested to know about it, if people care to know why pictures are what they are. And, in particular, those who are bent upon shaping the trend of picture production should know about it, if only to learn to be temperate and patient. A good many keen business men on the inside are trying right along to remake the industry overnight, make it follow their own business objectives; but it goes along sturdily—slowly, it sometimes seems, yet really with marvelous swiftness—guided inevitably by the very same laws of supply and demand that govern all other manufacturing industries.

The industry, as we have said, is a hybrid one. One part of it makes pictures. That is the artistic side. From a financial standpoint it is highly speculative, just like the making of plays for Broadway.

From this point on, however, the picture business goes farther afield than any other show business ever dreamed of going. It goes into cans, and from this point on the canned stuff has to be merchandised the same as any other goods, canned or otherwise—with this provision, however, that the canned amusement is volatile as to price values and not standardized like food, clothing, automobiles, and the like. The can of film is worth just what a salesman can get for it; and the prices asked and received have amazing fluctuations.

But at any rate we have here, broadly, all the structure of a modern, matter-of-fact industry. There's the manufacturer of films—the producer; the jobber of films—the distributor; the retailer of films—the exhibitor. And intrinsically they function like the manufacturer, jobber and retailer of most other and less lively commodities.

It is interesting to note how closely and sympathetically the film and automobile industries have paralleled each other in their growth to date. Utterly different as their respective products are, each nevertheless was based upon a sudden and widely popular demand; and as their industries have grown up they have gone through similar phases of evolution.

So, even, has the great steel industry.

Just recently a prominent attorney who had a good deal to do with the formation of the United States Steel Corporation and was one of its early directors was in New York delving into the affairs of a film concern.

"Your picture industry," said he in the course of a talk, "is in just about the same stage as was the steel business some twenty years ago. There is too much of the middleman. In those chaotic days of steel the cost from the blast furnace to the consumer was altogether too high. In one case I recall it reached 70 per cent. And now I find that the distribution cost of films exceeds 40 per cent. Out of, say, $115,000,000 received last year by the producer from the exhibitor, who in turn received a total of $400,000,000 from the American public, the distributor or middleman took out over $40,000,000 for himself. Obviously that is too much."

Pleasing the Distributor

We won't go into the economic phases of the matter here. The film business leaders are pretty well aware of the facts, and sooner or later the industry will pass along into a much more healthful stage. It is progressing right along in its own way. The job is wide open to any doctor of industries who wants to hasten the cure of this lusty young patient. We recommend, however, a very clear diagnosis of the rather baffling case; baffling, because half of it at least is psychological. The manufacture of films is largely guesswork and the selling of them largely a poker game.

But at any rate the distributor or middleman has dominated the film industry for the past several years. Consequently, most pictures are made for the distributor.

A distributing system, with its twenty-five or more exchanges, its home office, large sales force, and so on, costs about $2,000,000 a year to operate. It is a financial nightmare, and so many producers have found it. It has a capacious and ever-hungry maw, and constantly shouts: "Give me pictures quickly, and lots of them!"

There is one way out, and that is to get enough good pictures. Some big concerns have mastered the problem. But there are some fifteen national distributors all seeking these enough good pictures. Just here I am tempted to give a cure—everybody has one. But I pass along the opportunity. Surely there's a luscious economic plum for a picking—this saving some of the $40,000,000 the industry pays each year for distribution cost.

All that I wish to indicate here is that the distribution era of the business has caused pictures to be made too hurriedly. That means inferior production and overproduction. The first-run theaters of the United States call for not more than 250 feature pictures a year; the foreign-market demand is for not over 400; the smaller theaters of the country with their more frequent changes need less than 600, and if pictures were better they would ask for much less. Yet right along up to this year the industry has ground out a quota of over 800 features a year.

So there is the actual production situation; and now let's take it home.

If you were a maker of pictures and you found that you had to distribute them yourself; and this costly distribution machine made you produce a lot; and a number of the pictures—say, 30 per cent—were not up to the mark—what would you do? Would you throw these weaker pictures to the scrap heap, and lose outright several hundred thousand or several million dollars?

Probably not. You would do just what has been done in the film industry. The producer-distributor has exclaimed: "I cannot stand the huge risk and loss." And to the theater owner he has said: "If you want my best pictures you must take the others." So pictures have been sold in block—an entire season's output, or a half or a quarter, or a series of star pictures, and other groupings.

Mr. Zukor's Views

And there's the situation. The larger theaters, running a picture a week and therefore needing only fifty-two a year, can pick and choose to a large degree, depending upon their producer affiliations. They see every picture well in advance. The theaters changing twice and three times a week are also better off. But if you, the reader, go regularly to one of the smaller community theaters—and over 80 per cent of all motion-picture theaters are of this type—and most of them change daily, it is probable that your theater has been compelled to book its pictures on contract and sight unseen. It has to take what it receives.

As a matter of fact, this theater supplies you with over 300 picture plays a year, to say nothing of several hundred comedies and news pictures. These 300 picture plays have cost all the way from $50,000 to $500,000 each, and, moreover, the producers have combed the market high and dry for good books, plays, stories, situations, talent. And considering the limited output of New York plays each season and the percentage of good ones, it is altogether too much to expect that each of these several hundred picture efforts or even half of them should come up to your hopes and expectations. There is a big effort back of them, but the point is that there is also a big selling machinery back of them. There has to be. And the product you get is very largely and necessarily a result of that machinery and how it functions.

Mr. Zukor, head of the largest producing company, has a different explanation of the abundance of mediocre pictures. He doesn't incline to the idea I have just given, that the economic machinery of the industry is to blame. He says:

"Before I entered the motion-picture field I had a good deal of experience in the business of the stage. At that time"—say, fifteen years ago—"the people outside of the very large cities were hungry for stage plays, so, when a play made a hit on Broadway, road companies, duplications of it, were sent out, after the Broadway season, to all the smaller centers. The demand was great and the producing companies were eager to reap a harvest. So they sent forth thirty, forty, even fifty companies to all points of the compass. Now you could not get good casts for all these companies; the heavy expense of high salaries was out of the question, anyway; so cheaply paid actors, at forty or fifty dollars a week, were enrolled, and the companies hurriedly dispatched from New York. Of course the inevitable happened. The plays were not up to the mark, the public grew apathetic and the road-company business petered

(Continued on Page 149)

Klearflax Linen Rugs are used throughout this magnificent new home of Mr. A. K. Bourne, at Greens Farms, Connecticut, as well as in his beautiful California home at Pasadena

CHOSEN FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL HOME —THE NEW KLEARFLAX PARAMOUNT

FOR "Casa Bournita", the magnificent new home of Mr. A. K. Bourne at Greens Farms, Connecticut, Klearflax Linen Rugs were chosen throughout, as the one floor fabric which would blend in perfect taste and harmony with the decorative scheme.

In the sumptuous living room is a specially handsome rug of the new Klearflax Paramount. This new fabric is of super quality; very rich in color and texture and so luxurious to walk upon! And of course its double thickness gives remarkable wear.

Like all Klearflax the new Paramount is *pure linen* —which explains its popularity as a floor covering for year round use in all rooms.

You see in it all of linen's color beauty, in the solid tones, heathers and attractive Picwick color mixtures. Then there are charming small all-over designs and bordered effects—in fact there are Klearflax colors and patterns for any interior scheme.

The texture of Klearflax is very interesting. Like all *new* linen it has a certain roughness. This is because into Klearflax are woven the tougher fibres of the linen plant as well as the silky ones. These strands soon soften with use and Klearflax, like all linen, becomes finer and more beautiful.

These same tough fibres give Klearflax a very thick, heavy body which lies flat on the floor and gives wonderful wear. Woven reversible, it may be turned for double service. And, being linen, it is mothproof. The Klearflax principle of weaving gives a compact body which prevents *embedded* dirt. As a result, when you clean Klearflax by brushing and vacuum, you get *all* the dirt and your rug is perfectly clean and sanitary, with the bright freshness of new linen.

With all its unusual qualities, Klearflax is very moderately priced. *Everywhere,* except in Canada, Klearflax standard sells for one price; 9 x 12 rug $49; carpeting $4.10 a square yard. The all-over carpeting, joined with the practically invisible Klearflax seam, is enjoying great favor as an artistic, satisfactory style of floor covering. You will find Klearflax at one of the better stores near you. If you do not know which one, write us.

You will be interested in our new booklet which gives interesting information on the art of home decoration. We will gladly send it to you free, if you will mail the coupon to us. Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc., Duluth, Minnesota; New York, Textile Building, 295 Fifth Ave.; Chicago, Lytton Building, 14 East Jackson Blvd.; Boston, 1058 Little Building.

THE KLEARFLAX LINEN LOOMS, INC.
Duluth, Minnesota
Please send me free your booklet on home decoration.

Name

Address

City

S. E. P.—Nov. 10, 1923

Klearflax

LINEN RUGS & CARPETING

from The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc.

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

A few practical hints about Window Shades

by Helen Richmond

YESTERDAY I was talking about window shades to a big business man who was in the Fuel Administration at Washington during the war.

"I'm not supposed to know much about decoration," he said, "but I'll tell you one thing about window shades that would save people some money. During the war, when the conservation of coal was so vital, it was proved beyond question that drawing down window shades at night during cold weather kept a large amount of heat in a house. And heat saved means coal saved."

That is a practical hint that will be worth remembering, when chill winds whip across the brown lawn.

But there's this thing about it, if you are going to have your window shades down a great deal the material ought to hang smooth and flawless. And there ought to be some way for you to secure a fine quality that will stand daily rolling up and down.

It will probably help you just as it did me to know that the greatest makers of window shades in the world do everything they can to make shades even better than you or I would expect them to be. Reliable merchants who sell *Columbia* window shades assured me of this. They believe it because the men behind *Columbia* really do *try* to make each grade better.

Whether you feel that you want to pay 75c or $3.00 per shade, you'll know that each *Columbia* window shade is the best of its kind.

Used Everywhere in Beautiful Homes

Here is what great decorators advise

SOFT shaded lamps. How they bring out the beauty of any room when properly placed! But all decorators have learned that still more charming effects can be produced by day. A mellow light can be thrown over the furnishings by window shades in one of the artistic, new tone colors. I know that whenever guests arrive after nightfall I ask them not to judge my work by artificial light.

In the morning they admit the effect is even lovelier. Then I tell them about toning a room with soft light diffused through beautiful colored window shades. One of my guests exclaimed, when I put up a shade of another color in one large window, "I didn't half appreciate the harmonious tone effects in this room until I saw the lovely mellow light vanish in this part of the room. It certainly proves that the *tone in any room is controlled at the source of light—the window!*"

A beautiful tone must start where the light enters. If you choose a delightful tone-color for your window shades, your room must be delightful. Their softening effect works like magic.

"BEAUTIFUL WINDOWS" is the title of a new illustrated book by Elsie Sloan Farley, who has decorated some of America's best known homes. It will give you dozens of hints for making your home more beautiful by toning daylight with window shades of the lovely translucent tone-colors, just as you tone lamplight with lamp shades. Send 10c for a copy to *Columbia* Mills, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Read this letter

"—and so when I bought the second set of shades to darken the bedrooms they were Columbia Shades I had been reading about.

"I didn't think as much about the rollers as I did about the cloth. But after they were up I found that they rolled so much better than any shades I had ever had that I wanted to write you. I don't see how it is that the same kind of roller can be so much better than others. Why don't you say more about your rollers?" (Mrs.) G. R. T.

Columbia GUARANTEED WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

(Continued from Page 146)

out. It declined so greatly, in fact, that it opened the way to motion-picture entertainment. Nowadays the biggest Broadway success has but two or three road companies and often only one with the original cast.

"When motion pictures went into the dramatic field the public, everywhere, was hungry for the new entertainment; and, as with the advent of the road-company business, competition was keen to satisfy it. We, the motion-picture producers - each of us—wanted to reap the golden harvest all alone by making all the pictures the public wanted. In the feverish effort too many pictures have been made and so quality has been sacrificed to quantity. Effort and resources have been too finely divided. Now we are concentrating. We make pictures individually, not by programs, series and a year's output. This year marks the first real change in this respect; and you will now see finer attractions."

Mr. Zukor's own concern reached a production point in 1920 of 306 feature pictures a year; this year's—1923–24—output calls for just one-sixth that number.

Mr. Zukor does not recognize distribution as a dominant factor.

"Make good pictures," is his advice. "That is what counts. Of course you must handle them right. If you don't, there's something wrong with your organization. You need better men. But pictures are gray matter—brains and personalities. You cannot have standardizing processes, either in making or marketing them. I cannot conceive of a clearing-house system of distribution for pictures, like those which handle commodities in other manufacturing fields and in which standardized products are possible. You must make the picture as an individual thing and sell it individually."

That, of course, is the slant of the producing mind. But Mr. Zukor must admit that the hectic production he speaks of brought about the present huge and eat-'em-alive distribution complex; and that this machinery, calling as it does for quantity pictures, must be beaten somehow if quality is to be the objective.

At any rate, this distribution situation exists right now and it rules to a large degree. And those who criticize pictures from the outside must take into account this inside industrial machinery.

Financial Parasites

You may sit at your local club and ponder the concrete subject of pictures this way and that. But the kind you get will be a result of an economic circle. As pictures get gradually better a smaller number will be produced, and that will lessen the economic strain and haste of production, which will in turn make fewer pictures commercially possible; your theater will change less frequently, which in turn will permit the theater to advertise efficiently and so get more people to see each good picture; and this in turn—completing the circle—will encourage and even force the producers to make fewer and better pictures.

There are already hopeful signs on the horizon. Producer-distributors are lessening their product. They are not trying to dominate by volume of product. There are many more units of production, each turning out only a few pictures. Two or four pictures a year are now considered enough for a director and star, whereas one a month used to be a conservative record, and I have known of such an absurd haste as eight pictures in three months from one director. Moreover, there is every indication that pictures will soon be offered to the theaters on a selective basis. That is highly important to the public.

There are less, too, many less, of the faulty pictures turned out by incompetent optimists and conscienceless promoters.

In one of the film laboratories in New York there are stored away, never released and never to be released, some 2,000,000 feet of negative film representing a total investment loss of several million dollars. This is but one of the several large laboratories in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, where the commercial printing and developing of negative and positive prints is done.

One poor widow invested her entire small fortune in a picture in which she was assured Mary Pickford was to star. The promoter told her that the famous actress was secretly giving her services and that on account of her contract with a leading producer the matter would have to be held in strictest confidence. And so it was held until the widow's money was all taken.

One day a small crowd of East Side New York grocers and delicatessen dealers, scarcely able to speak English, appeared at the laboratory to watch—with a good deal of pain—the ruthless cutting and editing of a picture in which they had invested. The picture, like many another, was so badly done that it was valueless. The promoters, it appeared, had not even overlooked Avenue A, New York

Most thriving towns in the country have been visited by them. The general method of procedure is to start off by dilating upon the scenic beauties of the community. Local pride is thus appealed to. Then follows a rehearsal of famous money-making pictures, from The Birth of a Nation on. The impression is given forth that about all one has to do is to make a picture and the market greedily absorbs it. The promoters talk the studio lingo and have had enough actual experience to build and equip a stage, and so on, and direct a picture. Often the daughter of a local man of wealth is featured, and father helps raise the production funds. Most of these pictures never gain distribution, but in the past, at least, too many have.

Venturesome Outsiders

Two years ago the head of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the country came into my office seeking advice. He and a few friends have invested $250,000 in a picture which is still awaiting distribution.

"Why on earth did you, a practical business man, go into such a thing?" I asked.

He was rather sheepish about it, and didn't want to discuss the subject. But, it appeared, he, too, believed that the market readily absorbed all picture efforts. He was entirely ignorant of the machinery of the business and did not know that overproduction has always existed to a very large degree—overproduction, at least, of mediocre pictures.

One day an irate undertaker came in. He had invested a good deal of the savings of a lucrative career in a rip-roaring drama—taken in and around his home town, of course—and he was already painfully aware of the fact that his money was gone.

"Why," I asked him, "did you concern yourself with picture making? You wouldn't think of going into the book-publishing business, or of making stoves, or chemicals or breakfast foods or what not. Why tackle a market about which you were equally in the dark?"

Well, he finally admitted, he thought there was easy money in it.

And so do all the victims. That, of course, is the urge—with school-teachers and all the way up in the business world to the trained and experienced merchant and industrialist.

Some successful merchants, who had made their wealth in penny manipulations over the bargain counters, lost a good deal over $500,000 in the picture field before they decided to go back to their own trade. And that is but one of a long list of failures.

There's a touch of Midas to the business in the public imagination; it has all the lure of the gold mine. And yet it is nothing more or less than a regular manufacturing-jobbing-retailing industry in which the manufacturing risk is exceptionally great, the jobbing field chaotic to a degree, and the retailing or exhibiting field vastly overcrowded. Capital is needed, but is only safe in tried and proven hands and channels, and what is needed most from the outside business world is not more gamblers but, rather, wise and patient doctors who can help the existing pains of the lusty infant and not add to them.

There is another large wheel loose in the marketing machinery of pictures, and that is the selling system—from distributor to theater. I have called it a poker game, which dignifies it a good deal.

Here is a concrete instance of the wild vagaries of picture prices: George Kleine, who brought to this country the Italian success, Quo Vadis, decided about five years later to reissue it. He had built up several exchanges by encouraging former exchange managers to go out on their own resources. They did so with some trepidation, being used to the commands of the New York home office.

When Mr. Kleine opened a letter from one of the new exchanges containing the first batch of bookings on Quo Vadis he found such pitifully small rental prices as five dollars, seven dollars and fifty cents, and so on; so he immediately wrote a long letter of sound advice, something like this: Don't look upon Quo Vadis as an ordinary reissue. It still stands as one of the greatest pictures ever made.

When the next letter came in it contained three bookings, one for five dollars, one for seven dollars and fifty cents, and one for $1000.

The average business man will find it difficult to believe that the same piece of goods can command a price of $1000 as against five, and that such a price-fixing system can prevail in a manufacturing industry ranked among the largest. But this incident, nevertheless, though extreme, is typical of the entire film-selling system as it exists today under the name of flat rentals.

It is a skirmish. Each side girds itself for the fray, with bluff, buncombe, loud claims, denunciations, wariness, intrigue and cajolery.

Where there are two or more competing theaters the salesman has the best of it; he plays one against the other. Where there is no competition the theater can and does dictate. As between two cities not a hundred miles apart rental prices will vary on a scale of $150 to $1000 on the same picture. Key-city theaters, because of their dominant position and the advertising they give a picture in their respective zones, secure lower rentals in proportion to their income than the small theaters. But the selling game goes merrily on nevertheless.

The flat or arbitrary rental price is fixed by the distributor before the picture is shown by the exhibitor. It represents what the distributor wants and hopes to get, regardless of the picture's actual drawing power. And the exhibitor, in turn, always regarding the price demanded as an outright piece of brigandage, struggles to pay as little as the distributor will take.

The Selective Process

It is an expensive selling system. It demands on the one hand an army of go-getter salesmen at good salaries; and on the other hand it takes up a lot of the exhibitors' time and energy. It is the main reason why distribution takes forty cents at least—often more—out of every motion-picture dollar earned. And worst of all—and that is why I speak of it here—it forces pictures upon the public for what the distributors think of them rather than how the public chooses to regard them.

If the picture has been adequately advertised—that is a highly important factor—the box-office results will fix its value in the particular theater at the particular time it is shown. With this sound basis the exhibitor can take so much of the proceeds, and the distributor so much. The goodwill value of the theater will have to be taken into account; so will the trade-mark value of the producer. In other words, percentage playing. It is not easy of arrangement and it is coming along slowly, but it is the true and inevitable way, because it takes into account the public patronage rather than the mere and immediate trade objective.

There must and there will be more of a selective process in getting pictures to the public. That is the important point. As soon as the machinery of the industry is so geared that the public will fix the values, then distribution chaos and cost will settle down, the good picture will be rewarded and encouraged, and the poor picture will go the natural way of the cheaper or undesirable commodity.

To sum up: The motion picture is and must be the result of an industrial machine. The present machine is new and creaky, but it is improving swiftly. It is useless to criticize pictures without taking into account the machine that markets them. And even so, the creative part is, like all creative efforts, a most baffling thing so far as popular favor is concerned and the commercial success that goes with it, which is positively necessary.

As it is, the situation is not so bad. All the critics, all the inexperienced optimists, all the reformers to the contrary notwithstanding, most all the people of this country see pictures more or less regularly, and enough of them are pleased so that the average daily attendance equals fully 6,000,000 people right along, most of whom never before had entertainment brought to their communities and many of whom have never been able heretofore to afford the cost of entertainment.

You needn't know a thing about radio

NIGHT after night, year after year, a Tuska Radio will bring fine entertainment into your home, at a trifling expense for operating.

You need not depend upon good-natured friends with radio experience to help put a Tuska in your home. Surprise them all by doing it yourself. It is easy to install your own "listening post" and pick up your choice of the concerts that fill the air.

At pleasure you can tune out any program and tune in another more to your liking. The same Tuska that fills your rooms with clear, unmarred music and distinct speeches will also pick up broadcasting from stations 2000 or more miles away.

Some of the most experienced radio inventors and engineers in this country designed and built the Tuska. It is right, forever, and needs no tinkering. A Tuska set bought to-day will be serviceable for years to come.

THE C. D. TUSKA CO., Hartford, Conn.

For 12 years, Tuska built radio receivers have been famous for long range reception, and have made records that are unsurpassed.

F R Alger, of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada, says, "I am sending a list of 67 stations, a total distance of 78 200 miles away You will realize that all stations are far removed from us most of them have to come over 1000 miles. The Tuska is remarkable for simplicity of tuning. It has been a source of great satisfaction."

The set illustrated above is a Tuska Popular No. 225

3-bulb Regenerative Receiving Set. Piano finish mahogany cabinet. Amplifier switch. Concealed binding posts. Armstrong circuit, licensed under Patent No. 1,113,149. Price $75, without bulbs, batteries or horn. Ask for special circular No. 21-B.

TUSKA RADIO

What Duofold's Two-Layer Fabric Means to your Comfort

DURING winter's bitter cold, and the damp, uncertain weather of spring and fall, some extra measure of protection is advisable for nearly everyone.

The outstanding feature of Duofold HealthUnderwear is that it gives you that extra protection in combination with *light-weight comfort!*

Duofold's fabric is in two *thin* separate layers. These two thin layers with *air space* between form a light-weight fabric which is a much more effective barrier against cold and sudden chill, than a single fabric much thicker.

Every year more men, women and children go through the cold, damp months in greater comfort and with far less risk to their health, because of their Duofold.

Try a few suits. You can get it in plain cotton or mercerized. Or if you prefer the added protection of wool, you can get Duofold with *soft cotton in the inner layer and wool in the outer layer, where it can't touch or irritate your skin.*

For Infants and Children

Soft, soothing cotton next the tender skin; warm, health-protecting wool in the outer layer, where it can't touch the skin—this is the fabric recommended for infants and children. What could be better? Physicians approve of it. Send for Free Booklet, "*Health Protection for Infants and Children.*"

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO., Mohawk, N. Y.
HENDERSON & ERVIN, *Sales Agents*
331 Fourth Ave., New York City

Duofold
Health Underwear for Men, Women, Children and Infants

AN ALMOST PERFECT THIRTY-FOUR

(Continued from Page 22)

who treated her badly and grafted as much as he could from her. Anna was crazy about a man named Jim. He was something or other, nobody knew just what, in the theatrical business, and he was always borrowing money from her and never paying it back. Anna got a good salary, most of which she spent on Jim. Jim was married. They always are.

Three of the remaining six were married, girls who'd been in the business before and who kept on with the work because they wanted to help their husbands get a start in business, or because they didn't care about housework and preferred to keep their jobs and pay for a maid. Incidentally, there is a tremendously high proportion of married women in modeling, chiefly because of the condition I mentioned before—when they're through for the day they don't have to think about the job. They can give their whole attention to their home and husband, and their children if they have any. Lots of them have. I know a girl who has two sons, four and six years old, and she is planning to continue working as a model until she has enough money saved to assure both of the youngsters a college education.

But I'm wandering. I was telling you about the girls in our shop. These three married ones used to bring their work with them, and every spare minute was utilized in monogramming a towel or hemming a napkin. Sounds devilish, doesn't it? The rest of us used to help when we could, and as a reward we'd get an occasional dinner invitation.

The other two, who were sisters, were more nearly like the conventional idea of models than any girls I've met since. Their faces were pretty enough in an ordinary sort of way, underneath a great deal of rouge and powder. They were slangy, and their conversation consisted chiefly of what-I-sez-to-him and what-he-sez-to-me. Their sole object in life was to have what seemed to them a good time, and their pride was to graft as much as possible from the various young men of their acquaintance. They would spend hours boasting of how they lured last night's swain into a drug store and held him up for a bottle of expensive perfume and a whole array of cosmetics. Yet they were good girls and would have slapped the face of any youth who misinterpreted their motives.

Helen and Katherine thought I was a fool, and told me so, because I didn't have more of the quality they called pep. I wasn't a bad looking girl, they used to say, but I didn't make the most of myself. If I'd only let them pick out my clothes, f'rinstance, and fix my hair more stylish. I part my hair in the middle and roll it into two flat twists on the sides. I've never had a marcel wave in my life. I'm not the type for wavy hair. I'm the kind of girl to whom men always say, "You know, you look just like the Mona Lisa. So mysterious." And each one thinks he's being very original.

Why Models Can Dress Well

These girls wanted me to fluff out my hair and wear earmuffs, and they begged me to pull out my eyebrows. But I wouldn't. I had decided on my act, and I intended to stick to it, style or no style. I'm glad I did, too, for today, even if I do say so myself and shouldn't, I'm one of the best-known and highly paid models in the retail trade. I work in what I consider the finest shop on Fifth Avenue, my customers are women whose names decorate the social register, I've been to Paris for the firm, and my friends are some of the nicest people in New York. All because I had sense enough to see that an atmosphere of my own was more important than an adherence to style.

One of the reasons models have the reputation they have, I am convinced, is because they are invariably well dressed. I've heard loads of my mother's friends comment on the fact.

"You can't tell me," is the burden of their song, "that a girl can dress like that on thirty dollars a week. Why, I saw that model she has on in a Fifth Avenue window, and it was marked a hundred dollars. How does she do it?"

Easily. One of the unwritten laws of any good dress house is that the girls must look well. And the firm always helps as much as it can. Girls can buy any dress the house carries for less than wholesale cost. And if a line has been discontinued and there are still a few dresses left we can get them for as low as one-third of what they cost to make! Is it any wonder we can dress well?

It's funny how much what people will say can influence us. Long after my mother was convinced that my occupation was not a hotbed of vice, she tried to keep it a secret from her friends, because they would talk about me. And of course it leaked out, and of course they did talk about me. One of the funniest moments occurred one day when an acquaintance of mother's, a very wealthy woman who lives according to copy-book maxims and the book of etiquette instead of ideas, came into our place with her daughter to get some dresses wholesale. The daughter had gone to high school with me, a stupid, disagreeable girl who'd just been married. There was a son with whom I'd been out several times. Ordinarily when they saw me the mother and daughter would gush over me and ask me to come for dinner or something like that. When they walked into the showroom and saw me walking up and down as a model they were so horrified they almost swooned. But they wanted their wholesale dresses, so they thought better of it. However, they never batted an eye at me. Just pretended not to see me. And I never heard from the son again.

Three Southern Beauties

These retail customers, by the way, are one of the worst curses of the wholesale trade, and I don't think there's a single house that's free from it. The bosses' wives send their friends, and the salesmen's sisters send theirs. Of course all the relatives of everybody in the place must be taken care of. And somehow they always manage to come down on the busiest day of the season, just when the head buyer of some enormous Chicago department store is making his final selection, or something like that.

Some shops, resigning themselves to the inevitable, set aside one day a week for the grafters, as they are known to the trade. They always take hours to decide what they want, and very often they bring it back a few days later to exchange it for something else. They are a standing joke between the salesmen and the girls.

Relations between the men and the girls are very pleasant. There's a great deal of kidding and laughing, and sometimes a little rough-housing. I don't want you to think I'm trying to put anything over on you. I know you wouldn't believe me if I said that models were the soul of propriety. They're jolly, carefree, not too fastidious as a class, inclined to be a little rough-and-ready, slangy, and all that sort of thing, but awfully decent, really.

After about six months in that job I found a better one, with more pay and easier hours. This was in a rather swanky house, the Comeback Costume Company, which had a very fussy showroom, all French blue and gray enamel. The dresses were very high priced, and the girls, externally, at least, of a much higher standard than the first group.

It was at the Comeback that I met the Clarke sisters, three extraordinarily beautiful girls from Georgia. Their names were Faith, Hope and Charity—really—and their father, an impoverished F. F. V. or something like that, was the head of the department of ancient literature at a small Southern university. The girls were the loveliest things I'd ever seen—tall, with a kind of willowiness, ash-blond hair and enormous blue eyes. Charity was the oldest; Faith and Hope were twins, but the three might have been triplets, they looked so much alike. They'd had a certain amount of education in some Southern finishing school, but the family fortunes had fallen so low recently that the girls had come to New York to earn their own living. Through some friend of their father they had found clerical jobs in some downtown offices. But they didn't fit at all into a business atmosphere. They hated it. And they were

(Continued on Page 163

A kitchen really furnished!

— to save your time and strength and be a pleasant, restful place to work

In the old days, the kitchen was the "drudgery" room. Big, bare, uninteresting, it offered nothing to ease the work or satisfy the eye.

But it is different now. Kitchens have changed their character. There is a new appreciation for the room where you do your hardest work.

Modern household engineering has introduced a new era of kitchen economy; has installed conveniences which have rightly come to be necessities.

With the modern stove and sink has come another convenience which every up-to-date, efficient kitchen must have—*a working center!*

Scientific planning has made the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet an ideal working center. You have combined in this one piece of furniture all the necessary features—your work table, clear and unhampered; compact cupboards to hold staples and utensils without which you never get a meal. Everything you need to use right here where you want to use it!

Then there are so many added conveniences—exclusive Hoosier features—to make your work less tiring. The table height adjusted for your stature; the fittings and appliances which keep things orderly and save time and steps.

The modern housewife knows, too, how much easier the work seems in an attractive kitchen. The efficiently furnished kitchen is a pleasant, restful place, as inviting as any other room. You have only to see the Hoosier, to appreciate what this really fine piece of kitchen furniture adds in appearance.

The Hoosier Breakfast Set of table and chairs charmingly completes your kitchen furniture. Daintily finished in white enamel, the table has a fine porcelain top and the chairs have cane seats and are tastefully decorated in bright color.

Hoosier convenience and Hoosier appearance are not expensive to attain, either You do not need to put off enjoying them in *your* kitchen. The Hoosier store in your town will be glad to show you the different styles and sizes and will tell you about the special Hoosier payment plan.

For Christmas—a Hoosier!

Every home deserves a Christmas gift of its own—and this year let it be the kitchen's turn! A Hoosier will bring to your kitchen a new convenience and efficiency; make it a more inviting, restful place to work. It is a gift which will mean pleasure and help every day in the year, for many years. Select your Hoosier now and have it delivered for Christmas.

FREE—A BOOK OF MODEL KITCHEN PLANS

We have a new book of interesting model kitchen plans which have been submitted to us in competition by leading architectural draftsmen. A study of these plans will be both interesting and helpful and perhaps may suggest a more efficient arrangement for your own kitchen We shall be glad to send it to you FREE. *Just fill out the coupon below*

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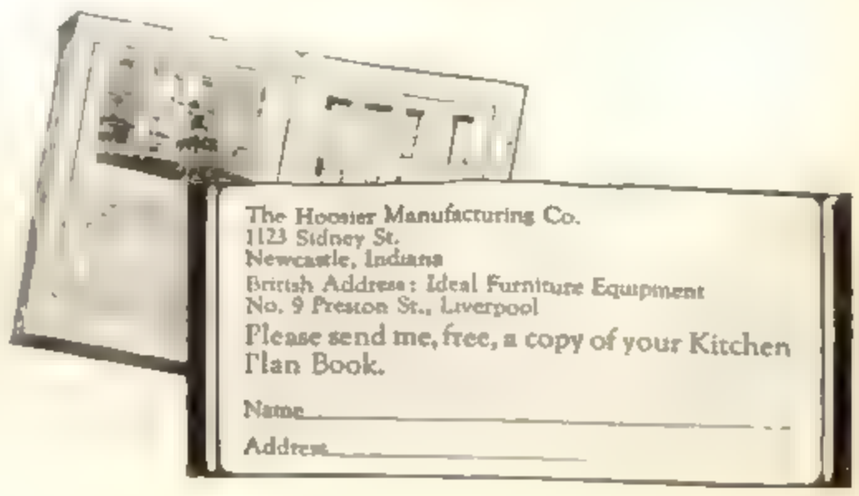
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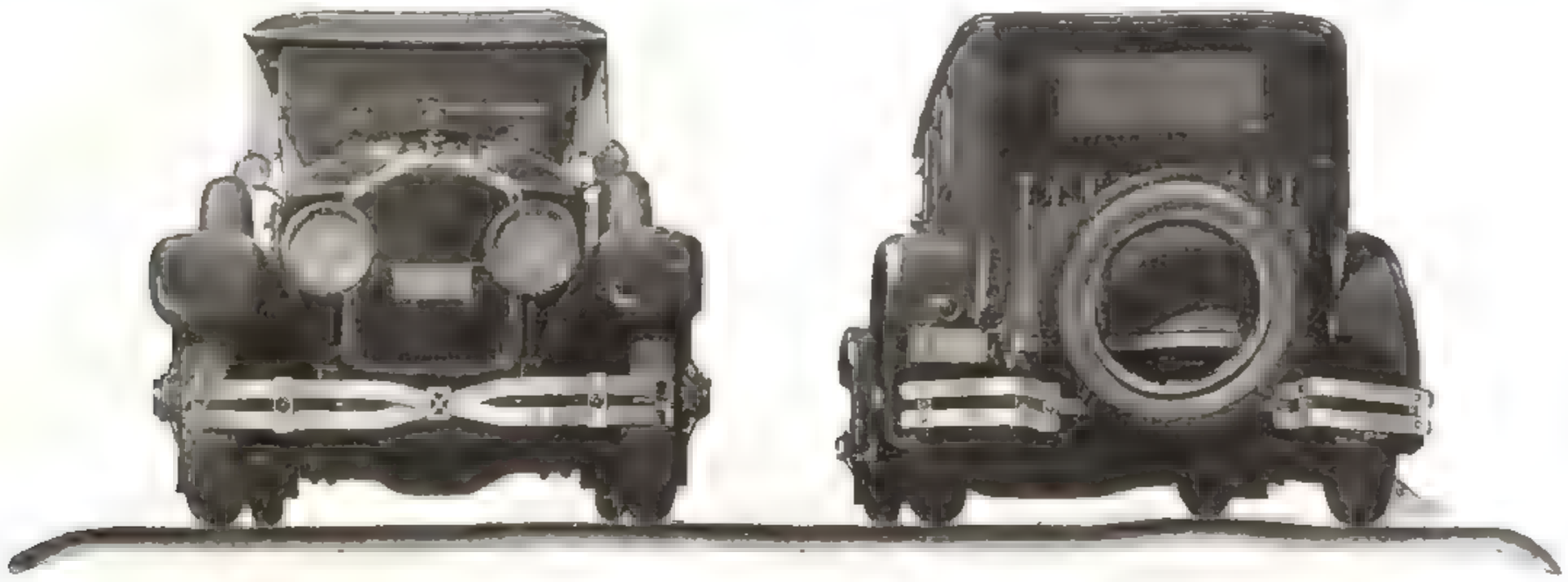


They always come back smiling

The purpose of Eaton bumpers is to take collision impacts, and they do it, cheerfully, sturdily, resiliently.

Between your car and damage they thrust a barrier of that magic steel—Mo-lyb-den-um—fending off the shocks and blows that even the best of driving cannot totally prevent.

There's a bulwark of protection built into their broad shoulders, and their trim, clean-lined design sets off the grace of any car.

Stronger, and better looking besides, Eaton bumpers assure you far more in safety, satisfaction and economy than you could ever measure by their slight additional cost.

The EATON AXLE & SPRING COMPANY
CLEVELAND

EATON
AXLES

PERFECTION
SPRINGS

EATON
BUMPERS

Formerly Cox Bumpers

Continued from Page 150

incompetent. They had an awful lot of Southern charm, but very little practical ability.

They were quite unhappy and didn't know what to do, when Charity one day met a man who knew the head of the Comeback, and he got her a job up there. She was a sensation. Every dress looked like a winner on her. When the busy season came around she brought Hope and Faith up. They had twice as much money as before, and were a dozen times happier. But they couldn't let their father know about their new work. Like most other outsiders, he believed the business a den of iniquity, and the thought of his daughters engaged in it would have driven him mad. So they never told him; to this day he believes that Faith and Hope are clerks. Faith is the only one left in modeling. Charity married the man who originally got her the job. He is quite wealthy and they live in a lovely house out in Great Neck, with a car and a collie and a kitten.

Hope, a shade more beautiful than the two others, soon left the wholesale field and became a model in a fashionable shop on Fifty-seventh Street, a shop that specializes in theatrical costumes. She attracted the attention of a revue producer there, and he gave her a job as a showgirl. Every reviewer in town spoke of her beauty, and she was given a tiny part. Now she's a minor principal in every show this man puts on, with a salary of about two hundred a week. She doesn't use her own name—afraid of killing her father—but you have probably seen her lots of times.

Faith, who has the brains of the family, stayed on at the Comeback. She's head of the showroom now; still shows dresses, and is in charge of the other girls, who adore her in spite of her evident superiority. As a rule the girls resent fiercely anything that looks to them like an attempt to put on the Ritz. But they realize that with Faith it's the real thing.

Quite a few models come from the ranks of chorus girls out of jobs. Theatrical agencies frequently keep in touch with wholesale houses, and when they can't place their registrants in shows they send them around to try for modeling jobs. As a rule they don't last long. They consider the work somewhat beneath them and get out as soon as they can. Another source of supply is the cabarets. They have no matinées, and many of the girls who work in supper and midnight revues on Broadway spend their days modeling.

There are lots of girls who have stepped from dress modeling to photographic modeling, and a fairly good percentage of these have gone into the movies and made good. I know a certain very high-priced film star, very sweet and lovely, married to a wealthy New Yorker, who once posed as a corset model, and had her picture in all the Sunday rotogravure sections. A film producer saw one of them, admired her face and figure, and gave her a job as an extra. The rest is film history. Another girl, who has been starred in movies and musical comedies, and who ran an after-theater club in New York, was originally a model for dresses. There are literally dozens of such cases if you want to take the trouble to track them down.

From Wholesale to Retail

When I left the Comeback Costume Company I got my first retail job. Stepping from the wholesale to the retail work is like going into a new world. In the former, one comes into contact with practically nothing but men. In the latter it is just the reverse. As you know, it's difficult to get a man to go inside a department store, and it was in a department store that I had my first retail experience.

It was less of a strain, physically, than the wholesale work, but put more of a tax on the mind. Naturally, I didn't have to put on one dress after another and walk up and down all day long. There were intervals between customers. I had to act as a sort of assistant saleswoman. If a customer came in and selected a number of gowns that interested her, the saleswoman would call me and I'd put them on. I had to do more than display them though. Part of my job was to suggest tactfully the good points of a costume; to try in a subtle way to bring about a sale.

This was a very big and high-class shop, and crude methods were not tolerated, but we were expected to do what we gracefully could to effect a sale.

The atmosphere in this job was more refined but less interesting than in the wholesale houses. There was only one other girl in the department who was used as a model, and I really never got to know her. But several of the saleswomen, I learned, had begun as models, and the head of the department, at the time earning twelve thousand dollars a year, had started as a stock girl and had worked her way up, modeling gowns, then selling them, then becoming assistant to the head, until she reached her present position. They were very nice in that shop. We were allowed 15 per cent discount on anything in the store. They encouraged me and promised me a chance to advance my position as soon as I showed the ability. But I wasn't particularly interested in department-store work. To me it was simply a means to an end. What I wanted to achieve was a job in one of the ultra-fashionable shops on the Avenue. I watched the papers carefully, and I watched myself too.

It wouldn't be easy, I knew, to realize my ambition. I'd often gone into these exclusive shops just to look at the models they used there, and I found them remarkably beautiful girls. Their figures were wonderful and their grooming was as perfect as the grooming of any of their customers. Whatever they actually were, they seemed like girls of education and breeding, grace and charm.

Different shops, too, I observed, ran to different types. One place had almost all little girls, of the Mary Hay type—dainty and cute. That shop was noted for its fluffy clothes, and specialized in débutantes' outfits. Another shop used girls somewhat taller, of a fairly neutral type, who could wear almost any type of clothes. But the majority of places used very tall, very slender girls, on whom they could just hang their creations. I decided I would like to work for Mona, Inc., whose palatial atelier on Fifth Avenue was the Mecca of every woman in New York.

A Job on the Avenue

All the girls who worked in Mona's were of my general type: Tall, ready, going in for foreign atmosphere and doing the exotic stuff. Well, that was fine for me! I waited until I saw an ad in the Sunday paper announcing that Mona, Inc., could use a few models of rare distinction. Wearing my most striking costume, all black, with straight clinging lines, a small, smart black hat which revealed the severity of my coiffure, and a string of oxblood corals that exactly matched the rouge on my lips, I loped into Mona, Inc., a pale and interesting figure, as they say in the novels. My act was so good that a saleswoman actually greeted me as a customer. What a triumph!

"Are you interested in gowns this morning, modom?" she inquired in her best sales voice.

I didn't disabuse her mind but, smiling remotely, I asked to be shown to Mr. Halloran. Mr. Halloran is not, as so many people think, really Mona—she's a flesh-and-blood female herself—but he is the business head of the establishment. Mona lends her magic name, designs a gown now and then, and is seen in the place on rare occasions. Mr. Halloran is the man who hires people, and I knew he was the person I'd have to see.

Now prepare yourself for another blow. Mr. Halloran isn't a bit like a musical-comedy version of a male dressmaker. He's a big stalwart he-man, with a husky baritone voice. He saw me after a few minutes, and being a better judge than the sales person outside, knew at once that I'd come in response to the ad. Without waiting for me to explain myself, he broke right in.

"You look all right, young lady," he said with a smile. "Now if you can only walk right you'll do. We have so much trouble with our girls in the matter of walking. Let me see you walk slowly across the room."

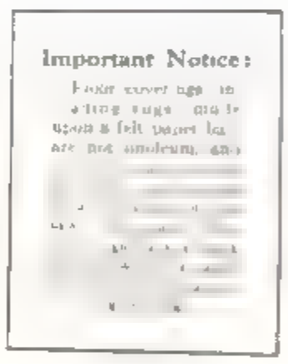
Have you ever tried to do a thing like that? It is beyond a doubt the most trying and terrifying thing in the world. Walking across that room before Mr. Halloran's sharp gaze, I felt certain I must look as awkward as an elephant.

But it couldn't have been quite that awful, because when I finished he nodded and said, "Not so bad. Now we'll try a few gowns on you."

That first ordeal of walking safely over, I knew everything would be all right. I put on the dresses, paraded quite confidently before Mr. Halloran, and was hired. The salary was forty-five dollars a week,

Blabon Inlaid pattern No. 198 is used on the floor of this kitchen and breakfast nook, while plain gray linoleum is on the dining room floor.

For the woman who does her own housework—



Blabon floors of Art Linoleum help solve many problems. They give her enduring floors that are always spick-and-span, with very little care. A light going over once or twice a week with a damp cloth keeps them clean and bright.

Being non-absorbent and without cracks they are sanitary, and contribute to the health of the home.

The patterns and colorings of Blabon Plain and Inlaid Linoleums never wear off—they go clear through to the burlap back. Such floors never need expensive refinishing. Waxing and polishing occasionally, keeps them in splendid condition.

Laid over old floors they not only transform their appearance but give the warmth of a double floor for winter. Fabric rugs may be thrown over them, also, if desired. The long serviceable life of Blabon Art Linoleums makes them surprisingly economical.

There are many places in the home where Blabon Printed Linoleums, even more moderate in price, may be used to advantage.

Any good department or furniture store can show you Blabon Art Linoleums. For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon.

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum are especially desirable for people renting their homes. Beautiful, sanitary, mothproof. They lie flat without fastening.

Our illustrated booklet "The Floor for the Modern Home," will be sent free upon request.

Every home-maker should also have our handsome brochure "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home" by Hazel H. Adler—with beautiful full color illustrations of harmoniously decorated and tastefully furnished interiors. It explains the correct use of color and materials, and is a real money-saver in home furnishing. Sent upon receipt of 15 cents, but worth much more. Write for it today!

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BLABON ART Linoleums

BUSINESS has its moments of inspiration no less than the arts and sciences. But in the offices of great and successful executives, the Royal Typewriter acts as an organization nerve-center, transmuting the quick spark of business inspiration into positive actions and completed transactions.

Clean-cut quality is the very essence of the Royal Typewriter—in its structure, its appearance, and its work. The Royal stands four-square in its character before the business world.

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"Compare the Work"

hours nine to five, half day on Saturday. I started work that same morning, and I've been there ever since.

It's really fascinating work. Of course there's an awful lot of trick stuff -hokum—about a place like Mona's. There has to be to satisfy the customers. Society women seem to demand atmosphere, and if you haven't any really, you just manufacture it. All the girls at Mona, Inc., had trick names, supplied by Mr. Halloran. One was Désirée, another was Katinka, another was Louison-Flore. He found that one in a Leonard Merrick book. I was the Italian type, Mr. Halloran told me -even going so far as to comment, quite impersonally, that I looked quite a bit like the Mona Lisa—so he decided to call me La Gioconda. That sort of thing made quite an impression on the clients. He accentuated my type as much as possible, giving me slender hoop earrings to wear, a delicate dark brown make-up to put under my eyes, and a medieval robe of a very dark red, long and flowing, with long and flowing sleeves, to wear in the shop. He did the same with the other girls, emphasizing whatever points they had to bring out a special type. The girls at Mona's enjoyed the reputation of being the most beautiful and distinctive models in New York, and it was considered a great honor to be working there. It had the same standing in the trade as the Follies has in the theater. Every chorus girl's ambition is to work in the Follies. And every model's ambition is to work at Mona's.

Work there was not easy by any means, but it was fascinating. I wore gorgeous clothes, and after a little while I began to build up a clientele of my own. That is to say, there were certain women who regarded themselves more or less my type, and they got into the habit of asking to have the clothes they were interested in shown on me. That increased my value, and in a few months I was given a raise in pay.

The girls at Mona's were the most interesting of any I had met. There were quite a lot of them, and a certain proportion were utterly commonplace underneath the interesting exterior built by Mr. Halloran. But for the most part they were quite amusing to know.

There was Chiquita, for instance. Her name actually was Rachel Braunberg, but she looked Spanish. She had sleek, lacquered black hair, and round, shining black eyes. She looked magnificent in the full-skirted bouffant dresses with tight bodices, and she always modeled the Spanish shawls, one of the things for which the establishment is especially noted. Although she was only twenty Chiquita had been married and divorced. She was a gay young thing, always laughing and joking—quite a natural clown, as a matter of fact—and nobody would have suspected that there was anything serious behind those shining round eyes.

Chiquita's Romance

But little by little I learned about her from the other girls. At seventeen she'd eloped with a man she'd met only a few times before. He was apparently very wealthy, and for a little while everything was all right. Then, when it became apparent that she was going to have a baby, the husband began to show signs of restlessness. The baby came. The husband went. She's never seen or heard from him since the day she got her divorce. She was awarded fairly decent alimony, but how can you collect alimony from a man who has disappeared?

Now she supports her little son and lives with her mother, who takes care of the baby. She never complains. She keeps the other girls amused all the time, and seems to enjoy life enormously. She has lots of admirers, and goes out all the time. Quite a number of the men who come into the shop seem to be interested in her, and I know she's had several proposals, but she's determined not to marry again.

That's one type of story. Now I'll tell you about another girl, whose experience was just the reverse. She's a girl I knew in high school. At that time her father was a well-to-do merchant, and although the family wasn't very good she was always a terrible money snob. But she was beautiful in a distinctly modern way, and a great flirt; knew all the tricks about getting men. She had a dozen admirers, and was dangling them about when her father died suddenly, and it developed that he had left her and her mother penniless.

For a while they were utterly desperate. The admirers evaporated, and hundreds of unpaid debts came to light, including a staggering bill from Mona, Inc. There didn't seem to be any way of paying it, so the girl went down and suggested that they give her a job as a model, and take so much a week out of her salary until the bill was paid. They weren't crazy about the idea, but it seemed the only way of getting the money, so they took her on.

She stayed six months, hating it all the time. She wasn't used to working, and she found it humiliating to meet her old friends in that way. One day a very well-known society woman came in to look at some clothes, and with her was her son, one of the catches of the season. He took one look at this girl and, true to fiction, fell head over heels in love with her on the spot. He came to Mona's every day for a week until he finally met her. In a month, despite the hysterics of his entire family and the horror of the society editors, he married her. The family recovered in time, as families usually do, and they're quite happy now. She has several cars, an apartment on Park Avenue, a string of pearls, and all the other trappings of the modern Cinderella who marries a prince of finance. She comes to Mona's for clothes, and tries very hard to find an attitude that is not too upstage, nor yet too friendly.

Society Girls In the Shops

You've no idea how many bona-fide society girls, either reduced in circumstances or just plain bored, go into the shops as models. You'll find them in every Fifth Avenue establishment. It's excellent business for the shop, of course. There is one place on the Avenue that was always known for its fine tailored things, but although it had a wealthy clientele, it didn't have a fashionable one for some reason. One day a débutante, noted for her great charm, came into the shop and demanded an interview with Mr. Miller, its head. Overjoyed at the magic name, he saw her. She told him she was bored and wanted a job as a model. She was very athletic, and looked particularly well in the type of costume he specialized in. After some hesitation, on account of her family, he took her on, and having a good publicity man attached to his business, the news of the little madcap's latest stunt got on the front page of all the dailies. Society, thrilled at the story, came to investigate and remained to buy. Although the girl remained in the job only a few months that bored her, too, after a little while—the clients who had come originally just to see her kept on patronizing the shop, and today it boasts one of the finest clienteles in the city.

In another shop, also a good one, but on the wrong side of the Avenue, a similar stunt has been worked. There, working side by side, are a mother and a daughter whose name is an open sesame to any grilled door on Fifth Avenue or in Newport. A very old family, with its full share of signers, governors and judges, but no more money. They could have lived in genteel poverty on their income, but the idea didn't appeal to them. So they decided that they would become poor working girls together. They made no attempt to hide it from their friends, who, being regular people, admired them for their stand. The mother went to the owner of the shop and put her proposition to him.

"You know who I am," she said. "You know that my friends are the finest people in New York. But I have no money. If you will give me a job as a saleswoman I will prove valuable to you, because my friends will shop here to help me. The same is true of my daughter. If you take her on as a model her friends will come here too."

Being a shrewd business man, the proprietor leaped at the opportunity and took them both at a fairly good salary, with a small commission on all sales that resulted directly from their society connections. They are now a fixture at this shop, and I know that last year they paid an income tax on something more than twenty thousand dollars between them. Not so bad, is it?

Different shops, as you know, attract different types of people. There is one place in New York, the branch of a famous Paris house, that goes in for the trade of musical-comedy stars, movie queens, divorcees of note. In this shop business has been tremendously accelerated by the presence

Continued on Page 156

Why the American temperament needs a watch like Elgin

The "Classic" Elgin—19 Jewel thin model, in 14 karat engraved cases of either Yellow, Green or White Gold, $150.

What Elgin renders to its users is a romance of modern service.

At its own expense Elgin carries *in stock* parts for every Elgin model that was ever made.

Even the owner of the *first* watch Elgin sold can get a part or parts for it *now*—from Elgin through the jeweler.

There is no upkeep service so thorough, so widespread as the Elgin service.

A WATCH is a delicate mechanism. Americans are full of go and bustle and have neither the time nor the inclination to pamper things.

When the American has an accident to his watch the only thing in his mind is to get it fixed quick.

If the jeweler says that it might take a long time because a broken or worn part must be hand-made—

Or if the jeweler says that only a few models of this watch were made and he'll have to see if he can get the part from the factory—

The American temperament is put out.

Elgin Wrist Watches, cased in Gold, Platinum, Jewel-set, and Gold filled may be had from your jeweler at a wide range of prices.

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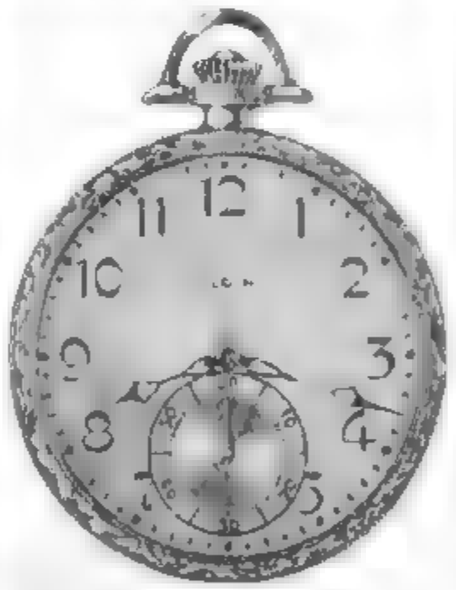

The "Corsican" Elgin—21 Jewel—super-thin, in 14-karat engraved cases of either Yellow, Green or White Gold or Green and White Gold. Combination—$175.

Elgin jewelers everywhere have their own individual stocks of Elgin replacements.

Their cooperation in this regard pays their respects to the Elgin service idea on one hand—and delivers a true and ready help to the public on the other.

There is no other service so keyed and so responsive to the American temperament and so much what Americans want from their watchmaker and watch merchant.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN, U. S. A.

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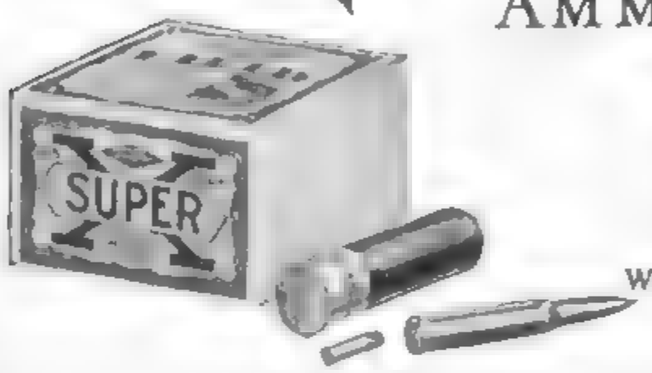

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Continued from Page 154

therein, as a model and vendeuse, of a young woman, of at least the outer circle of society, whose name was spread broadcast not long ago in connection with a famous murder trial. She is singularly beautiful, this young woman, and was known as an associate of the murdered woman and of the man who formed the third side of the well-known triangle. For some weeks her name was a household word, and after the first wave of scandal had subsided a little she went to work in this shop, and it is really amazing how many women have come there just so they can get a glimpse of this young woman, or say "I bought this dress from Adela Small, you know, that girl who was mixed up in the Darnton case." She's a tremendous asset to the shop, and they pay her very well

I know two girls, models, who have married the heads of the firm and become very prominent. Both of these girls are still connected with the business and are considered the women behind the throne

I've strayed somewhat from Mona, Inc., where I still work, but I hope you haven't minded. I thought you'd be interested in some of the other little stories. My career in that organization has steadily risen. I earn seventy-five dollars a week now, and most of the customers ask for me. I've had numerous offers from other houses, because somehow the impression has gotten around that any dress I wear is immediately sold. But I like Mona's, and I'm really a part of the organization. They're awfully nice to me, too, and this past summer when Mr. Halloran went to Paris to buy, accompanied by Mme. Blanche, the first assistant buyer, he took me along. He'd been thinking for a long time of taking over one of his own girls to try on the Paris models, because the French girls have such entirely different figures from ours that a dress which might look wonderful on them might look like the dickends when he got it on one of his own girls or a customer.

Because I'd worked awfully hard all year and could make a bluff at speaking some high-school French, he decided to let me come along.

You can imagine how excited I was. To see those wonderful Paris houses, and the marvelous models about whom books were always being written and for whom young noblemen were always committing suicide! Of course there were other things in Paris to see, but this would be a strictly business trip, with an awful lot of ground to cover in a very short time.

French Models

We sailed in July. Arriving in Paris we started right out to openings. I'll never forget my shock when we went to the first house, a world-famous house. Those French models! Words fail me when I try to describe them. To begin with, some of them are fat. Unpardonable sin in America, but I discovered before long that the French like 'em fat. They're full of curves, and although they wear no stays of any kind under their costumes, and little of anything else, they have what to us is distinctly the old-fashioned figure.

The dresses they wear between showing models are often sloppy and spotted. They wear their hair in the newest Paris manner, yanked back from the forehead and ears, and turned up in a long low roll at the base of the head. That would be all right if the hairpins weren't always falling out and there weren't little wispy tails hanging down in the back. Paris is full of hairdressing shops, but it's a cinch some of these girls seldom go inside them.

The French girls seemed to resent my presence very much. I could see that by the way they looked at me; and besides, I could catch a few of their comments. I can't speak French very well, but, as Dulcy would say, I understand it perfectly. It's only fair to tell you that they had just as poor an opinion of my looks as I had of theirs. They thought I was simply too skinny for any use at all. They were very contemptuous of my figure, and made no attempt to conceal their feelings.

Back in Harness

One thing that amused me very much about these French houses was the extremely precise etiquette of the occasions. For instance, it is an almost unpardonable sin to come in late to a showing. Then, if you once come in, it is a breach beyond all repair to leave before the end of the exhibit. No matter what important thing you may have to do, you must remain. If you leave before the end of the showing you can never come back to that house again. And you must buy something. Regardless of your opinion of the gowns, you must buy. Even if you hate them all, you have to choose one or two at least if you hope ever to return to that establishment. Those are fixed if unwritten laws, and must be strictly observed.

I've been back in New York some time now, and I never appreciated America so much before. The Paris trip was a great revelation to me, and if I was never patriotic before, I am now. Especially on the subject of girls. This may sound awfully conceited, but I'm not referring to myself really. Just about all girls. After looking them over in Paris it's easy to see why Europeans rave so about ours.

I'm back in harness now, with a very busy few weeks before me, while the ladies of the Four Hundred choose their winter wardrobes. I do more than just wear gowns now: I sell them too. Don't think I haven't realized that I can't be a model forever. I'm not forgetting the future, although I'm good for another six years at least. When I was eighteen I looked twenty-five, and I'll probably keep on looking twenty-five for a long time. Anyway I'm optimistic. As for my figure, I guard that carefully. I'm very cagy about my diet and look for no trouble in that direction. However, I'm working more and more into the selling end, and when the day comes that I can no longer wear a gown to its greatest advantage I'll be prepared. Within a year I expect to be married to a very nice young man, but I'll keep on working. That's all settled. The very nice young man is emancipated enough to agree with me that if a woman can't run a house properly it's quite all right for her to earn the money to pay someone who can. And besides, he says if I keep on modeling I'll have to stay thin, and he hates fat women. But that's another story.

Anyway, if you should happen to be in the neighborhood of Mona, Inc., some day and would like to hear some more about models, drop in and ask for La Gioconda. I'm always there.

Lake Minnewaska, New York

DUCK LORE

(Continued from Page 23)

explained that, mystified with the failure of their first few shots at incoming flocks, one of them suddenly recalled the old myth that the breast feathers will turn the shot and that it is therefore impossible to kill a duck coming in, wherefore they were holding their fire till the end birds had passed over and were heading away from them.

A dozen bluebills wheeled in before my blind and four of them crumpled up and floated on the water just outside the decoys. While engaged in refilling my magazine another little flock of redheads wheeled round the point of rushes that extended out from my island and turned to my decoys. I dropped two more with the three shells I had inserted.

The two on the island had changed their style of shooting and were firing at the incoming flocks with somewhat better results, but still without registering any considerable number of hits, and whenever the air before my own blind was free of ducks, which was seldom, I analyzed their work. It was quite a simple matter to discover the difficulty they failed to take account of the fact that different varieties of ducks perform differently when fired upon, and consequently they were shooting at the wrong moment. Ducks were ducks.

I watched a flock of bluebills, fifty strong, heading straight for their blind at a terrific rate of speed. I was hoping that they would begin to shoot into the head end of that flock at fifty yards, for bluebills, redheads, canvasbacks and such will seldom turn or dodge, but instead will usually hold straight to their original course when under fire. The boys did not shoot until the flock was almost in their faces. The birds swept directly over their blind not three yards high, and by the time the gunners had writhed round to fire a parting salute the speedsters were out of range. It was quite evident that they decided to alter their tactics and fire on the next incoming flock somewhat sooner—and the next birds were mallards! They made one swing wide of the decoys, wheeled and left only to slant back with set wings, gliding down toward the decoys, and I mentally urged the boys to wait until they were almost in the blind: but to no avail.

When the birds were yet some sixty yards distant both hunters opened on them, and those mallards simply flared their wings flat against the wind, scattered and climbed. With the sun shining on their green heads and chestnut breasts, they loomed large to the hunters, while the climbing motion lent the illusion that they were still advancing. However, the wind was rapidly shoving them back and half the shots were fired after the birds were beyond range. Nevertheless, there were two greenheads left floating before the blind. Again the gunners elected to change tactics and to allow the next flock to draw within close range before shooting.

Speedsters in the Air

The next birds chanced to be six goldeneyes, and they screeched straight over the blind without turning out of their course after the hunters had permitted them to come within ten yards, head on and at high speed, before firing the first shot. A mob of greenwing teal made a swift graceful wheel and banked over the decoys in a cloud. With the first pair of shots the cloud dispersed as, in true teal fashion, the little fellows puffed in all directions, gathered again when out of range and sped on down the marsh. That first pair of shots into the banked flock had been deadly and the hunters retrieved five birds.

Three questing greenheads came in over my decoys, flying low, and when they were straight over my head I dropped two of them and fired three ineffectual shots after the third. Ducks were banking up in great ricks of tens of thousands out in the open water and attracting the majority of the incoming flocks, thus lessening the effectiveness of our several stands of decoys. However, there was still fast shooting at all three blinds. The man off to the south was bombarding steadily and the two on the island were registering kills with greater frequency.

Three pins came in high, their long necks writhing as they peered down at the decoys. They were moving slowly against the wind, presenting almost stationary targets as they passed over my head, and I downed the lot with five shots. Then five teal sifted in just as I finished reloading and I let them all get away, knowing that I was shooting behind them, but apparently unable to get sufficient lead before firing the next shot.

The flight slowed. Great flocks of hundreds were coming in over the marsh, but they were heading straight for the big rafts out in the open water and settling with a roar of wings and much quacking. The shooting at the three blinds was no longer steady, but ragged and intermittent, and at last we were forced to head back for the shack. I retrieved sixty-odd ducks, most of them redheads and bluebills. Each of my friends came in with a good bag. They did grin in parting and declared it the best hunt ever as they stepped aboard the train with something over a hundred ducks, to the envy of every male passenger, who wished that he might be in a duck blind instead of occupying a red plush seat in a passenger coach. That sudden tremendous flight, operating as an eleventh-hour reprieve after I had been convicted of empty boasting to my friends, occasioned a red-letter day that will always stand forth in my memory in the forefront of the many other good days I have spent on the marshes.

The Amateur Gunner

It has been repeatedly pointed out that with the vast increase of hunters in the last few years the game will decrease in proportion. This seems a logical conclusion, and in the case of quail, chickens, woodcock, plover, grouse and other upland game birds it will in all likelihood prove out that way. However, in the case of ducks, with which this sketch is particularly concerned, it seems to me that the reverse is true; that with more hunters afield there will be fewer ducks killed. Perhaps as a nation-wide proposition this will not hold good, but in any given area of which I have knowledge I have seen it work out.

Some years ago a friend of mine killed three hundred and seventy-five ducks between daylight and nine A.M. There were three other market hunters on that stretch of marsh and they accounted for something over seven hundred ducks—a combined kill of between eleven hundred and twelve hundred birds for four men. For the last dozen years that marsh has been occupied by from twenty to fifty hunters on practically every day of the open season, yet I will wager that the four or five men who leased the property in the pre-clubhouse days accounted for more ducks every season than have been killed in any one season since it has become the resort of the many. It is true that there were more ducks then than now, but I have seen many heavy flights when every blind on the entire marsh concealed a gunner, and in every instance the total kill for the day was less than half the number that those few market hunters would have accounted for under like conditions.

There are various reasons why a multiplicity of hunters operates toward the protection of ducks rather than toward their extermination. Chief among these is the amateur gunner. For several years I belonged to a club that controlled only a small body of water, which, however, was located on one of the best flyways in the West. Throughout the entire season the blinds were occupied by from four to ten shooters every morning. Ducks came over the pond in goodly numbers whenever a flight was on, yet it was a rare occurrence for anyone on the premises to get a fair shot over his decoys. There were always a few novices who opened on every flock as it swept over the lake, frequently even before the birds dipped or wheeled to decoy. Flock after flock would be sent skyward in this fashion, and there is something about wild shooting that seems to become contagious by example. A few instances of the sort and the same variety of premature hair-triggered performance breaks out all round the lake, as if every gunner feels that if he is to hear the sound of his own gun it is up to him to shoot at anything that draws within a hundred yards.

Besides misgauging his distances, the novice has another favorite pastime—that of leaving his blind and crawling toward any stray duck that lights on some neck of water out of range. Morning after morning the tall grass round that particular lake

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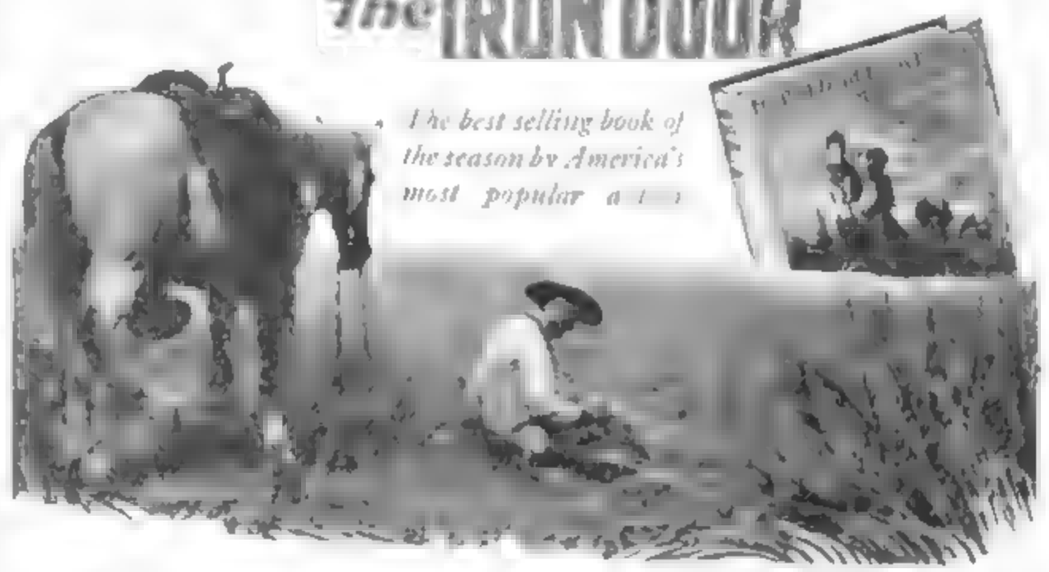

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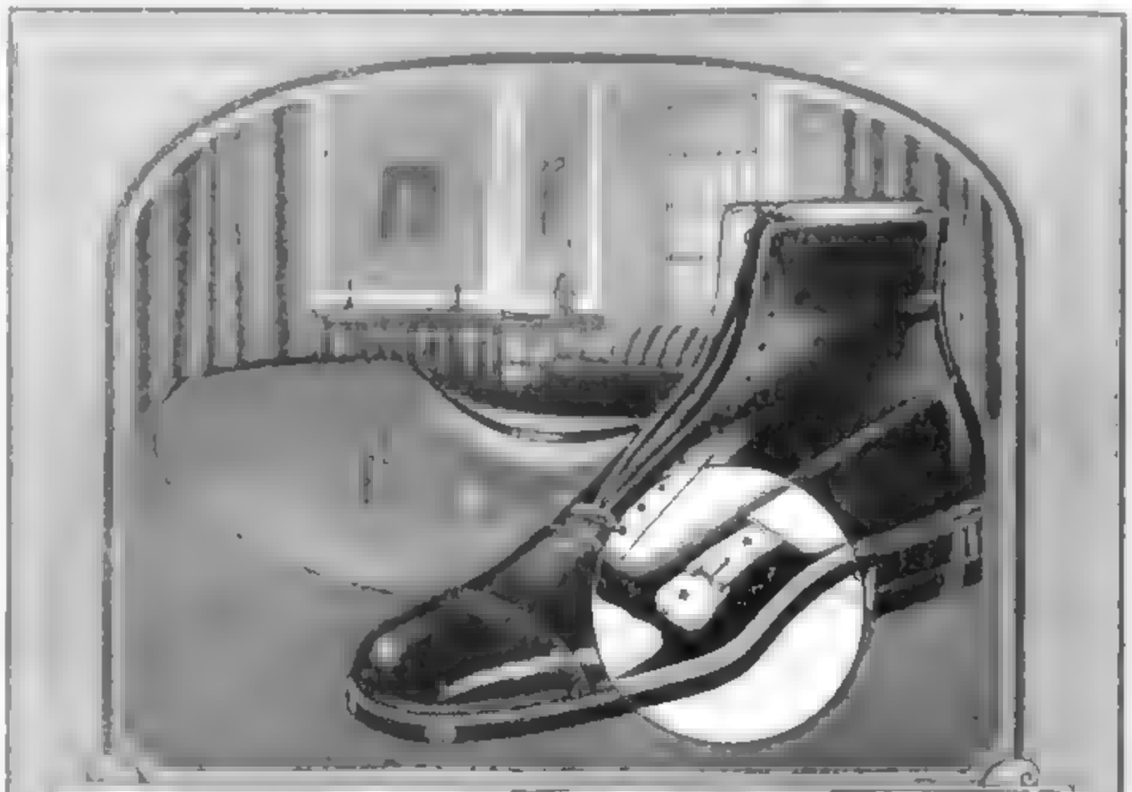

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sheltered one or two creeping figures from daylight on. Then, whenever a flock appeared, these hopeful stalkers would either crouch in plain view or make a frenzied run for their blinds and the flock would pass on. I have seen not less than fifty flocks come in during the morning flight without a single one of them being given an opportunity to decoy. Any one man, shooting there every morning of the open season by himself, could have brought down two ducks for every one that was killed by the entire membership of the club during the year. This state of affairs was equally true of every other marsh I have visited in the past five years. It now seems to be against the rules to permit a flock of ducks to make a swing and head in over the decoys within fair range.

The same is true of river shooting. A dozen years ago one could reasonably expect fair shooting over decoys in the Arkansas River; not so today. Ducks still follow that stream by thousands when a flight is on, but now there is a blind on every sand bar, many of them huge brush wikiups that would alarm any self-respecting mud hen at a distance of two miles. Duck calls squawk on every hand in very fair imitation of the vocal efforts of startled crows. A few decrepit decoys waver in the current off every point—decrepit for the reason that they have been pot-shotted many times. The crouching forms along the banks are those of other hopefuls intent upon creeping up and pot-shooting said decoys again. Some folks are born optimists. Why is it that some men will make a worthy stalk and deflate a squadron of canvas decoys with duck shot, stand and stare sheepishly while listening to the pungent remarks of the startled owner, then slink away only to try it again on the very next bunch of decoys round the bend?

There are no statistics available as to the proportion of decoys that are slaughtered annually on the Arkansas River, but it cannot run less than 90 per cent. You could not torture a duck hunter into confessing that he had ever shot at a duck except on the wing, yet the fact remains that the only decoys whose continued durability can be expected are steel profile decoys with the thin edge turned shoreward. Conditions on all other rivers seem identical. Any given expanse takes on the appearance of an Indian encampment from the number of brush tepees that grace every sand bar.

More Hunters, Fewer Ducks

The ducks light where these appliances are not. Statistics may not bear out my contention, but I still maintain that with continually increasing numbers of hunters taking to the blinds every year there are fewer ducks killed than were formerly slain by the few. Ducks have learned to gauge shotgun range very nicely, and with a continual cannonading in progress from dawn till dark they no longer flush at the sound of every distant shot. Instead, on every marsh, you may now see great rafts of ducks banked up in the open waters just beyond range of the blinds, remaining there contentedly throughout the day while the gunfire ripples and roars from every point of rushes. How about it, you duck shooters? Are there as many ducks killed nowadays on your favorite water with forty men shooting there as were killed in the old days when you hunted there with but a few others?

Another day that stands forth as better than the rest somewhat substantiates the belief that the more hunters there are present the fewer the ducks that are bagged.

I drove to a rather isolated prairie pond, anticipating a quiet morning's shoot by myself, but instead found three other hunters stationed at various points round the little sheet of water. There was a brisk flight. Flock after flock came over and pitched toward the pond, most of them circling with every intention of lighting, yet not one of us had a single good shot over the decoys. Ducks invariably decoy against the wind. Every flock, in circling down wind to make a turn toward the decoys, would sweep past the station of some other hunter, with the inevitable result that he tried for them at long range. As they scattered and climbed the others round the lake would take a chance at all stragglers. As a result the shooting was all premature and wild. The lot of us had perhaps a dozen birds. My quota up until ten o'clock was three ducks, a widgeon and two teal.

The other hunters left and I elected to stay on, hoping for the pleasure of seeing one flock come in to the decoys. Half an hour passed without the swish of wings. Then a lone pintail drake came over, circled and slanted toward the decoys. I waited until he drew within thirty yards and dropped him. Five minutes later there was a sudden whistle of wings and forty or more mallards passed over high, circled and headed back against the wind, dipping and sheering on set wings. They loomed large over my sights. Another few yards! Then they executed a flank movement, wheeling once more down wind. I might have scratched a bird or two as they made the turn some sixty to seventy yards out, but I let them go. As I had both hoped and expected, they turned once more in the teeth of the wind and headed straight for my blind.

What hunter does not know the thrill that grips you as forty big mallards come in head on? A hundred yards, eighty, sixty then they banked off and wheeled down wind again. On the third return the main body quartered off as usual, but six birds, four greenheads and two hens, held straight on. They passed over the decoys twenty yards high and I let them get almost over the blind, then peeled out the four greenheads.

The Ways of Crippled Birds

Perhaps twenty minutes later another bunch of thirty or so mallards came in. They repeated the wary maneuvering of their predecessors. Twice I could have scratched out a bird or two at long range, but I wanted a decoy shot and dead ducks rather than a chance cripple or two. They suddenly decided that the place was not to their liking and departed without my having fired a shot. The third flock of mallards arrived after a birdless hour. I declined to shoot on their tempting approaches. If they failed to come in nicely they could go their way unmolested. Eventually a few broke away and came over as the main flock quartered away, and I stopped three greenheads and a hen.

I munched the lone sandwich that I had stowed in my pocket. While so engaged I heard a swish of wings close at hand and glanced hastily aloft, then peered out across the water. There was not a bird in sight and I decided that a sudden gust of wind of unusual violence had flurried through the grass tops. I slouched in the blind, eyes closed, and rested for a quarter of an hour, then rose and stretched—and fifteen bluebills jumped out of my decoys and skimmed out of range. That accounted for the swish of wings. They had come in low over the water and landed without ceremony while I was engrossed with my sandwich, and I had gazed over their heads when I glanced out over the water after hearing that flurry of wings.

They had scarcely passed out of sight when there was a screech right over my head as five canvasbacks, all drakes, missed my hat by six feet as they came over from behind. They were traveling at such tremendous speed that they circled the entire pond before they could put on the brakes. Twice they flashed past outside my decoys and I did want to shoot; but I waited, and on the third wheel in they came, head on and not ten yards high. I stopped them all, the last bird striking the ground within a foot of the blind. I was trying to dodge, but there wasn't room, so it's fortunate that it landed outside. I shot an incoming redhead one time and it hit me and I don't ever want that to happen again.

As if attracted by the shooting, the fifteen bluebills came back. They headed straight into my decoys and I spattered bluebills all over that end of the lake, picking up five. Another dropped out of the flock a hundred yards out in the prairie, still another a bit farther on, and I retrieved them both later. An hour passed; another sudden screech from behind and seven redheads rocketed over the lake. They decoyed prettily, but I blew up and shot a bit fast, netting only two dead birds and one cripple, the latter diving instantly and coming up out of range. Later I located it in the rushes along the far shore of the pond and added it to my bag.

That crippled redhead reminds me of a change in duck habits which I have lately observed. Crippled mallards, pintails, gadwalls, teal and some others will take to the shore and hide in the long rank grass in preference to keeping to the open water. Once in the grass they can do a good job of hiding, as all duck hunters can testify. Crippled redheads, canvasbacks, bluebills,

Continued on Page 160

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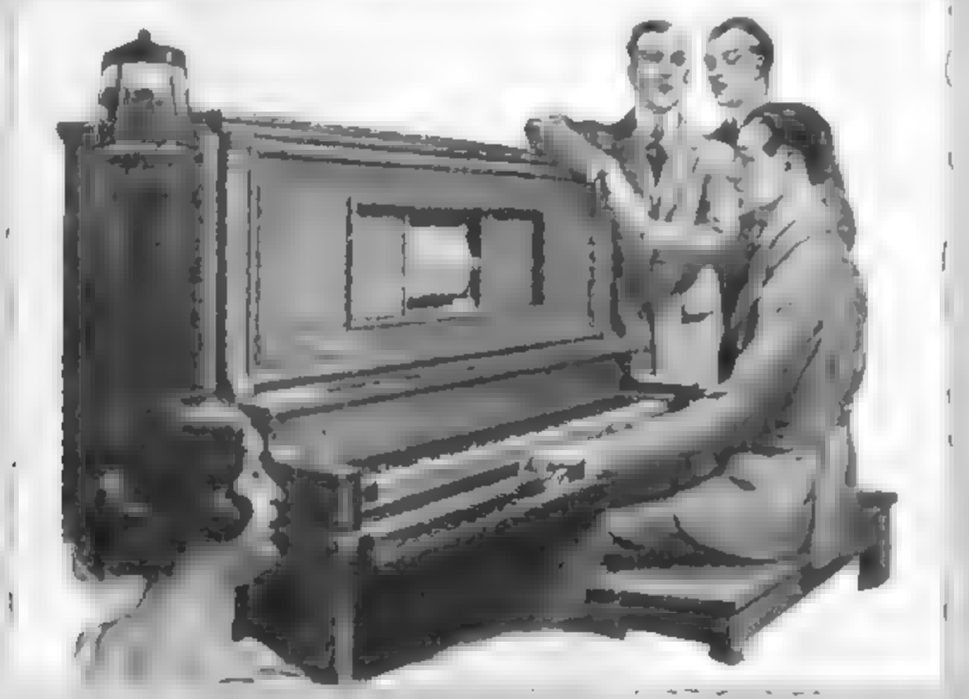

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(Continued from Page 158)

ringnecks, golden-eyes, ruddy ducks and others of like habits will hold to the water when crippled, either out in the open where they rely upon diving or in the rushes where they can sneak away as the hunter approaches. Until quite recently I have never seen any one of these varieties take to the bank.

Two years ago I winged a redhead and watched it step out on the bank on the far side of the pond. I overtook it a hundred yards out in a cornfield. During the same season the experience was repeated with a canvasback and again with a bluebill. Were these just isolated instances, or are the ways of the diving ducks becoming modified to fit altered circumstances?

A big gang of mallards came in, and once more I was all tensed to shoot as they made three wary approaches, sheering off at seventy yards on every return. Again I passed up a chance to scratch out a few birds at long range and waited for them to come in, but they didn't, and I watched them pass out of sight.

Another bunch followed and I did some more ragged shooting and netted only two birds. A lone gadwall drake came over and it required three shots to bring him to the water; two teal, and I made a clean double. The sun was swinging low in the west and I was preparing to leave after a birdless hour when five bluebills tumbled in over the decoys and I finished the day by dropping four birds.

Decoy Hunters

As I returned to my rig I carried something over thirty ducks as a reward for waiting there from ten o'clock until five, yet during that time there had not been more than one flock over the lake for every five that had visited it between sunup and ten, when the other three shooters had left. The four of us bagged only a dozen birds during that brisk morning flight, and any one of us—shooting there alone and giving the birds a chance to decoy, timing the shots right, noting the species of ducks in each flock, and taking into account the actions of that variety when under fire could have accounted for fifty birds on that flight.

I can recall a number of other specific instances when a surplus of hunters resulted in a small bag of ducks and not one occurrence of the reverse kind. Let us hope that the same condition obtains as a country-wide proposition in the same proportion as it obtains locally on every sheet of water I have visited of late years. I do not mean to convey the impression that one man, shooting on a large body of water, will kill more ducks than would four or five hunters stationed there; but today there are four or five hunters on every ten-acre pond and swarms of them on every large sheet of water.

That day on the prairie pond stands forth as a perfect one for several reasons, the chief one resting upon the fact that I could use my own judgment and wait for the birds to come in. My shooting was somewhat better than it had been for some time; and the shooting was of the kind that I enjoy above all others, since I had stationed myself with my back to the wind and the birds decoyed straight toward my blind. Incoming shots have always been my favorites.

The fall of my fifteenth year another boy and myself pitched a hunting camp on an island in the Kaw River and installed blinds on several good sand-bar points within two miles of camp. Incidentally, these blinds were artistic affairs, not the usual tepee-like structures that warn every duck that approaches. Some of the higher sand bars and islands were covered with new willow growth. We cut bundles of these slender saplings, the tallest of them not exceeding four feet in length, and fashioned new thickets at the points from which we intended to shoot, building some of them ten yards across, the false growth thin and scattering at the edges and heavier toward the center. When completed they differed but little in appearance from natural growths along the stream, but were far better located for ducking purposes. They deceived the ducks and they deceived men as well.

Even in those days pot-shooting decoys was a favorite sport with a considerable number of hunters, and more than once I was vastly entertained by watching the facial expressions of hunters crawling across the bar with the idea of gaining the shelter of the false willow thicket and shooting up the supposed ducks that bobbed in the current just beyond. At the psychological moment I would rise and stretch.

There was one occurrence, however, which effectually put an end to any procrastination on my part when decoy hunters loomed on the horizon. It was just turning daylight one morning when two men—they must be given credit for making a grand little stalk, as I had not detected a sound of their approach—opened on my decoys. The first intimation of their presence was a shot that crashed in my ears from some ten feet behind with such startling effect that I nearly leaped to my feet, but I crouched flat instead as a second shot followed the first. They emptied their guns into my fleet of decoys, their shot clipping the tips of the four-foot willows over my head. When quite sure that the fusillade had ended I rose, jarred and half deafened by the cannonade, but endeavoring to appear nonchalant, and inquired as to the results of the shots.

Both men were half drunk and surly, inclined to blame me for their failure to secure real meat instead of shooting cedar decoys, and my facetiousness was met with sullen resentment. They crowded into the willows and announced their intention of shooting there for the day, whereupon I waded out, took up my decoys, followed down the bar to my boat and joined my hunting partner in a blind farther downstream. Failing to get any ducks of their own, the two men robbed our camp on the island, taking some twenty ducks that we had killed the preceding day, two boxes of shells and a few other items—and ammunition was considerable of an item with us in those days, as neither of us was burdened with money. Thereafter, whenever any hopeful hunter started creeping across a bar toward my decoys I reared to my feet at once instead of waiting for theatricals. That shooting had been too close to my ears for comfort and I had no desire for a repetition of the dose.

It was during this hunt that I first learned the fallacy of the old myth that the breast feathers turn shot to the extent of rendering an incoming duck immune. I learned, too, the reason for the origin of this belief. All hunters know that they must shoot ahead of a passing duck, hold above a towering bird, and so on, the lead, of course, varying with the distance, the angle of flight and speed of the target; but many persist in shooting point-blank at an incoming duck instead of covering the target and thus shoot below the advancing bird—hence the myth.

Snap Shooting

We had a week of fair river shooting from our island camp. Then it rained heavily for several days and the stream rose until our willow-thicket blinds were inundated. After the water receded there was an unaccountable scarcity of ducks. One day while scouting among the bluffs on the south side of the river I noted a good flight of ducks out across the flats several miles to the north. We crossed over to investigate. During the high water a creek had overflowed its banks and started off across country. Most of the water had drained off, but one section, somewhat of a sink that was lower than the surrounding territory, was still partially inundated to a depth of a foot or more. The flooded part had been planted to corn, which now stood in the water, and the owner could not get into the field with a wagon to shuck it. The place was swarming with ducks, which accounted for their scarcity on the river.

After agreeing to proceed carefully and to refrain from breaking down the standing corn, we secured the owner's permission to hunt.

We advanced into the flooded area and entered upon a period of duck hunting of a type that was new to us. The corn towered above our heads, affording ample concealment, and we endeavored to proceed quietly, hoping to draw within range of feeding ducks and shoot them as they rose. This plan was a dismal failure. Flock after flock took the air before we drew within gunshot, and at last the flooded area had been cleared of birds without our having fired a shot. We knew that other ducks would come in, that those we had flushed would return to this ideal feeding ground; but there was no way to determine their line of flight. Neither was there any method by which we could lure them to any particular part of the field which we might elect to occupy. Decoy shooting was out of the question. While we were talking it over the

problem was solved for us. A flock of twenty teal whizzed over our heads not six feet above the corn tops, and were gone before we could shoot. While we were still on the alert another flock flashed into view and we fired one shot apiece, dropping two birds.

We separated, standing a hundred yards apart and facing down wind; this last precaution for the reason that, though we could not predict what part of the field the ducks would choose, we did know that they would come in against the wind.

I had just picked my stand when a bunch flared in my face, flying fast and just above the corn tops. I dropped one bird, but could not squirm round and get in another shot as the birds flashed over. There was six inches of mud under that sheet of water and it seemed to glue my feet to the bottom. I soon left off trying to turn round and shoot at a departing flock. I heard my friend shoot a few seconds later. Then another flock whizzed over my stand and I dropped one bird. My friend shot again, and shortly again. A dozen mallards pitched over and I stopped two of them. It was all incoming work, and snap-shooting at that. The ducks came in low and skimmed the tops of the tall corn. It was seldom that I was aware of the approach of a flock until the birds flashed into view at a distance of thirty or forty yards.

Wing Shot Records

We soon discovered that it mattered little what part of the field we were in. The ducks visited every part. They could not be kept away from that feed. The shots were all much the same. It was snap-shoot or nothing, and in most instances with but time for one shot as the birds flashed over or past. We tramped back to the river with forty ducks for our afternoon's shoot. For a period of five weeks thereafter we shot in that flooded cornfield steadily until the last patch of mud in its center dried up. We traded our ducks to less fortunate hunters who followed the river, taking grub and ammunition in exchange, and so kept the camp open. Since those days in the cornfield an incoming bird has always proved the easiest target for me.

That quick snap-shooting on the instant of seeing the birds was a new variety of duck hunting in our experience, but my gunning partner, a boy named Lloyd Graham, adapted his shooting to this new style of work after the first few shots, and I could determine the number of birds in his pockets with fair accuracy by counting his shots in the cornfield. He was by all odds the best wing shot I had ever known, and he seldom missed.

The following year his father invited me to join them on a hunting trip in the sandhill country, a couple of hundred miles southwest of their home town. As soon as the letter reached me I set forth for the hunting country. The farmer at whose place we stayed was an old-time friend of the Grahams, a good wing shot himself and appreciative of good sportsmanship in others. On the first day out I had an off day and my shooting was exceedingly poor. Graham, on the contrary, was shooting in exceptionally deadly fashion. The quail were plentiful and we hunted without dogs, tramping through the plum brush and jumping the birds. This, too, was snap-shooting, as they puffed up and disappeared over or behind the tall brush and were not long in sight after they flushed.

I was quite well aware of the fact that I was missing most of my shots, but whenever Graham killed a bird that fell in my line of march I proceeded to retrieve and pocket it with some remark to the effect that I had made a good shot on that particular quail. Graham understood this byplay, having treated me likewise on several past occasions, but I failed to consider its effect on our host. Graham was making a long string of straight kills and I was counting them, hoping to beat his run at some future time; but our host did not know this. As Graham's run passed the dozen mark without a miss the farmer was amazed at this exhibition of skill on the part of a sixteen-year-old youth. My claiming of the birds irritated him, as he wished to keep accurate count of the run, but I didn't know that. Graham made twenty-one straight kills, missed the next shot and killed ten more straight—thirty-one birds out of thirty-two shots. While we were homeward bound several teal passed over, flying high. Just before my gun crashed, that of our host spoke from a short distance away in the brush and a duck collapsed and fell out of the flock.

"Now who killed that duck?" he demanded as we both neared the spot where it had fallen.

"You did," I replied, and he nodded brusquely and strode off, but I did not grasp the significance of his actions.

The next day Graham was not shooting so well and I was doing some better, making a run of seventeen straight kills, missing the next shot and running five more—twenty-two birds out of twenty-three shots. Meanwhile Graham was retrieving and claiming any of my birds that fell near him. Eventually our host divined the fact that all this was merely a bit of ragging between the two of us, and later in the day he clapped me on the back and laughed.

"All day yesterday I had you picked for the poorest excuse I ever saw packing a gun," he confided. "I put in the day wishing you were elsewhere and trying hard not to tell you about it; but if you had claimed that teal I couldn't have refrained from inviting you to board the next train for home."

He seemed greatly amused by the occurrence, but I was somewhat uncomfortable after realizing what he had been thinking about me throughout the previous day.

Trails diverge and friends must part to meet no more. I have never seen Graham since that hunt in the sand hills, but I have often wondered if his shooting is as good now as it was in those days, or whether, like mine, it has deteriorated to the point of mediocrity.

A sudden severe storm had frozen the marshes and the ice was rough and milk white, the rushes festooned with crystal from the frozen spray that had been lashed by the wind accompanying the freeze. The storm was followed by an equally swift thaw. The ducks that had fled southward ahead of the storm began to drift back.

There was but one patch of smooth ice anywhere within sight, a small strip in the lee of an island where the wind had failed to riffle it to any extent as it congealed. I planted twenty or more decoys on the choppy white ice before the blind. The stretch of blue glare ice was perhaps sixty yards off to one side. There was no sound of wings before daylight, as the ice-bound marshes were devoid of ducks.

Just after sunup I heard the clamor of approaching geese, and a long line of Canada geese came in low over the ice, beating up against the wind. They veered toward my blind, then gradually shifted their line of flight to pass beyond it, tacked back again, and the center of that line of big birds held straight for me. They loomed so large that they seemed almost upon me while still a hundred yards out. They held straight into the wind, but were banking off to the left to miss the island. The near edge of the flock was sixty yards out as they passed. I emptied my gun and three of the big fellows dropped out.

A Mob of Mallards

An hour later the ducks began to come in. A dozen or more pintails sailed over high, wheeled and made a set for my blind. They passed over the island behind me and I dropped three out of the flock. A short wait, then a mob of mallards appeared. These, too, passed up various other stands of decoys on the ice here and there on the marsh and came toward me. Mallard fashion, they circled several times just outside the decoys and eventually settled on that stretch of glare ice just out of range. A moment later they rose with a roar of wings and moved off up the marsh.

Seven mallards were the next to appear, and they came in over the island on the second turn. The sun glistened on the green and chestnut of the drakes, presenting brilliant targets as they swung above me, and I stopped four of the beauties. Next came three bluebills, and two of them remained on the ice. Then a great raft of pintails, two hundred strong, came in high, but turned and slanted back toward my blind, passing up all other decoys. They split into several bands, each one, however, maneuvering for the same point, one gang banking off while the next pitched down on set wings, a third section beating up from a still different angle. Several singles, evidently scouts, passed just outside of the decoys. One drake swung high over the blind and I sat tight without moving a muscle. Never have I seen a prettier sight than the maneuvering of that big raft of pins. There was a great roar of wings as a hundred or

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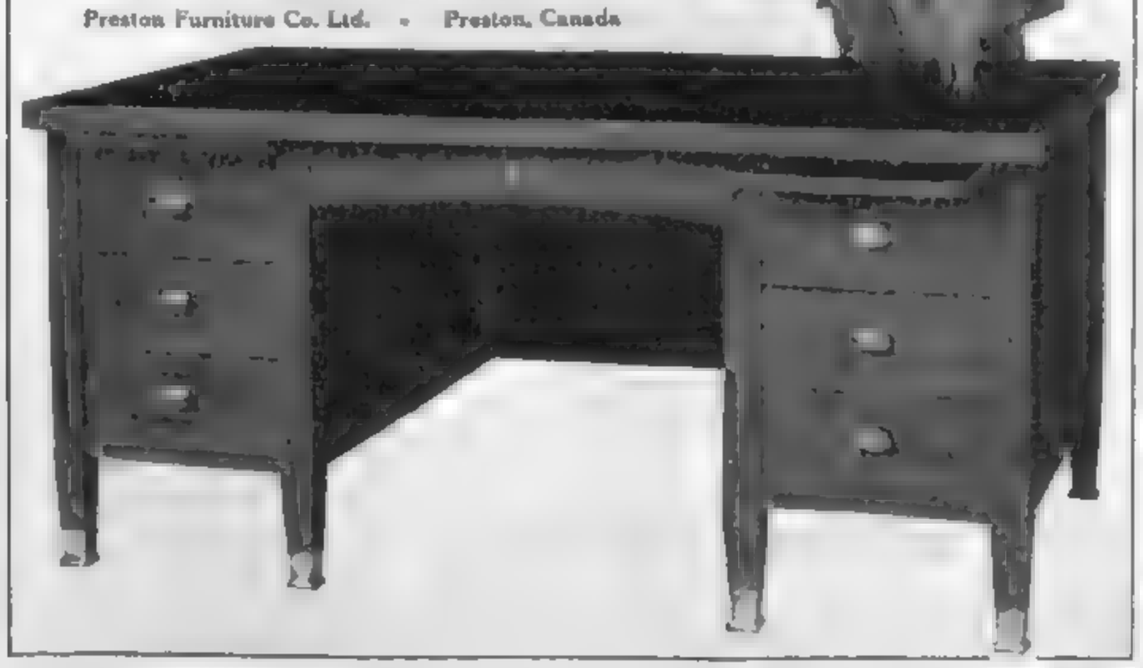

more settled on the patch of glare ice. At the same moment some fifteen came in over the decoys and I bagged three.

The fact that every incoming flock chose my stand in preference to any other spot on the marsh led me to believe that my decoys must be exceptionally well placed, but I soon divined the fact that it was quite a different attraction that drew the birds my way.

Another flock of pins came in and passed up all other spots in favor of my island. The sprigs seemed disinterested in my decoys, but wheeled down wind from the glare ice, turned back against the wind and made a landing at the far edge of the smooth expanse. Then I knew. From above, that one little strip of blue ice took on the appearance of open water in the eyes of incoming ducks and acted as a magnet to attract every flock.

This belief was soon substantiated by the antics of a score of bluebills. They made one short wheel and lit on the glare ice while still traveling at considerable speed, evidently still believing it to be open water, as many of them, apparently unable to put on the brakes, skittered and slid for a considerable distance across the smooth ice. One bird scooted a full fifteen yards after its landing, then ruffled its feathers, preened for a moment and waddled back to join its fellows. Twice again during the morning I witnessed this same sort of performance as a flock of speeding bluebills made a landing there.

For several hours that little stretch of clear ice served as a drawing card that assured good shooting, but the sun was rapidly rotting and honeycombing the white sheet that blanketed the marsh and a heavy wind sprang up and opened a lane in the ice out in the big water, after which the efficacy of the little space near my blind was considerably lessened. The ducks came in droves of thousands, banking up in the open water and the ice round it.

I left at noon with a nice string of ducks, the majority of them being pintails. Many gunners of the Middle West affect to despise the pintail.

"I got three ducks and nine pintails," I heard one hunter remark, speaking with lofty scorn as if he classed the bird with mud hens and grebes.

As a matter of fact, this state of mind is occasioned through sheer ignorance, since the pintail is far better eating than most other ducks. They are almost pure vegetarians, largely grain feeders, and I have yet to sample the meat of a pintail that savored of fish. I have tried them out with mallards, redheads and canvasbacks, bite for bite, and if those varieties had not been indulging in a diet of fish, their meat in most instances was as well flavored as that of the pintail, sometimes not so good, and never exceeded it.

Wise Game Legislation

I have enjoyed many another day in the blinds, days that stand forth above the rest. Most of those hunts herein mentioned were in the days when big kills were the rule. Market hunting had just been tabooed and was still quite generally practiced. Bag limits, if there were any, were known to but few and heeded by none. Ducks were plentiful and we gave little thought to the fact that they would soon be gone if the rate of killing was maintained. Most hunters would have scoffed at the mention of such a possibility. But none believed that the billions of wild pigeons, the millions of buffalo and prong-horns would ever reach the point of scarcity, much less of extermination, until after the species had passed, at least as far as hunting was concerned.

However, a number of observing hunters noted the steady decrease in the wild fowl during the ten years prior to the nation-wide closing of the spring season. Year after year, on every great flyway, one could hear the same complaints from the gunners.

"The ducks are going round us this year." "The big flight is going through to the west of us this season." And when you reached that point it was asserted that the main flight was drifting through a couple of hundred miles to the east. "The ducks are following new routes this year."

They would not credit the fact that the ducks were rapidly passing for all time unless something were done to halt their sweep towards extinction. A few realized that it was but a repetition; that the many would not heed the warning till the last duck was gone. The pigeon hunters waited for years for the return of the mighty flocks that presumably had sought refuge in South America. The early trapper believed that the streams would soon be repopulated with beaver and the hide hunters of the plains pinned their faith to the mythical lost herd of buffalo. Today, except for the passage of that migratory-bird treaty which prohibited spring shooting, the duck hunters would be waiting for the wild-fowl flights to return from that same place that shelters the pigeon, the beaver, the pronghorn and the bison.

For several years after the passing of that act there was a determined effort on the part of organized groups to break it. It was put over by the concerted efforts of the handful of men who could read the signs, who knew that another ten years of indiscriminate hunting would ring down the curtain on wild-fowl shooting. The main bulk of the hunters were solidly arrayed against it. Many of them are still proclaiming the injustice of it all. Yet those very ones that are denouncing the closed spring season would find no ducks to shoot at, either spring or fall, if the measure they so detest had not been passed over their protest ten years ago. That act was quite the wisest bit of game legislation that has yet been instituted in America, one of the few that have been enacted before it was just too late.

Persecution in the Air

Spring shooting had other disastrous effects aside from the actual slaughter. It extended late into the season after the ducks had paired for mating. If one bird of a pair was killed there was but a slim chance that the survivor would mate and nest. The nation-wide cannonade forced the ducks on and on, beyond localities that otherwise would have provided good nesting grounds. They were shot up from the Gulf to the Canadian border and beyond it.

The abolishment of this persecution has reacted favorably on a number of counts. Dozens of Canadians have remarked to me that millions of ducks now nest down in the States instead of crossing into Canada, and I have seen the evidence of it on all sides. A few years ago I saw marshes in the Dakotas that were literally alive with young ducks. Season by season, since they have been accorded protection, the ducks have tarried in their old nesting ranges. Millions nest in Wyoming and Nebraska. In the last few years I believe that there are five broods of ducks raised in Kansas for every one brood that was hatched there during the last few years prior to the abolishment of spring shooting. Every prairie slough, the grasslands in the bends of the streams, the big pastures adjacent to water, all now harbor a few pairs of nesting ducks, where formerly it was only in the more isolated marsh districts that they nested. Those same marshes are now swarming with young ducks. Pairs of mated ducks are in evidence throughout the spring on every little pond and prairie seep.

The ducks have learned to take advantage of the zone system. When shooting is heavy in the southern zone and the season is closed in the northern zone they return and winter along the southern edge of the latter. This condition has served to turn Kansas into a veritable winter resort for the ducks. Millions congregate on the streams and marshes in the southern and western parts of the state. They drift south only before the most severe storms and return with the first signs of a thaw. No doubt this condition obtains in all other states along the southern fringe of the northern zone.

Our wild fowl were decreasing swiftly before the measure that abolished spring shooting was passed. Now they are slowly increasing. The conservative sportsman knows that it will be far better all round if we continue to have good fall shooting for many years to come rather than to insist upon a few years of both spring and fall shooting followed by a lifetime of no ducks.

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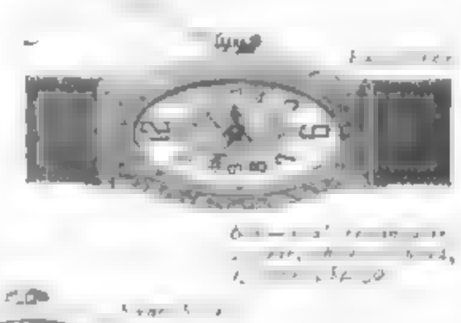

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TURKEY IN TRANSITION

(Continued from Page 7)

Kemal is determined, for he believes that the seclusion of the female operates against national progress. Thus it is evident that the Juggernaut of nationalism has, for the time at least, flattened out that element which puts religious authority above everything else. Like many other joy rides, this hectic journey of Turkish nationalism may end in some kind of disaster, for the fanatical group is bound to try to regain its old prestige.

The new nationalism has even assailed the Turkish language, which has been made flexible and literary by a considerable incorporation of Arabic and Persian words. Angora has now cast out all traces of alien speech and is replacing them with old Turkish words to such an extent that the inhabitants of Constantinople are frequently unable to read government notices because they contain expressions borrowed from the medieval poetry of Central Asia. It is from Central Asia that the original nomad Turk sprang.

How does all this affect England? Perhaps the best answer is the observation of a clear-thinking British observer in the Near East, who said:

"The success of Angora is, in fact, a portent which ought to make the British nation take stock of its relation to its Oriental dependencies. We originally went to the East for trade. In pursuit of trade we acquired an empire. Are we now prepared to preserve our trade by liquidating our empire, supposing that we have to choose between them, or has our political ascendancy become our paramount concern? And if it has, do we intend to maintain it by force over peoples who revolt against it? The chief danger of our position is that we do not yet know our own minds, while men's minds in the East are traveling so fast that we have little time left for making our decisions."

This situation has a direct bearing on American commercial aspiration in Turkey. England, as we have seen, went to the East for trade and then lost a good deal of it by subordinating the economic to the political ambition. France has done likewise, because the Turks are sore over her occupation of Syria. If we are to make good in Turkey we will avoid all political inclination and concentrate ourselves solely and squarely on the business of selling goods.

The Asiatics of Europe

Still another significance attaches to this new deal in Turkey. It grows out of the fact that Kemal's domain literally links the East and West. Figuratively, its guns point both ways. The country holds the real key to peace in the Near East, whose gory history makes it practically a synonym for near-war. A satisfied and prosperous Turkey is therefore the best guaranty of stability and harmony in those troubled Balkans. Perhaps the nationalism that I have described embodies the formula for it.

What then is the equipment with which Turkey faces the future? How can she make good economically on her dramatic political comeback?

You cannot appraise the Turkish economic capacity—I might say right here that for the present it is largely incapacity—without taking some measure of the character of the people. Business is largely a matter of dealing with human nature despite the fact that human needs enter largely into it.

There is a widespread belief that the Turks are a Western, or rather a European, nation. One reason is that Constantinople is in Europe and the Turks have had their finger in nearly every European diplomatic pie. In addition, nearly all Turks with any kind of education speak French. Culturally, France has been the mentor. Pierre Loti, for example, is the literary god in every smart Constantinople conversation. A street in the capital is named after him.

Then came the Germanic invasion, less æsthetic, in which culture was written with a bloodless K. Where the French used the Turks for more or less artistic dissipations the Germans were more practical and got their hooks into trade. When the Great War began they not only dominated the Turkish political will but controlled every concession worth grabbing. The Anatolian railway was a link in the Berlin-to-Bagdad scheme, which was to Teutonize the whole of the Near East. The Deutsche Bank was the clearing house for a big section of Turkish commerce.

Despite his Western wearing apparel and his knowledge of French and German, the Turk is fundamentally an Asiatic, although he resents the imputation. When you meet him in a club and begin a conversation, you are at first inclined to believe that here is a man of your own world, for your man is suave, plausible and amiable.

Before long a little mental shutter drops and you find yourself focused on the Asiatic. It becomes difficult to get a direct yes or no. You are combating evasion, which is one of the fundamental weapons of the Oriental.

But this is only one of many traits which, like the impressions on a photographic film, slowly become tangible. Another is the instinct to regard every concession, whether in diplomacy, business or even ordinary talk, as an act of weakness to be capitalized.

So, too, with discord, which for years has been meat and drink to the Turk. He has gone on the theory that time does not heal, but foments European differences. Traditional foreign policy pivoted on the belief that safety lay in antagonism between England and Russia. They fomented it to the limit and even enlisted so astute an ally as Disraeli. What happened at Lausanne was merely the repetition, but with bigger results, of what they had achieved at Rome, Berlin, Paris and London.

Turkish Traits

In the old days, before the war, the British used to say, "The only way to deal with a Turk is to buy him or beat him." That is the one safe policy in handling any Oriental. It is primitive, but effective.

The Turk, and especially since he has achieved his nationalism and national homogeneity, is inclined to minimize the foreigner and delude himself with the idea that he does not need him. He is likely to have a costly readjustment of this view.

Deep down in his system the average Turk is a haggler. He mistakes dicker for frank negotiation. Give him an inch and he wants a mile. When all is said and done it is merely the mood of the market place that asserts itself. If you have ever tried to buy anything in the Constantinople bazaar you know exactly what I mean. Pay a Turk what he demands for a commodity and he will set you down as a fool or a madman. This principle underlies nearly every phase of Turkish economic life.

In ordinary transactions the Turk seems to shy at finality, because he has a tendency to leave things in the air. This attitude gave rise to a saying which was formerly popular amongst aliens in Turkey, and which ran: "The Turks never finish anything, not even a massacre."

There is no intention here to indict the Turkish people because of their racial shortcomings. Every nation has its defects. The qualities that I have pointed out, and they are essential to any understanding of the transition period, as well as to any future commercial transaction with them, are usually most conspicuous in the official and trading classes.

The Anatolian peasant—the backbone of the country—is a simple and, in the main, an honest soul, with an inherent sense of justice and loyalty. For centuries he has been the real goat, so to speak, of Turkish ambition. Anatolia was the reservoir of human war material, and those sturdy farmers were sent year after year into Arabia, Palestine, Bulgaria, Tripoli and elsewhere to obey the bloody behests of the military masters. They did not know why they went, but they did their bit willingly if stolidly. The loyalty to emperor that has made the Japanese perform miracles of sacrifice and valor has had its replica with the Anatolian peasant in the stimulating inspiration of Mohammed.

I met a Turkish soldier in Anatolia who told me that he had been under arms continuously for twelve years. This explains why the Greeks and the Armenians were able to become such agricultural factors. The Turk has essentially been a fighting man. He made more out of war than out of grubbing the ground, for he still uses a crude wooden plow drawn by oxen or water buffalo. Even with this primitive scraping, it yields excellent crops because of the richness of the soil. With tractors, which are

now slowly coming into use, and other improved and scientific methods, Turkey can go a long way towards achieving a healthy reconstruction.

The reason, of course, is that the country is essentially agricultural. Save for silk and carpets, there are practically no native industries. Thus the bulk of the population is that stout Anatolian peasantry, the majority of whom are still rooted in a sort of primitive self-sufficiency. It is by increasing the wants of the peasantry that the country can expand. This can be done only through education. To the credit of the Kemalists let it be said that they have outlined a program of rural instruction based on the most advanced American lines.

That the Anatolian peasant is in sad need of mental and business awakening is shown by the story told me by one of the leading American merchants of Smyrna, who does a large export and import business. Until 1920 most of his clients upcountry were Greek tobacco farmers who knew all the ropes of commerce. When the Greeks were driven out the Turks took up tobacco raising and began to send the product to Smyrna to be sold. The case in point deals with a certain Turkish farmer who had piled up a neat little surplus with the American, who asked him if he did not want some cash, which he refused. Upon being told that he could get interest on his accumulated money he naïvely asked, "What is interest?"

After the Greek debacle in 1922, thousands of Anatolian peasants believed that having conquered their hereditary enemies, the Hellenes, they could now lick the world, and especially the British part of it, because at that time England was in particularly bad odor with the Turks. In a speech to a group of these jingoes Ismet Pasha, just back from the first Lausanne conference, told his hearers that London had more people than Turkey and that her budget was bigger than the whole Turkish national expenditure. It was the first time that most of the hearers had the slightest idea of the extent of the British capital.

Now for the application of these facts. The destiny of Turkey depends upon her peasants, if the present nationalistic plan sticks. Can these rude delvers of the soil gather up the threads of trade scattered and torn by twelve years of continuous warfare? Can they become the artisan, the money changer, the hotel keeper, the barber, the interpreter, and the importer and exporter, for these are the functions that the Greek and the Armenian, together with the Jew, performed? Can they build the railways which the country so sorely needs, and can they revive the silk and carpet industries?

The Future of Constantinople

Whence will come the labor to take the place of those 2,000,000 or more Armenians and Greeks now lost to Turkey, and who will fill the gaps left among the Turkish youth and manhood in the succession of wars? Some economists would recruit it from Daghestan and Turkestan. Such men, however, would be highly unskilled for some years to come. On construction it may be possible to utilize imported Italian, Chinese or Egyptian labor. Here, however, you run afoul of the new nationalism, which stipulates in every concession that all the labor done in Turkey must be Turkish. I can only ask these questions; it is up to the Turk to answer them.

The Turks have scarcely begun to realize that the heritage of this new nationalism is not the Turkey of other days, whose watch fires once gleamed from the Piave to the Persian Gulf; whose legions smashed at the gates of Vienna; whose prowess made Budapest a suburb of Constantinople. The old, comfortable, easy-going Turkey is gone, and in its stead is a war-racked, desolate and well-nigh impoverished land which, according to schedule, must be remade by their own efforts. Even Constantinople is going to rack and ruin, yet it is a vital asset to the new democracy, which persists in temporarily keeping its stronghold in ruined Angora.

The problem of the political future of Constantinople enters largely into the appraisal of a new Turkey. For various reasons the Nationalist Turk hesitates to reestablish his capital in historic Byzantium. How Constantinople's position as a commercial center of strategic importance would be affected by the loss of prestige that attaches to a capital can only be conjectured. Whether or not Constantinople comes back to her own as a center of government, she has a bright future as a distributing center, deriving her importance first from the unparalleled strategic water advantages that lie in the Bosporus and the Golden Horn and the further fact that she is a free port.

At the time of my visit to Turkey, which coincided with the conclusion of the Lausanne peace, the Turkish National Assembly was considering the establishment of the capital at a point in the interior of Asia Minor, other than at Angora, which is small, squalid and overcrowded. Indeed, the best evidence of the loyalty and patriotism of the Nationalists is in the fact that they have been willing to stand the discomforts of life there.

No question is of closer interest to the Turkish Government than its installation in the heart of Anatolia, the cradle of the race and the source of the industrial and agricultural wealth. Many Nationalists with whom I talked believed that a permanent capital at such a place as Konieh, which is the center of a fertile plain and on the Constantinople-Bagdad railway, is highly advisable. They contend that it would mean a resuscitation of Asiatic Turkey—practically the whole of the new Turkey is in Asia—politically, economically and intellectually. It would assure, moreover, the material and moral independence of the government, so difficult to maintain in a large cosmopolitan port such as Constantinople, which is constantly menaced by foreign sea power, exposed to the intrigues of minorities and the schemes of foreigners.

Expansion Toward the East

In this connection let me quote what a well-informed Turk said about Constantinople and its relation to the new Turkish Government. It was:

"In the eyes of Europe and of the whole world the true character of the Turks as a nation has been misrepresented by the spectacle furnished by the history of Constantinople. The Turkish National Government cannot find the solid and dependable support, in a population so mingled and with so many foreign cross currents as that of Constantinople, that the French Government, for example, has found throughout the history of France, in the people of Paris.

"Constantinople is and will continue to be the respiratory organ of economic Turkey, the spiritual center of religious Turkey, and undoubtedly also the museum of history and art. To make her the political capital would expose her—and through her the nation—to international cupidity.

"It is on the Eastern side that Ottoman expansion should normally develop. Asia Minor being eminently Turkish in population, religion, language, customs and economic interests. A Turkish capital in Asia Minor will therefore create new intellectual centers, large schools, universities and technical institutions, which will modernize the new Turkey to the general advantage of civilization. Finally, the development of the natural wealth of Turkey will be facilitated and will redound to the greater prosperity of Asia and Europe."

After the incessant warfare that has ravaged Turkey for the last twelve years, and the deportation of so many economic producers, you would naturally think that the national finances were in a deplorable state. The opposite is true. Here you have one of the first hopeful signs of stability in the reborn nation, and the reason, incidentally, why the Turks have been so cocky about foreign loans.

Although for a time Turkey had two governments, one at Constantinople and another at Angora, neither one of them incurred any considerable obligation. The Grand National Assembly was able to conduct the war against the Greeks out of customs receipts, taxes, requisitions, sales of abandoned property and similar internal revenues. With the public debt apportioned among the component parts of the former Ottoman Empire, and with the war debt to Germany canceled by the peace treaty, the nation is able to face the future in a better fiscal position than any of the other countries which lost out in the World War.

The Turkish currency is an interesting as well as odoriferous exhibit. The Turks have printed no new money since the Armistice, which is in striking contrast with the avalanche of bank notes poured out by Germany, Austria, Hungary and Russia. In Constantinople the issue of new notes was forbidden by the Allies, and in Angora it was not attempted. As a result there are

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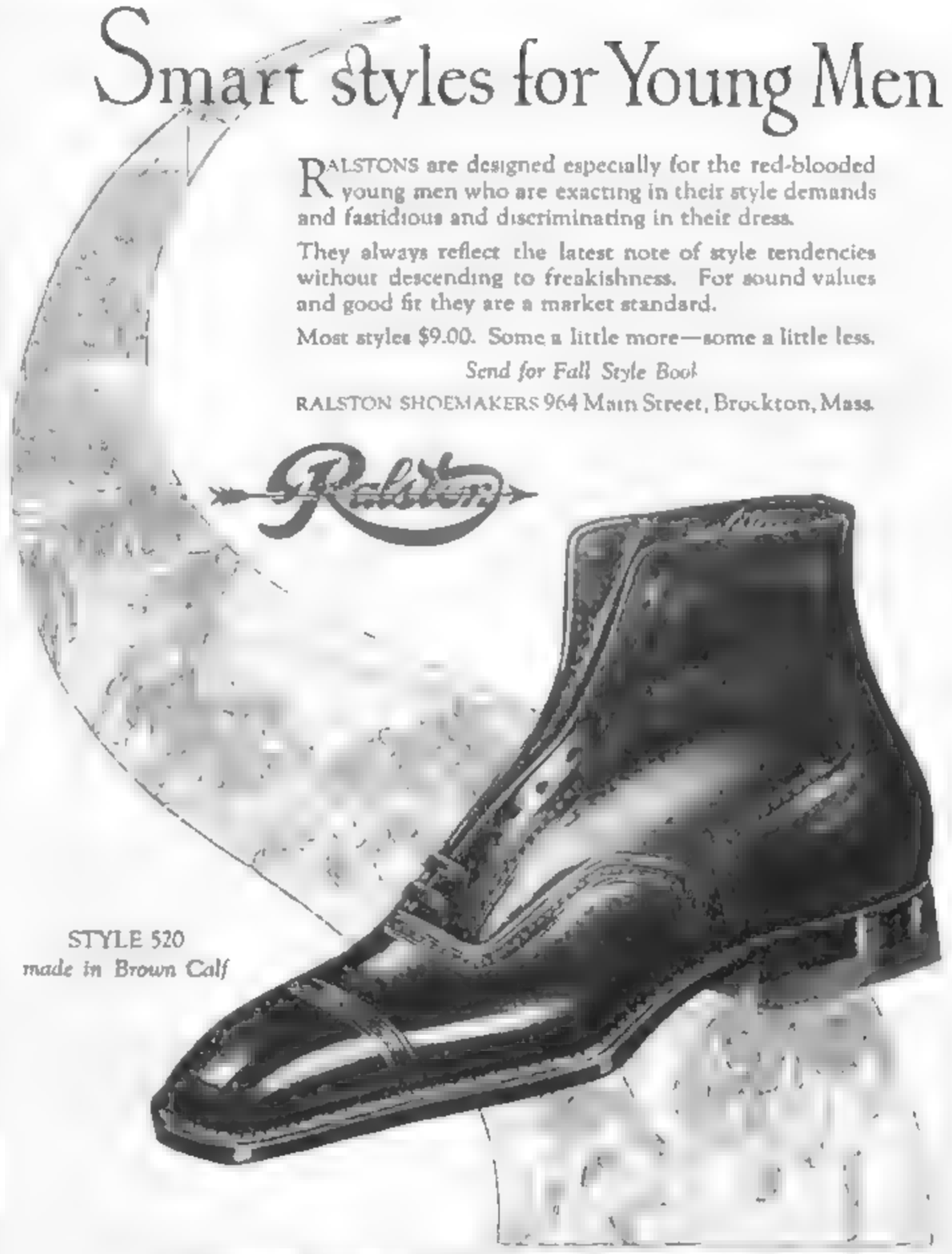

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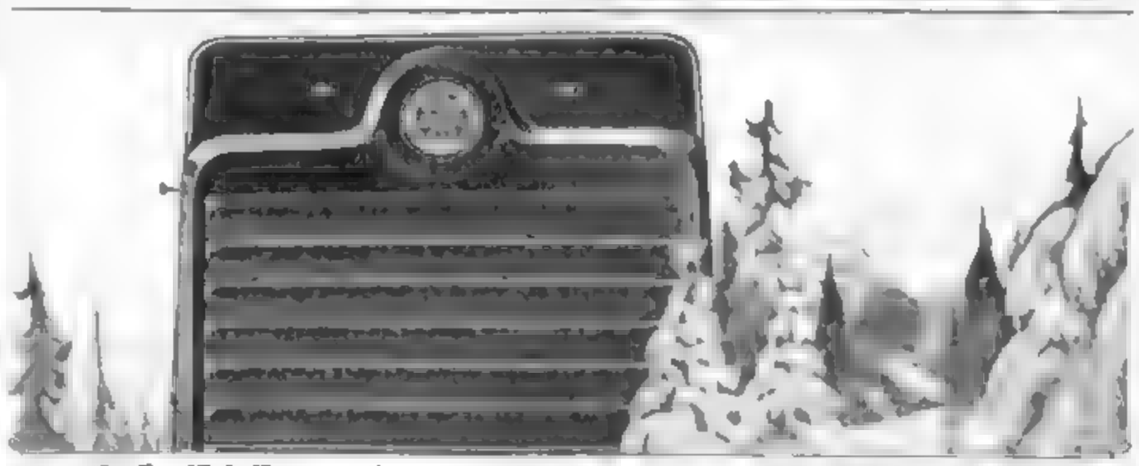

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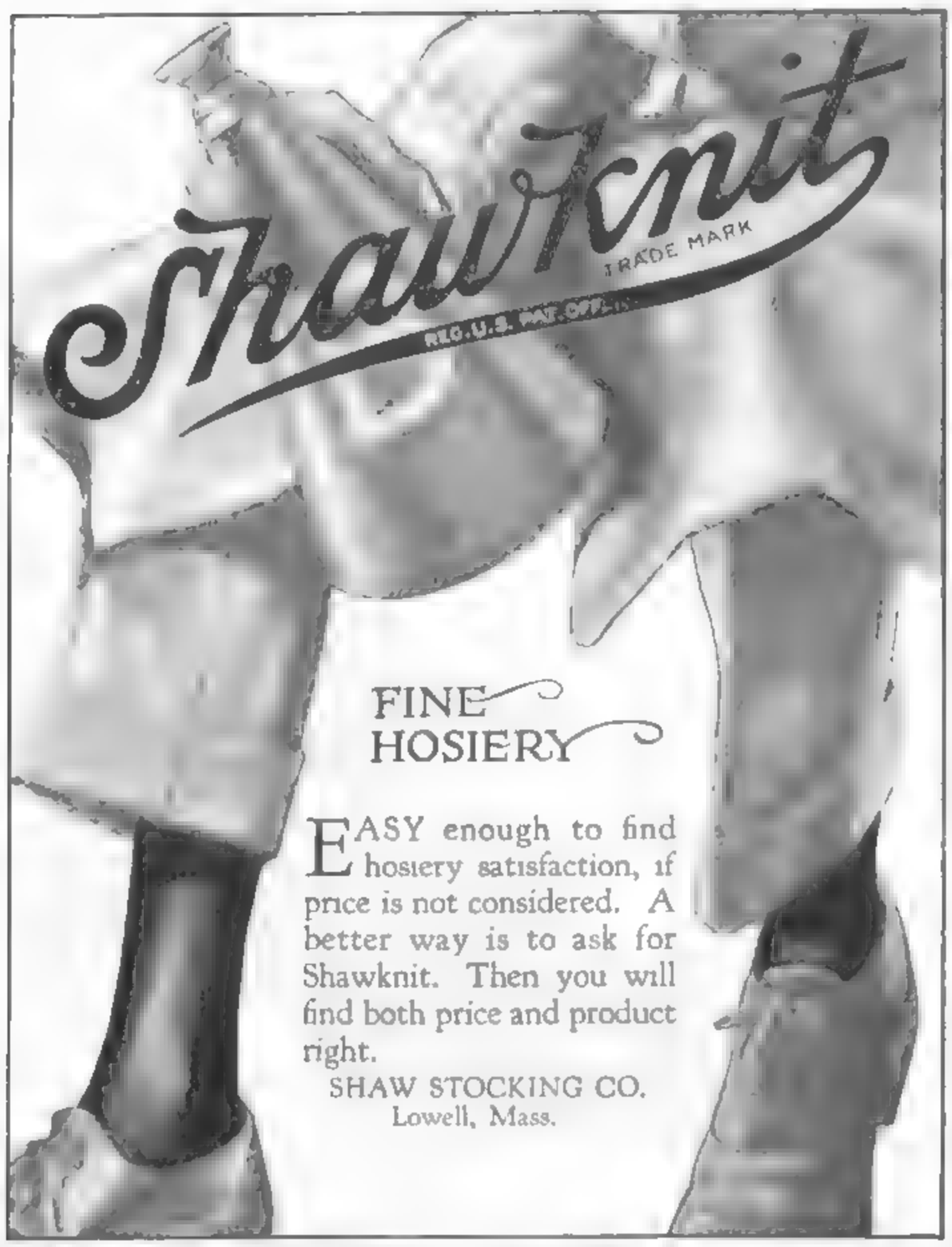
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only about 150,000,000 Turkish pounds in circulation. This money shows evidence of usage and is about the most battered medium of exchange anywhere in the world. It is so tattered that the ordinary pocketbook must give way to a bag, and likewise a disinfectant. Its constant usage begets the atmosphere to which I have referred.

The par value of the Turkish pound is $4.40. At the time of my visit to Turkey it was about sixty cents, while on the day this article was written it stood at fifty cents, about one-eighth of its prewar value. Considering what Turkey has gone through, the money has held its own fairly well. Because of the failure to print new money Turkish securities and Turkish currencies still command respect. The per capita debt of Turkey is relatively small as viewed with postbellum eyes.

Not only is the financial situation fairly sound—it lacks the inflation now so chronic in European currency—but the Nationalists have outlined a thoroughly progressive program so far as their state funds are concerned. In the old days of the sultans, and especially during the régime of Abdul-Hamid, Turkish finance was operated for the benefit of the few and at the cost of the many. Foreign loans were usually dictated by concessions which were bestowed on those who paid the most baksheesh, which is the Oriental word for graft. Practically every public concession of any kind was on the sultan's civil list, which meant that it was his private property.

The government was largely financed through semiprivate transactions in which the sultans and the pashas kept most of the funds appropriated for salaries. No underofficial ever got more than six months' salary out of the twelve. The deficit was made up to him by the lavish bestowal of royal decorations and favors, which, of course, did not pay for food or rent. In this failure to receive salary you find the provocation for a great deal of the corruption that has existed in the administration, or lack of administration, of Turkish affairs.

The Young Turk revolution of 1908 produced a budget system for the first time in Turkey. The initial budget showed an enormous deficit and recourse was had to a loan to make good the shortage. Expenses were cut, fresh revenues discovered and improved methods of tax collection introduced. Gradually the gap between income and expenditure diminished, and it seemed possible before long to arrive at a budgetary equilibrium without recourse to foreign loans. Much of the credit for the financial house cleaning was due to the Ottoman Public Debt Commission, which supervised the payment of interest on the foreign debt, and to the foreign financial adviser of the government.

Turkey's Financial Program

Then came the first Balkan Wars, which shot holes into Turkish finances, followed by the Great War, which wiped them out. Present solvency is due entirely to the excellent management of the Kemalists, who have made this country almost fiscally self-sufficient, for the time being at least.

The Grand National Assembly has reintroduced the budget system. The estimated revenues for the fiscal year 1923–24 are $94,000,000, while the estimated expenditures are $104,000,000. In view of Turkey's great territorial and other losses, these figures speak well for the recuperative power and financial capacity of the country.

If the Turks can get away with their announced financial program they will be achieving one of the miracles of modern administration. Chief among the innovations is the determination not to contract a foreign loan, which means that they hope to balance the budget. Instead of a loan, foreign capital will be invited to come into the country to build roads, bridges and railways. It is the intention to set aside 2,000,000 Turkish pounds annually for the amortization of the public debt. The present deficit is expected to be overcome by taxes on alcohol and salt. Since Turkey is nominally dry, this means that a wet era may be imminent. This phase of Turkey's life, however, will be discussed in a subsequent article.

Other financial reforms to be instituted include the payment of land taxes in kind, so as to help agriculture; the readjustment of all indirect taxation and the imposition of drastic income and consumption taxes; a determination to exterminate brigandage and a stringent reduction of the army and navy. In this connection it may be well to list another reform embodied in the proposed reduction of compulsory military service from three years to eighteen months. This step is absolutely necessary because of the deportation of the Greeks and Armenians.

Despite their growing jealousy of their sovereign rights and their avowed intolerance of foreign interference, it is believed that the Turks will best serve their own interests by voluntarily inviting a sufficient number of American and European advisers and experts into the councils of the government. If foreign capitalists go into Turkey they will demand these guaranties. A convincing example of the benefits derived from such a system was furnished prior to the war by the customs régime introduced under Turkish auspices by Sir Richard Crawford. The Ottoman Public Debt administration under Sir Adam Block is another illustration.

Rauf Bey and Mr. Roosevelt

Perhaps the best way to express the aspirations and possibilities of the new Turkey is to present them in the personality and point of view of the man who, after Kemal Pasha, and with the possible inclusion of Ismet Pasha, has done more to bring the nation out of defeat and chaos into order and world authority than any one of his compatriots. I refer to Rauf Bey, who was prime minister when I visited Turkey, and who represents the best that there is in Turkish vision, character and statesmanship. His recent defection from the Kemal cabinet bodes no good for the Angora dictatorship, for he is certain to rally about him the most enlightened and progressive elements of the nation.

Rauf Bey is a thoroughgoing man of the world. Educated in England and Germany, he early became an officer in the navy, and at the high tide of Turkish power commanded the famous Hamidieh, the crack ship of the Turkish fleet. In 1903 he came to America in order to inspect our torpedo and submarine station at Newport. One of the first questions he asked me was, "Is Juggie Nelson still in the American Navy? He was a great friend of mine and my chaperon at Newport."

In connection with his visit to Newport is a characteristic story. It is typical of the man that with the first practical demonstration of the utility of the submarine he wanted to find out all there was to know concerning it. At the great Vickers plant in England he was turned down, so he decided to try the United States. He was told that he would have to get permission from the President. He therefore went to see Roosevelt, who was so impressed by the Turkish sailor's blunt and frank manner that he not only gave the desired permission but said to him, "If Turkey had six more men like you she would be a world power."

In the Balkan War Rauf Bey broke the Greek blockade of the Dardanelles and made a daring sortie into the Mediterranean with the Hamidieh. When the Great War broke he was in England negotiating for the two Turkish dreadnoughts that Britain seized. During the war he held a responsible command among the Kurdish tribes along the Turco-Persian frontier. He was a signatory of the Mudros Armistice and was one of the Turkish leaders deported from Constantinople to Malta by the British authorities in 1920. After his release he was among the first to rally around Kemal Pasha when the Nationalist government made its precarious start at Erzerum.

I first met Rauf Bey in the unpretentious Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Angora. He is more like a brisk and businesslike American banker than the sailor premier, as he was then called. In this respect he has a kinship with Admiral Horthy, the Regent of Hungary. He is in the early forties, has a compact, well-built frame, and his broad face is keen and alert. Unlike most of his colleagues in the government, he speaks admirable English and has even acquired some knowledge of American slang. He acted as interpreter for me when I had the interview with Kemal. He affects none of the evasion which so often impedes conversation with the Turk. On the contrary he is frank and outspoken.

I asked Rauf Bey to outline the Turkish program, and he replied:

"There is nothing mysterious about the ideals of the Nationalist government. Its aim has been self-determination, a homogeneous population and freedom from

(Continued on Page 168)

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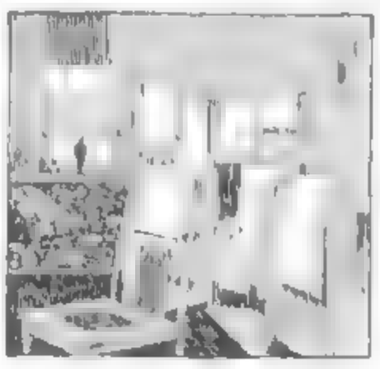

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(Continued from Page 166

foreign interference. These things we have achieved and we propose to defend them at any cost.

"The greatest need of Turkey today is economic and industrial expansion. We have a rich and undeveloped country and a hardy, thrifty peasantry. All we need is foreign capital, but this capital must be free from intrigue. This is why the Nationalist government is so eager to have American cooperation.

"I believe that I am more responsible than anyone else for the ratification of the Chester concession. We fondly expected that, in paying what we believed was a tribute to the American people in the bestowal of this rich grant, it would be immediately appreciated. Instead, the concessionaries seem to have involved themselves in all kinds of internal troubles, quite forgetting Turkey's need of the railroads and other improvements that are stipulated. If this concession is not carried out under American auspices it loses a great deal of its value for us.

"Let me add that despite the assaults made on the Chester concession by the British and French the title is clear and will stand as drawn. British and French hostility to this enterprise is well known and easily understood. This is why I have been so insistent all along that the Americans should capitalize the great opportunity that we have given them to become part and parcel of our economic life.

"The Turkish Government is ready and willing to study any business project submitted to it. The only condition that we impose is that undertakings by foreigners must not imply anything incompatible with the economic and political independence of Turkey. We look with favor upon monopolistic development concessions that combine Turkish and foreign capital. Again let me emphasize that our sole objection to the alien doing business in Turkey rests upon his desire to make political capital out of it. We want no national flag reared upon enterprises that take root in our country.

"I am strongly in favor of the organization of Turkish-American chambers of commerce at Constantinople, Smyrna and elsewhere in Turkey, and I hope that there will be corresponding organizations set up in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco.

"For the first time in her history Turkey means to take the business bit into her own teeth and become what she has never been before, a commercial power on her own. We feel that Americans can better understand that situation than any other people. This is why we want their capital and their help."

Unwritten History

In making this declaration about the foreigner Rauf Bey showed the independence of thought which less than a month later led him to resign from the Kemal cabinet. Just why he did this you shall presently see.

On one subject of interest to the whole world Rauf Bey made the following illuminating observation:

"We have had much to do with the soviet government of Russia. In the early days of the Nationalist movement we were looked upon as easy prey. The Bolsheviks have discovered, however, that we are not to be used as tools in the red conquest of the Near East. As a matter of fact, the soviet power is losing its grip and my own impression is that it will not last."

I had my talk with Rauf Bey during the most critical hour of the Lausanne conference and when rupture seemed imminent. His eyes flashed when he declared, "We stand pat. If they want war they can have it." His comment on the Allied delegates was amusing. He said, "The Great Powers sent clerks without authority, while we sent representatives vested with full powers."

In the course of our conversation he disclosed an interesting piece of unwritten history. It related to the time when, after the Greek debacle in 1922, the British and Turkish troops faced each other at Chanak. A collision seemed inevitable. What the world does not know is that Kemal Pasha favored hostilities and that it was Rauf Bey who restrained him.

No one can talk with Rauf Bey without realizing that he is sane and constructive and the best type of Turk to wield power in the critical period of transition. He was just the sort of balance wheel that Kemal Pasha needed. Now that he is out of the councils of the government and the leader of the opposition wing, his loss will be felt at Angora.

It only remains to deal with the phase of Turkey in transition which, for obvious reasons, has the widest human interest. It is the evolution of women. Probably more misinformation has been disseminated on this score than on any other Oriental subject.

The average Westerner has been led to believe that the Turkish harem is a syndicate of wives immured behind walls and veils, whose sole occupation is the reading of French novels and the continuous consumption of that prize first aid to indigestion and corpulency—the pasty candy popularly known as Turkish Delight. Idleness and voluptuousness appeared to be the principal objectives.

So far as the upper classes are concerned, this state of affairs obtained in Turkey for many years; but long before the Young Turk revolution first projected women in politics, the Turkish peasant woman, like her sister in France, had borne the brunt of the manual labor in agriculture. Nor has she been less thrifty than her Gallic sister.

A Blow to Polygamy

The word "harem" is a distinct misnomer. It does not mean unbridled polygamy. It is that part of the domestic establishment reserved for women, which may include not only the wife or the wives of the master of the household but his mother, mother-in-law and sisters. The harem was responsible for the seclusion of women, which has not only rendered family life in Turkey impossible but retarded the intellectual development of the female sex and the progress of the nation as well. With emancipation has come a kindred increase of literacy, and with literacy the Turkish woman is coming into her own.

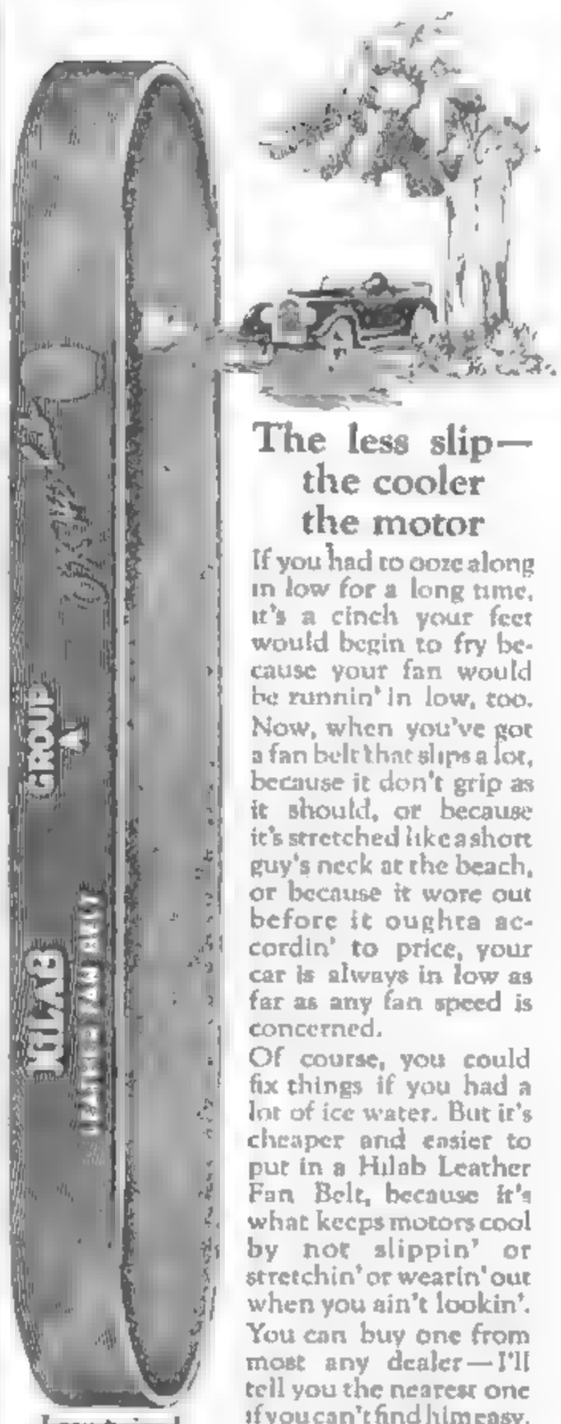
One of the first reforms advocated by Kemal Pasha and his associates—and he subsequently found an enthusiastic helper in his wife, Latife Hanum—was for the broader education of women. Linked with this is the growing tendency to remove the veil. Most people believe that the teachings of the prophet dictated that the face should be covered. This is not so. If the truth were known it would reveal the fact that the Turkish husband from time immemorial has been a selfish individual who did not want the light of the vulgar world to shine upon his mate or mates. Whether it was a case of safety first I cannot say, but it is probably due to the same reason that commanded the mutilation of the feet of Chinese women for centuries. This barbarous practice prevented the wife from running away from her husband.

It was not until the rise of the Nationalists that you saw many unveiled women in the streets of Constantinople or Smyrna. It is now so common that it causes no comment. Curiously enough, the Anatolian peasant woman is still more modest about her face, which she keeps covered as she stoops over her work in the furrows. With her baggy pantaloons and shrouded visage, she presents a curious picture in the field.

The Kemal movement in Turkey has dealt a real blow to polygamy, which is lawful to all Moslems. The habit of having more wives than one is decreasing. The new patriotism, however, is not altogether responsible. It is the economic factor that always counts. The high cost of matrimony is doing more than anything else to establish monogamy.

On one point the Turkish woman in general is still up against it. Though a wife has certain property rights recognized by the law, she remains the creature of her husband. In no other civilized country save Japan is separation easier. The Japanese rids himself of the undesirable matrimonial appendage by merely striking her name off the family register. In Turkey the husband repeats the words "I divorce you" to his wife three times in the presence of witnesses, and the amputation is effected. This amiable process is called repudiation. Now that the Turkish wife is removing the veil, there are growing signs that she will demand a different divorce procedure. It is one more evidence that she is asserting herself as never before.

Let us pass now from these generalities into a concrete illustration of the evolution of woman in Turkey. Just as Rauf Bey visualizes the best that there is in statesmanship, so does Halide Edib Hanum incarnate the advanced spirit of her sex. She is not only the foremost woman reformer



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of her country but she has done a big man's work, both in war and peace. Barring only Kemal Pasha, she is the most interesting Turkish personality with whom I came in contact. Her life story is a continuous record of achievement, unique because it literally blazed the way for the progress of her sex.

Halide Hanum, as she is best known, was born in Constantinople, where her father was a civil servant under Sultan Abdul-Hamid. From him she inherited the progressive idea, because when she was a mere child he sent her as a day pupil to the admirable American College for Girls at Constantinople. Abdul-Hamid, however, frowned on foreigners and foreign education, and she was compelled to withdraw for a time. Later she returned as a boarder and was the first Turkish woman to receive the degree of bachelor of arts. Halide Hanum showed her appreciation of her alma mater by preventing the Germans from commandeering the American college for a hospital during the World War.

The instinct to write early asserted itself. At twelve she translated into Turkish an American book called Mother. By the time that the Young Turks registered their coup against Abdul-Hamid in 1908 she had become the leading poet and novelist of Turkey. She realized that the best way to educate the Turkish woman into the ways of the Western world was to make those ways attractive, so she put them into the form of fiction. In her novel entitled New Turania she forecast the whole new-woman movement in the country, and at the same time was the prophet of the nationalism that has come to pass and in which she has been such a factor.

It is worth while recounting that Halide Hanum was the pioneer in exposing her face in public. Incidentally, she could well afford to do so, because it happens to be exceedingly attractive.

Her first husband was Salih Zeky, one of the noted mathematicians of Turkey. He subsequently acquired a second wife, and she—here again the pioneer predominated—succeeded in reversing the usual procedure and got a separation from him. In 1918 she married Dr. Adnan Bey, the most distinguished of living Turkish medical practitioners, who is now the representative of the Angora foreign office at Constantinople.

A Chat With Halide Hanum

Long before her second marriage she had molded herself into the destiny of the new Turkey. During the World War she established a chain of schools for women in Syria and subsequently converted them into hospitals. It was not until the Armistice of Mudros that her real work as a patriot began. She was in Constantinople when Kemal Pasha unfurled the flag of nationalism at Angora. The Greeks controlled the railroads, so with her husband she made the long and difficult journey to the new capital on horseback. It took them nearly a month to get there. When Kemal launched his drive against the Greeks she enlisted in his army as a sergeant and was at his side throughout the entire Battle of Sakaria, which lasted twenty-three days. She wore the regulation Turkish uniform, endured every hardship, and at the end of the struggle wrote the official account of the devastation. After the Turkish triumph, Halide became one of Kemal's most trusted counselors, and it is due to her efforts that the first ministry of education was organized.

With this stirring prelude of performance we can now get a close-up of Halide Hanum herself. At Constantinople I learned to my regret that she was at Munich, where she had gone to meet her two sons, aged sixteen and eighteen respectively, who are students at the University of Illinois, and who had returned to Europe for their holiday. Dr. Adnan Bey gave me a letter of introduction to her, and when I reached Munich on my way to Berlin I had the good fortune to find her there. She was living at a pension in the Maximilian Platz.

Halide Hanum bears no evidences of the strenuous life she has led. She is almost slight of stature, with abundant auburn hair, reddish brown eyes, and has altogether a most winning personality. She was the first Turkish woman I had seen with her hair exposed, because, despite the passing of the veil over the face, it is still regarded as bad form in Turkey to uncover the head. She wore a simple blue frock far more European than Turkish, black silk stockings and patent-leather pumps that were distinctly American.

This leader of Turkish women speaks admirable English and in a voice that is rich and appealing. As I looked at her it was difficult to realize that this lovely and fragile person had ridden side by side with Kemal Pasha on those rocky, shell-swept heights at Sakaria, where the Greek dream of control of Turkey was shattered

At once we launched into a discussion of the new Turkey. She has a man's grasp of big facts and she knows how to express herself. When I asked her about the future of the Nationalistic movement, which she so valiantly helped to put on its feet, she answered:

"Enver Pasha's Pan-Turanian dream of a political, racial and religious hegemony was a great mistake. For one thing, it enabled the East Indians to use Turkey for their own ends. Turkey's destiny does not lie in racial or religious amalgamation, but in a Turkey for the Turks. Within her own racial frontiers she will be able to work out her own fate."

The Future of Turkey

"For decades the Turks were badly governed and they had too much government. Like England, we had an excess of territory. Turkey was wearied with the business of ruling and it was her undoing. Now that we are a small, compact, homogeneous nation, we know where we are and what we can do. In the knowledge of limitations lies the success of nations as well as individuals. My idea of Pan-Islam is not a militant federation for force, but a group of detached nationalistic units.

"The danger of Europe today lies in overnationalism. It has been abused instead of being used. With some countries, such as Poland or Czechoslovakia, a little of it goes a long way. Turkey may suffer from an excess of nationalism which will frustrate the economic expansion. We cannot function as a democracy without foreign capital, especially American.

"Another possible menace to the future of the new Turkey is the possibility of a dictatorship. I admire Kemal Pasha tremendously and believe that he has been the inspiration for the regeneration of his country, but he must curb his ambition. Our nationalism is essentially a people's movement and only as such can it endure.

"The great fact in our life is that the sultanate is gone. We are not Ottomans, but Turks. I detest the word 'empire,' and in the relentless march of world democracy all empires are doomed."

"What about the future of Turkish women?" I asked.

"The evolution of the Turkish woman," she replied, "is one of the most significant spectacles in this world of changes. Many of our women suddenly emerged from the veil after the triumph of the Kemalists. This, I think, was a mistake, because they were not ready for it. Sex emancipation in Turkey must be a process of evolution and not swift revolution. It can be achieved only through education. This is why I have so strongly urged the establishment of schools in all the villages. The combination of good schools and sanitation, for our infant mortality is appalling, will do more to emancipate Turkish women than anything else. That will give them knowledge and health, and these are the important things.

"The veil is doomed; but veils or no veils, the Turkish women are today as important in the affairs of the nation as the men. Physically they are as strong as the men, and they do double service, for they are the mothers of the men of the future and share the toil. Remember that Turkey has been at war for more than twelve years, and from the day the wars began the women began to do the work of the men. At first it was manual, but now it extends to nearly every activity.

"I believe that not only should the Turkish woman have the vote but that she should be a member of the Grand National Assembly. During the first election for the assembly I received enough votes in various towns and cities in Anatolia to have elected me had they all been given in one place. With suffrage, as with all other activities, the Turkish women must have education first. They must know what the vote means. The transition from autocracy to democracy may be achieved overnight so far as political system is concerned, but not in the brain of the peasant. You have only to look at what has happened in Russia to

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see the results of the bestowal of suffrage rights upon a people incapable of intelligently employing them."

In reply to my request for a message to the women of America, Halide Hanum responded in this wise:

"I hope that the bulk of American womanhood will not think that the Turkish woman is emerging from the veil and seclusion amid a cloud of cigarette smoke and nothing more. Our women have a serious realization both of the opportunity and the responsibility that are theirs, and they will render a good account of themselves."

I told her of my visit to Kemal Pasha at Angora. Tears came to her eyes as she said.

"That makes me think of Anatolia, where I long to be. I am homesick for Angora. There the new Turkish nation was born and there my place is."

On the day that I met Halide Hanum, Munich was alive with rumors of a revolution that was to break the following morning. I asked her how she felt about being exposed to it; whereupon she responded:

"Revolutions mean nothing to me. I have been through three and I should welcome any change in Germany that would lead to something like the stabilization of Europe."

We had talked all through the afternoon, dusk was settling over the city, and it was time to go. I inquired about the two sons, and Halide Hanum naïvely retorted:

"They're at the movies. They have acquired the habit in America and retain it over here."

I accepted her invitation for dinner. When I called for her I met the boys, who gave every evidence of their experience in America. With their advent the mother said with a smile, "These boys will be happy to talk with you in American slang, because I must confess that I cannot understand some of their English."

It is typical of Halide Hanum's practical sense that one of the lads is studying scientific farming while the other is taking the course in electrical engineering. When she told me this she said, "These sons of mine must help in the reconstruction of Turkey."

Literary Likings

That night we dined in the huge restaurant of the Regina Palast Hotel. Halide Hanum had changed from her blue afternoon costume into a smart brown Parisian dinner frock. In addition, she wore the charming Turkish headdress from which the veil is usually suspended. More than one admiring glance was bestowed on her as we moved to our table.

That night we forsook politics and talked of other things. I found that Halide Hanum was a great admirer of O. Henry. Keats, Byron, Poe, Hawthorne and Henry James are among her favorites. She does not share the usual Turkish admiration for Pierre Loti, but added, "I hope that some American will do for Turkey in English what Loti has done for her in French."

As I walked back to my hotel an ominous quiet brooded over Munich. It seemed to be the lull before the much-advertised revolutionary storm. German politics, however, were far removed from my mind. I was thinking of the achievements of the extraordinary little woman whom I had just left and who had been poet, novelist, revolutionist, nation maker and leader of her sex. Like Kemal, she has written herself large in the history of her time. Whatever happens in Turkey, the nation is much in her debt.

Such is the picture of an awakened Turkey. From Ottomanization with fire and sword outside her domain, the country has turned to an intensive nationalism with pen and plow within. What has the future in store? Will it be dictatorship or democracy?

That self-determination as an achievement through valor in the field is one thing and the translation of it into productive and harmonious realities is quite another has been demonstrated by recent events, which have not culminated up to the time I write. It shows that nothing is ever stable for long in the Balkans.

When I departed from Constantinople late in July, Kemal Pasha was undisputed master at Angora. He had just elected a Grand National Assembly that was apparently united behind him. His lieutenant, Ismet Pasha, had triumphed over the Allied powers at Lausanne. The Armies of Occupation were departing, and at last the Turk was master in his own house.

Just before I sailed for America in September dissension arose. The Grand National Assembly developed into a glorified and Orientalized Tammany Hall under the thumb of Kemal, who became to all intents and purposes a dictator. In this he betrayed a new angle of his character, for hitherto he had heeded the counsels of his advisers. He persisted in withholding the declaration of a republic, which was the best evidence that at last he had become the full-fledged autocrat. Rauf Bey resigned as premier to head the opposition, whose slogan is an out-and-out republic and a general election which will name a president.

When Victors Fall Out

Once the rift showed in that one-time solid Angora front, other long-restrained forces came out in the open. Refet Pasha, governor-general of Eastern Thrace, and one of the ablest of contemporary Turkish soldiers, unfurled the banner of reaction, demanding a return to the sultanate and a restoration of the union of church and state.

He has the backing of the fanatical group which has looked with growing disfavor upon Kemal's sweeping introduction of Western ideas and ideals, and particularly the sterilization of the power of the church.

A fourth dissenting group is a sort of military junta headed by Noureddine Pasha, a capable soldier, who has rallied about him a big following of demobilized officers who are little more than soldiers of fortune ready to join any group that offers the highest price.

Then, too, there is a lesser fifth wing which is almost 100 per cent Bolshevik and which would not hesitate to set up a sovietized government.

Here then is the line-up. It is the old story of the victors falling out over the spoils. On a showdown between Kemal Pasha and Rauf Bey, victory will rest with the leader who controls the army, and Kemal will probably prevail. There is reason to believe, however, that he will be wise enough to effect some compromise which will not deprive the Turks of their hard-won victory. In reaching the impasse which for the first time threatens his authority, Kemal proves again that a great soldier usually goes wrong when he dabbles in politics.

Regardless of the outcome of the latest crisis, the past is at least secure. The Turks have performed little short of a miracle of political and military regeneration. They should be permitted to have every opportunity to test their capacity for self-determination, economically and otherwise. It is not likely to disturb the peace of the world and it may contribute to the general prosperity.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next will be devoted to America in Turkey.

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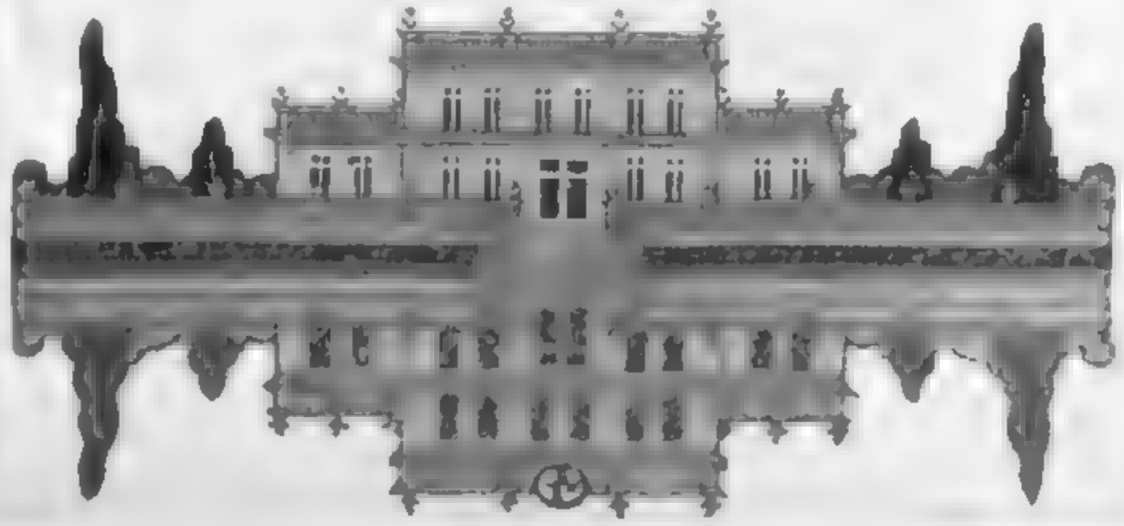

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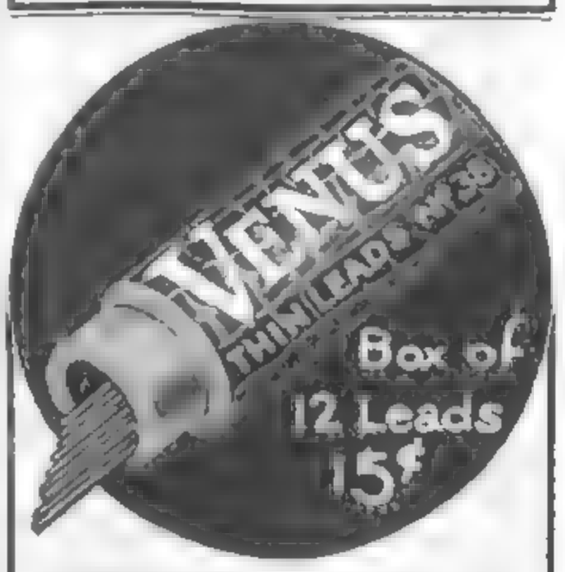

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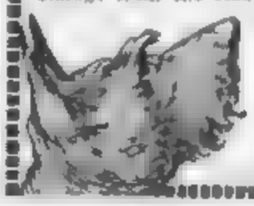

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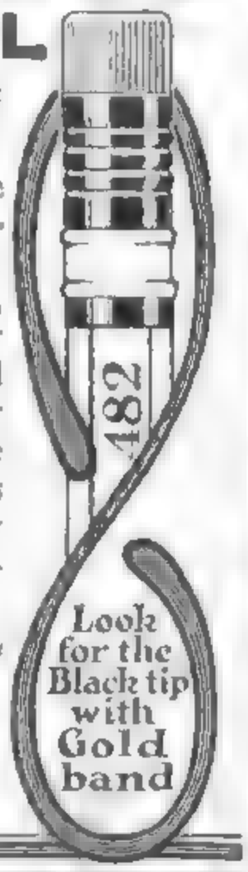

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OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES

(Continued from Page 11)

immediate purchaser. After the ship has sailed while the cargo is swimming, as the saying goes -the English concern may receive an advantageous offer from a Portuguese concern for its South American cargo. The ship is then ordered into a Portuguese port by its charterers.

When Spain and Portugal started on their campaign of indignation against Norwegian prohibition, they immediately raised their harbor dues to all Norwegian ships. As a result of this move, concerns that wished to charter ships refused to charter Norwegian ships, for they never knew when they would need to send their ships to Spanish or Portuguese ports; and they didn't care to run the risk of having to pay higher harbor dues for Norwegian ships than they would have to pay for British or Dutch or Italian ships.

This again tended to heighten the prevailing Norwegian gloom, and to produce an atmosphere of depression that would have fitted nicely into the last act of an Ibsen drama.

Since Norway didn't wish to commit financial suicide, she began to take from the wine-producing countries as much heavy wine as she had to take in order to persuade them to reduce the high duties on dried salt codfish and the high harbor dues on Norwegian ships.

She therefore negotiated commercial treaties with France, Spain and Portugal. By the terms of these treaties Norway agreed to import 400,000 liters of brandy from France each year, 500,000 liters of heavy wines and spirits from Spain each year, and 850,000 liters of heavy wines from Portugal each year—a larger total, incidentally, than Norway imported from these countries before her prohibition law went into effect.

With this amount of grog rolling into the country each year, it was obvious that steps had to be taken to get rid of it. Since the Norwegians are not by nature wasteful, they felt no particular urge to feed it the codfish or to force it on any of their neighbors as a gift.

They therefore decided to legalize the sale of heavy, or hot, wines in addition to the sale of beer and light wines; and on May 3, 1923, Norway attained that happy state so ardently sought after by so many enthusiastic American drinkers—a state in which anyone could get all the heavy wines, light wines and beer that he might desire so long as he had the necessary amount of money with which to purchase them.

It might be added in passing that there was wassail in Norway on May third. A determined effort was apparently made in the larger Norwegian cities to drink up, on that glad day, the entire year's importation of heavy wines from the wine-producing countries. Fish—the good old dried salt codfish, or salt dried codfish, of Norway—was the tutelary divinity of the occasion, the good angel that had brought back, as one might say, the midnight souse to the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Smuggling Hard Liquor

Wherever one went on May third the joyous populace was drinking sherry to St. Fish, port to St. Fish, Madeira to St. Fish. It was without question fish's great moment. The Norwegian equivalent of "Here's to good ole Fish, drink her down, drink her down!" rang out from Christiania on the east coast to Bergen on the west coast; and the gurgle of hot wine passing down leathery Norwegian throats echoed from Stavanger Fiord in the south to Hammerfest in the north.

One might have thought, when he saw the pink Norse twilight gleaming on the wineglasses as they rose and fell at one o'clock in the morning, that all Norway's prohibition troubles were ended. Such, however, was not the case.

The smuggling of liquor—hard liquor for the most part—into Norway has been a lucrative and popular activity ever since the prohibition law went into effect. The fact that beer could be obtained in unlimited quantities has had no effect whatever on liquor smuggling. All Norwegian drinkers drank beer, of course, but they wanted stronger stuff; something that would ketch holt, so to speak; a beverage that would affect the human system like a couple of angry bobcats pursuing each other passionately down the throat and settling their difficulties with a death grapple in the stomach.

The smugglers strove to assuage this craving on the part of the Norwegians; and they were sufficiently successful in their strivings to work up more of a reputation in Norway than American bootleggers have been able to work up in America, which is saying a great deal.

The coast of Norway bears a strong resemblance to the point de Venise lace collars worn by the gentlemen with the curls and the velvet clothes in the paintings by Rembrandt and Velasquez. There are so many dents, abrasions, fiords, quirks, creeks, inlets, bays, juttings, islands, islets, promontories and what nots that if the coast line were straightened out there would be enough to extend about three times around the United States with enough left over to provide Switzerland with a water front on at least three sides.

This being the case, a liquor smuggler had so many places to land in Norway that he could pick a new place every night for a thousand years, and still be far from exhausting the possibilities of that ragged coast.

The records, which are of little use because of the extremely small percentage of smugglers that are caught, show that 180 smugglers were caught in 1919, 852 in 1920, 909 in 1921 and 1082 in 1922. During the first quarter of this year 282 were nabbed, or on a scale of more than 1100 for the year.

Bootleggers Well Organized

The Norwegian authorities estimate that they catch about 5 per cent of the smugglers, and about 5 per cent of the smuggled liquor. If their estimate is correct, more than 20,000 persons are engaged in the liquor-smuggling business in Norway; and Norway is a small country in point of population—slightly less than half the size of New York City.

The amount of liquor confiscated from smugglers has shown the same rate of increase; 1412 liters were confiscated from smugglers by the police in 1919, 8866 liters in 1920, 16,989 liters in 1921 and 92,591 liters in 1922. During the first quarter of 1923, 51,741 liters were confiscated a scale for the year of more than 200,000 liters. Using the 5 per cent estimate of the Norwegian authorities, this would mean over 4,000,000 liters of spirits will enter Norway through the agency of liquor smugglers during the present year.

That this figure is not so far out of the way is shown by the fact that during the last quarter of 1922, about 800,000 liters of spirits were taken into the little Swedish town of Strömstad, which is located just below the entrance of Christiania Fiord, to wait there for reshipment to Norway by the smuggling route. Since the liquor was taken there for reshipment, it was declared to the Swedish customs officials as a matter of course.

Christiania Fiord, leading up to Christiania and the main-traveled roads of Southern Norway, is the most popular smuggling route in Norway; and anybody who cares to travel down the coast of that beautiful body of water at any time of day will be edified by the sight of fast motorboats streaking up the fiord at twenty-five and thirty miles an hour to deposit their loads of English, German, Dutch and Esthonian liquors at points where the thirsty Norwegians, unappreciative of their wines and beer, are waiting for harder stuff.

An interesting light was cast on the Norwegian liquor-smuggling industry during the spring of 1923 when the police captured a fast liquor-smuggling boat and found aboard her a regularly printed chart of Christiania Fiord with all the best spots for landing liquor duly inscribed and numbered, and published as a part of the map. This seemed to indicate that liquor smuggling was a well-organized business.

Many of the smugglers are Germans and Danes, but the bulk of them are Norwegians. Fast motorboats are in great demand and bring extremely high prices. The claim is made by Norwegians who should be in a position to know what they are talking about that a great many business men of high standing who have been caught in the business depression that has obtained in Norway since the war have gone into the business of liquor smuggling and made a great deal of money. The police and all the

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well-informed private citizens of Christiania tell all interested persons, with an air of mingled pride and disgust, about a business man who turned smuggler in 1922 and in one year's time had made 1,000,000 Norwegian crowns, or the equivalent of about $170,000.

The national drink of Norway before prohibition, so far as people of some means were concerned, was whisky and soda, known to the Norwegians as Pjolter. The commoner herd stuck to brandy with a beer chaser, while the fishermen used a cheap and more or less villainous form of spirits known as Laddevin, which was manufactured in Hamburg, Lübeck and other North German ports. The latter was probably so called because one drink of it made the drinker go up in the air, as on a ladder. The smugglers therefore bring in Scotch whisky in large quantities, but don't bother much about anything else except Dutch and German and Esthonian alcohol. The Dutch alcohol is excellent; and the smuggled brand sells for about a dollar and a half a liter, or about six dollars a gallon. The German and Esthonian brands are not so good; and because of the advantageous rates of exchange for Norwegians in Germany, can be purchased much more cheaply.

For the first year or two of prohibition, the German smugglers brought in bad brands of alcohol which frequently blinded or killed those who drank it, just as bad alcohol has a habit of doing all over the world. Of late years, however, the German-made alcohol has improved, and almost everyone who drinks it can see to go home, unless he has more than three drinks, in which case he loses consciousness entirely.

One of the great handicaps against which the liquor smugglers are forced to struggle is the peculiar manner in which the Government of Norway condones and even assists the traffic in spirits with one hand, while attempting with the other hand to strangle the smugglers. Because of this, the smugglers are unable to get particularly high prices for their wares. A good bottle of smuggled Scotch whisky, for example, sells in Norway for less money than the same bottle would sell for in England, due to the fact that the same brand of Scotch whisky is dispensed in the apothecary shops of Norway to any holder of a prescription calling for a bottle of whisky, and also dispensed cheaper than it could be dispensed in England.

When the liquor goes to Norway from England it doesn't need to pay the English excise tax; and when it enters Norway it enters a prohibition country where the sale of such things is forbidden, so that no tax piles up on it on the Norwegian end. Therefore the apothecaries sell it cheaper, and the smugglers have to meet competition by following suit. All sorts of alcoholic beverages in nonprohibition Sweden cost nearly double what they cost in prohibition Norway.

Drug Store Hardware

Since whisky, brandy and other strong liquors can legally be sold in Norwegian apothecary shops on doctors' prescriptions, the English whisky manufacturers are not bashful about urging the merits of their respective brands on the people of Norway.

A glance through two Christiania newspapers on a morning in August, 1923, revealed display advertisements of Stewart's Gold Medal Scotch Whiskey, King's Liqueur Scotch, Ainslie's Royal Edinburgh Scotch, Sandy Macdonald Scotch, Munro's Square Bottle Scotch, Gillon's Real Mountain Dew Scotch, Dawson's Scotch in the conventional round-bottle shape and the more convenient hip-pocket flask, and Black and White Scotch in the same two fascinating shapes.

Likewise there were advertisements of Loitens Liqueur Punsch for persons with a taste for Swedish intoxicants, thirty-year-old Fleur de Blanzac cognac, and Roullet & Delamain's cognac.

Most of the advertisements threw in the information that the wares in question were to be obtained at all drug stores or at the best drug stores. Some of the advertisements stated the price that the apothecaries demanded before parting with the beverages. The Roullet & Delamain cognac, for example, was advertised at twelve and a half crowns a bottle, or about two dollars and ten cents. Stewart's Gold Medal Scotch brought the same price, which is cheaper than it can be bought in London. The same liquid sells for a dollar more in the government stores of Sweden.

Norwegian insurance companies make a specialty of insuring the wet goods that the smugglers bring in. In Norwegian railway stations there are insurance posters which state, innocently enough, that they insure against all breakage. The posters illustrate the advantages of their offer by depicting two men, each of whom is engaged in the pleasant task of wheeling a load of Black and White whisky. One of the men has been unfortunate enough to wheel his barrow into an obstruction; and as a result he has suffered some rather severe breakage. The picture explains that he isn't insured; and as a result his face registers distress, disgust and utter helplessness. The other gentleman has met the same obstruction and suffered an equal amount of breakage; but owing to the fact that he is insured against such a catastrophe, his facial expression is bland and untroubled, not to say ecstatic.

The grocery stores of all Norwegian cities and towns assist in the good work by exhibiting window displays of sundry exciting bottles in attractive shapes. Hip-pocket bottles filled with pleasantly colored liquids are labeled Aquavit Extract, Chartreuse Extract, Curaçao Extract, Cognac Extract, and so on. Full-size quart bottles bear such labels as Genever Extract—geneva being the original name of gin—Swedish Punch Extract, Benedictine Extract, and so on.

As a result of the desire on the part of Norwegians for beverages more potent than heavy wines, light wines and beer, the apothecaries of most Norwegian cities spend most of their time wrapping up whisky and cognac bottles for their customers to take home.

It is fruitless, however, for the stranger to wander into an apothecary shop and ask bluntly for a quart of Haig & Haig or Black and White. Without a doctor's prescription he can't get it; and to attempt to do so is merely a waste of breath.

Popular Doctors

Norwegian doctors, however, are not overstrict in the matter of issuing prescriptions for the cure of illnesses that will yield only to the internal application of Scotch whisky. And if a Norwegian happens to feel an immediate need for a couple of slugs of his favorite beverage, and isn't in the heart of a big city where the prescription can easily be checked up, he will frequently write a prescription for himself on the back of an old letter or the flyleaf of a book or a cigarette paper or anything else that can be written on.

There is a certain element of danger in such acts, however, and most Norwegians prefer to carry regular prescriptions rather than to write their own.

A large percentage—50 or 60, at a guess—of Norwegians appear to have relatives who are doctors; and in this way a large part of the drinking population gets its prescriptions for nothing. Many more of them have close friends in the medical fraternity, and so get prescriptions for the asking. Those who have no relatives or friends who are doctors can obtain prescriptions for the modest outlay of five crowns, or about eighty-five cents. In the course of my investigations in Norway, merely as a matter of curiosity I asked every Norwegian with whom I came in contact where he got his prescriptions. Each one promptly began to fish around in his vest pocket, and hospitably offered to supply me with a prescription until I had time to get a few of my own.

Many Norwegian doctors have become wealthy from issuing liquor prescriptions. Many others protest violently against the manner in which the medical profession has, in a way, been made a part of the liquor traffic. Some doctors won't write liquor prescriptions for people with whom they are not acquainted; and some write prescriptions for everybody who asks them and then turn the liquor fees over to charity.

Some doctors have been prosecuted by the government for issuing liquor prescriptions in cases where the patients were believed to be perfectly healthy; but the government can't get convictions. When the doctor takes the stand a witness appears and says that he felt ill, and that he always found brandy a delightful restorative in case of illness. The doctor says that he saw no reason to disagree with his patient, and that he therefore issued the

How Sauerkraut Came to the Bank

"MRS. ADAMS, as manager of our cafeteria, you'll be interested in this little booklet. It's about sauerkraut. A friend of mine lent it to me, and do you know, it is one of the most interesting things I have ever read!"

"Oh, yes, I know a good deal about sauerkraut, Mr. Mason. At domestic science school we learned all about its value as a regulator and conditioner. It contains lactic ferments which tend to keep the body free from impurities."

"Well, I see you know something about it, Mrs. Adams. But, at the same time I am sure you will find some very interesting facts in this booklet. I never knew that sauerkraut had such great value as a health food. This booklet quotes what eminent medical and scientific authorities have said. Why, sauerkraut is even of value as a food in some serious diseases."

"Over at the Merchants National, they serve sauerkraut twice a week and Miss Jordan tells me that it's one of the most popular dishes on the menu. I've sometimes thought we ought to serve it. We've had several requests for it."

"By all means. We want to give our employes foods that will be good for them as well as good to the taste. Of course, I don't know much about recipes, but there are a great many in this booklet, and maybe you will find some that you don't know about."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Mason. I'll be very much interested in reading it. And you'll see sauerkraut on the bill in a few days."

* * * * * * * * *

Have you read this little booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food"? If you haven't, mail this coupon now for your free copy. The facts about this simple vegetable food are wonderfully interesting.

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prescription. It is difficult to convict a man on such evidence.

One doctor was prosecuted twice for sending liquor prescriptions to persons that he had never seen. He was acquitted.

The way that the liquor prescriptions roll up is rather remarkable. The population of Norway is about 2,600,000, one-quarter of whom are males over twenty years of age. In 1921 the 1100 doctors of Norway issued 1,800,000 prescriptions for alcoholic beverages, or three for each male Norwegian above the age of twenty.

Although 60 per cent of those who voted in the referendum of 1919 voted in favor of prohibition prohibition, that is, of all alcoholic beverages stronger than beer and light wines—it is generally believed in Norway at the present time that the enormous amount of smuggling and the steadily increasing cases of drunkenness throughout the nation have so soured the people on prohibition that another referendum on the subject would show far different results. Whether or not this would be the case cannot be told until such a referendum is held.

The populations of the Norwegian cities are almost unanimous against the existing form of prohibition—a prohibition which legalizes the sale of beer, light wines and heavy wines. But instead of wishing to go back to the days of no restrictions whatever, they are mostly in favor of going back to a restrictive system along the lines of the Stockholm system. Even some of the most rabid so-called prohibitionists are in favor of this.

Practically every influential man in Norway, so far as I was able to discover clergymen, doctors, jurists, government officials, college professors, business men, and so on—was loud and firm in stating that prohibition which allowed the use of beer and wines and attempted to prohibit the use of spirits was of no more use than a dead canary bird. The arguments and the invectives which they hurled against prohibition are strikingly similar to the arguments of the Wets in America.

The morale of the nation, they claim, has been ruined by prohibition. It has made the Norwegians into a nation of lawbreakers and hypocrites. Many Norwegians who speak in behalf of prohibition and vote for it are people who themselves drink whenever they get the chance. Government officials who are supposed to uphold the law may be seen drinking openly. People drink more under prohibition than they ever drank before. Women drink in public; and boys and girls, too, frequently drink to excess. Fifteen years ago all Norwegians respected the law; today they only think how to evade it. Thus the opponents of prohibition present the case.

The fact remains, however, that if the Norwegian liquor situation means anything at all it means that the best way in which to prohibit the drinking of alcoholic beverages is to prohibit the drinking of alcoholic beverages. People always want what they can't get until they get tired of wanting it, or have to work too hard to get it, or have to pay too much for it. Norway, with all sorts of unprohibited drinkables from which to choose, is pestered half to death by smugglers who flood the country with the few prohibited brands of hooch. She couldn't be more violently pestered if she had put a rigid ban on all liquids containing more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol.

This ought to carry some sort of meaning for the Americans who spend their days moaning for light wines and beer; but it probably won't.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Table of Contents

November 10, 1923

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

Domestic Relations—*Charles Brackett* . . . 8
Myrtle's Beau *Elsie Singmaster* 12
Gramp Sees the Light—*John A. Moroso* . . . 16
The Intelligentzia—*W. A. Fraser* . . . 20
Skookum Chuck: The Adventure of the Transmogrified Harpy—*Stewart Edward White* . . . 24
The Groom of the Chambers—*Dornford Yates* . . . 38

ARTICLES

Deuces Wild—*Samuel G. Blythe* . . . 5
Turkey in Transition—*Isaac F. Marcosson* . . . 6
Other People's Troubles—*Kenneth L. Roberts* . . . 10
The Box-Office Verdict—*William A. Johnston* . . . 14
An Almost Perfect Thurty-Four . . . 22
Duck Lore—*Hal G. Evarts* . . . 23
A Murder Trial in the English High Court of Justice—*Judge R. M. Wanamaker* . . . 27
My Crystal Ball—*Elisabeth Marbury* . . . 30
Stabilized Bootlegging . . . 36
Grover Cleveland's Life in Princeton—1897–1908—*George F. Parker* . . . 40
Junk à la Carte . . . 56
Bugaboo Natural History—*Hal G. Evarts* . . . 62

SERIALS

Instruments of Darkness (In three parts)—*Alice Duer Miller* . . . 3
Easy (Second part)—*Nina Wilcox Putnam* . . . 18

MISCELLANY

Editorials . . . 26
Short Turns and Encores . . . 28

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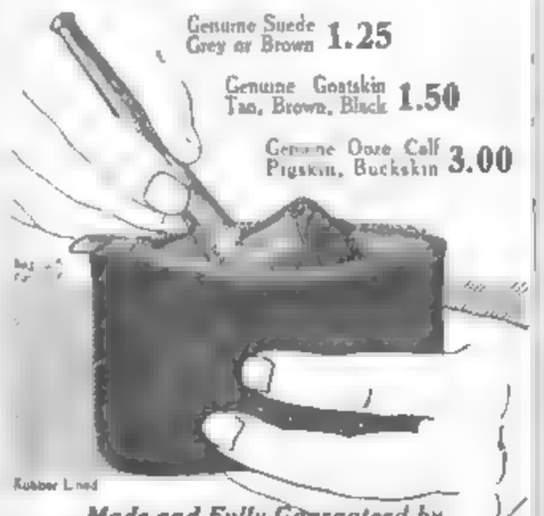

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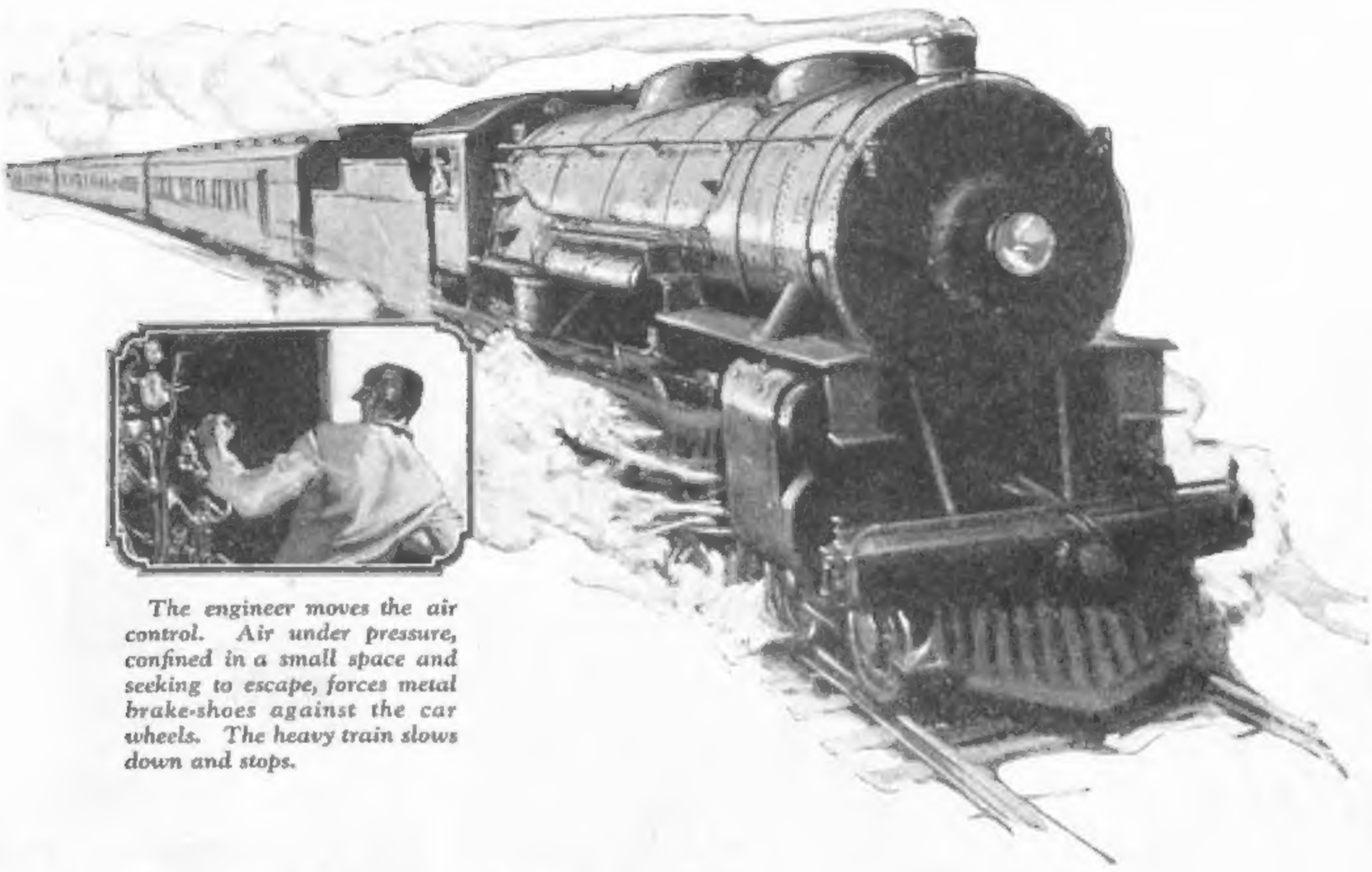

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Under the Dust Cap and on top of the valve is—

Dust Cap

THE SCHRADER VALVE CAP. Through this cap, when screwed on by hand, no dirt can enter the valve, and no air can escape from the tube.

Protected by the Valve Cap is—

Valve Cap

THE SCHRADER VALVE INSIDE, which is placed in the mouth of the valve. It permits quick entrance of air, and also prevents escape of that air once it is in the tube.

The valve stem into which the Valve Inside goes is centered in the valve hole by—

Valve Inside

THE SCHRADER RIM NUT BUSHING, which also holds on the dust cap. It is always tightened against the wheel by a small wrench

Rim Nut Bushing

This is the SCHRADER UNIVERSAL TIRE VALVE with all its parts in place except the Dust Cap. You also see here the Hexagon Nut screwed against the Bridge Washer at the base of valve.

Add the Dust Cap and you have the complete Schrader Valve which should be on your tires.

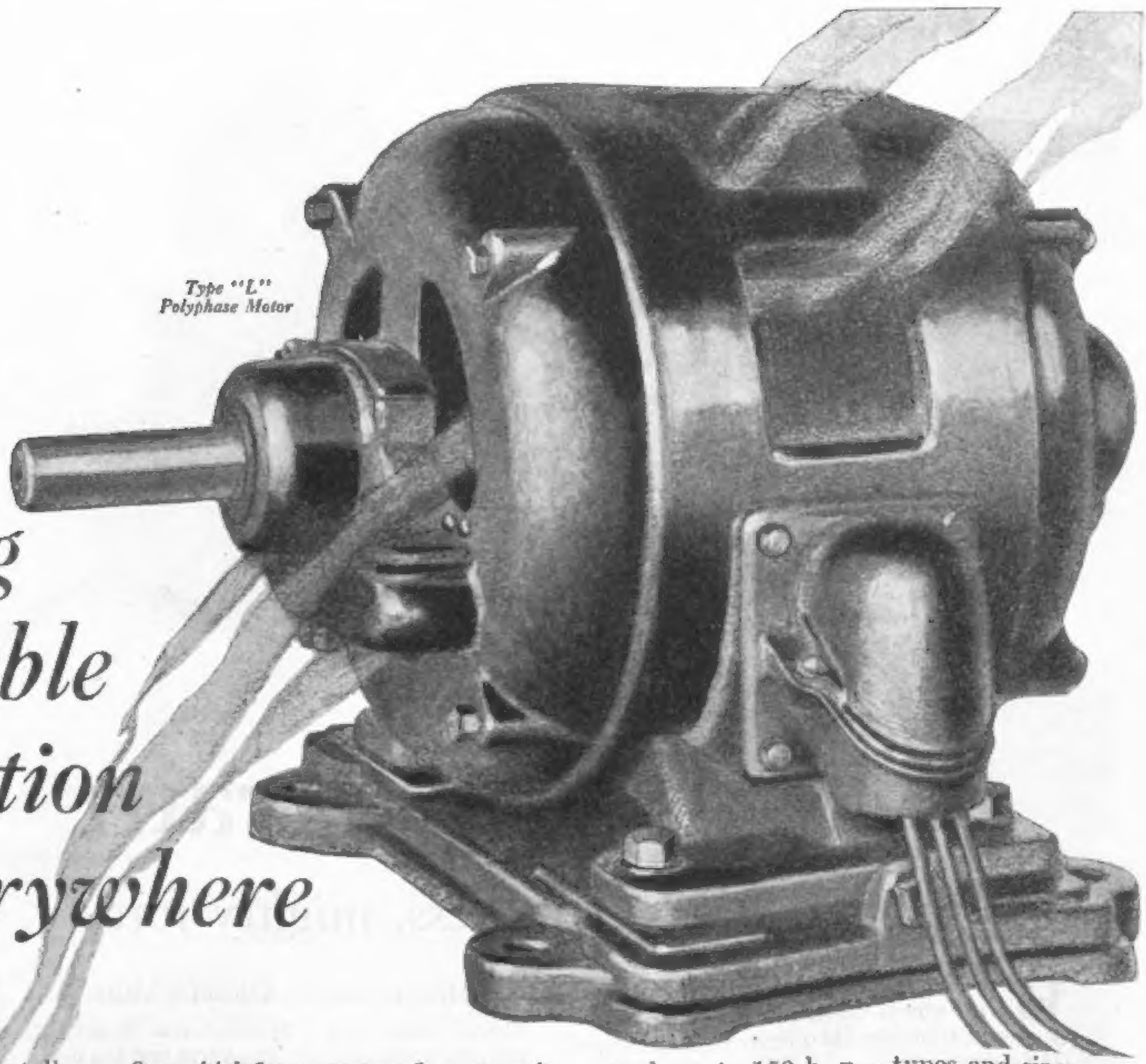
Complete Schrader Valve

A. SCHRADER'S SON, INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CHICAGO TORONTO LONDON

SCHRADER

TIRE VALVES
TIRE VALVE ACCESSORIES
TIRE PRESSURE GAUGES



Type "L"
Polyphase Motor

Winning favorable attention everywhere

Men who know electric motors are talking about the new Robbins & Myers Type "L" Polyphase Motor. Perhaps you have read of it—the motor that "breathes."

If you could watch a wisp of smoke whisk into its end-head and go curling out again through the frame openings, you would be impressed as others have been.

Here is positive air-cooling. Instead of running hot in a blanket of dead air, the Type "L" Motor breathes in cool air to keep its temperature down. Its efficiency is increased. Its life is lengthened. A correct principle, correctly applied by a firm which for a quarter of a century has made motors as they should be made . . .

> The favorable reception given this new motor is an endorsement not only of the self-ventilating principle, but also of other exceptional qualities. These motors have higher power factors; improved starting torque; bearings that are actually dustproof; a reversible terminal box with removable cover; *decreased* size and weight but with *added* strength and rigidity.

These are typical results of Robbins & Myers engineering ability. They are results expressed in sure, efficient, and economical performance wherever R&M Motors are in service. And that covers a wide field. There are R&M Motors from ⅛₀ h. p. to 150 h. p.—types and sizes to answer widely varying requirements.

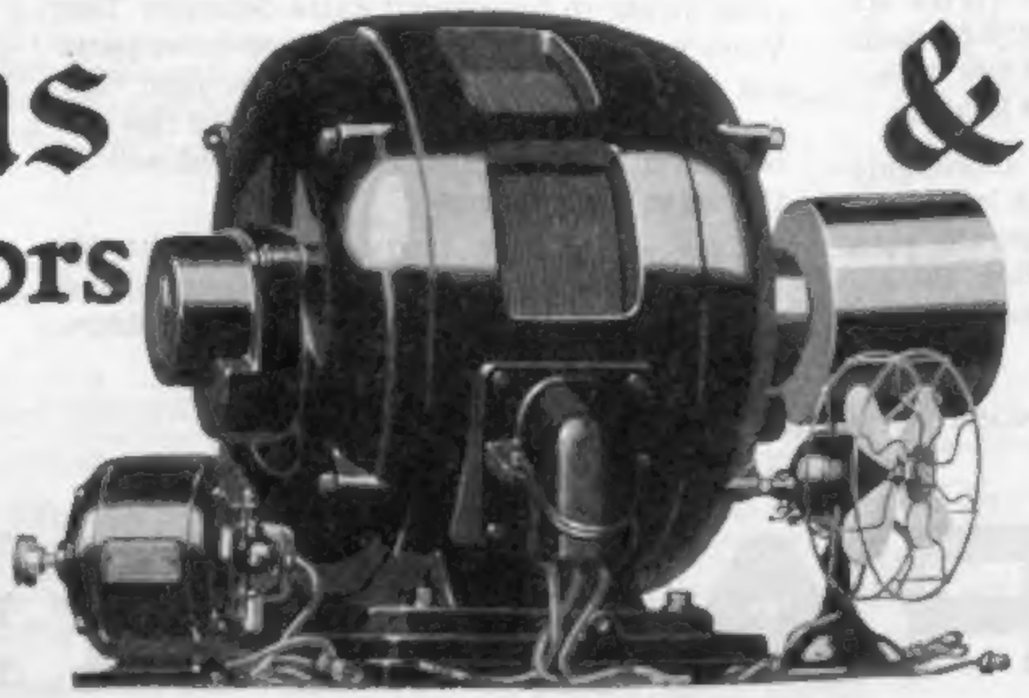
On the motor of any electrically driven appliance, whether for house, office, or shop, the R&M name plate is always a proof of good manufacture and a promise of good service.

Dealers Will Be Interested

The introduction of Type "L" motors is the forerunner of an expanded R&M manufacturing program, offering greatly increased selling opportunity. Call or write us today regarding our new dealer franchise.

The Robbins & Myers Company
Springfield, Ohio
Brantford, Ontario

Robbins & Myers
Motors and Fans



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Chicago, 1444 Conway Building
Philadelphia, 1418 Walnut St.
Cleveland, 1239 W. Third St.
St. Louis, 1522 Chemical Bldg.

San Francisco, 701 Rialto Building
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Happy Hours in Baby Land

Your grocer has Pet. It costs no more than ordinary milk.

Without the healthful sleep that comes from wholesome food easily digested, your baby cannot build the tissues that will survive the strain of three score years and ten. After a dinner of Pet Milk he has that perfect sleep and relaxation. Every drop of Pet that comes to the nursery is smooth, uniformly rich, easily digestible. Our sterilization prevents the hard curds, and the discomfort, that often come from raw milk. Pet is pure, rich cow's milk, concentrated and sterilized in sealed containers. Give *your* baby Pet and let *him* build in health and happiness for his three score years and ten.

Send for directions for feeding baby Pet Milk

PET MILK COMPANY, 836 ARCADE BUILDING, SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)

Milk at its Best

EAT MORE WHEAT

Your Baker is Baking Better

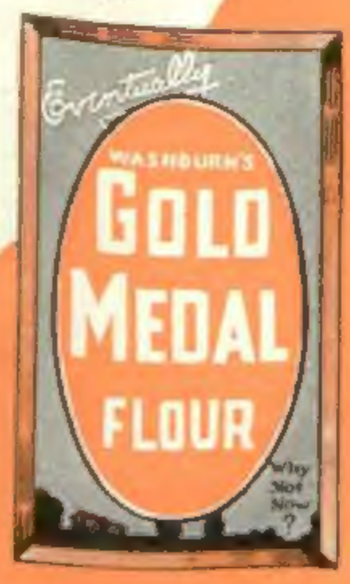
Your baker is an important business man in your community. He is performing a service by baking good things to eat that are healthful, economical and easy to get. He is constantly striving to be of more service to you and your family.

Over half of the bakers in the country, 15,000 strong, are using Washburn-Crosby's GOLD MEDAL FLOUR to make their bread and "sweet goods" more appealing, more wholesome and more nutritious.

Your baker knows that if he makes his bread, cakes and pies with the standard materials you housewives, by home experience, know to be good, you will have more confidence in him and buy more of his baked products.

Continued selection of GOLD MEDAL FLOUR by scientific bakers proves its never-changing quality and goodness.

Whether in the bake shop or in the home, the GOLD MEDAL trade mark is a safeguard against failure and a guarantee of quality.



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All "WASHBURN" High Standard Mills — *QUALITY GUARANTEED*